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OF THE LATE

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

With an Account of the AUTHOR's LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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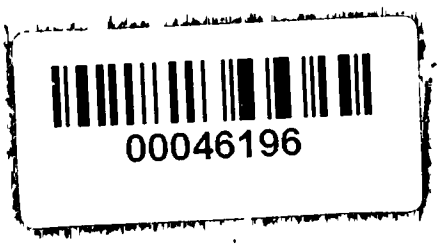
ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Contents of theſe Volumes, and what is inſerted in *Swift's* Miſcellanies, comprehend all the Pieces of Wit and Humour of this admirable Author.



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MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE
OF
DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

JOHN ARBUTHNOT, an eminent Phyſician, a diſtinguiſhed Wit, and a polite Writer, was deſcended from the noble Family of his Name in Scotland, and the Son of a Clergyman of the Epiſcopal Church there. He was born at Arbuthnot in Kincairdinſhire, near Montroſs, not long after the Reſtoration of King Charles II. and being ſent at a proper Age to the Univerſity of Aberdeen, applied himſelf diligently to all the academical Studies, particularly that of Phyſic, in which he took his Doctor's Degree. But his Father not complying with the Revolution forfeited his Church Preferment, and retiring for a Support to a ſmall Eſtate

of his own, the Sons embracing the ſame political Principles, found themſelves under a Neceſſity of ſeeking their Fortune abroad. The Doctor, however, travelled no further than to London, where, it is ſaid, he was entertained in the Houſe of Mr. William Pate, a Woollen-draper, and preſently took up the Buſineſs of teaching the Mathematics, for which he was very well qualified. He was probably thus employed, when Dr. Woodward's "Eſſay towards a natural "Hiſtory of the Earth" came out, in 1695, which containing ſuch an Account of the univerſal Deluge, as was obſerved by our mathematical Maſter to be irreconcileable to juſt philoſophical Reaſonings upon the Principles of that Science, he drew up "An "Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account "of the Deluge, &c. with a Compariſon be- "tween Steno's Philoſophy and the Doctor's, "the Caſe of marine Bodies dug up out of "the Earth, by J. A. M. D. with a Letter to "the Author, concerning *An Abſtract of* "*Agoſtino Scylla's Book* on the ſame Sub- "ject, printed in the Philoſophical Tranſ- "actions," by W. W. F. R. S. This learned Piece, which came out 1697, 8vo. laid the firſt Stone of our Author's Literary Fame, and it received no inconſiderable Increaſe ſome long after, by his "Eſſay on the Uſefulneſs

"of the Mathematics to young Students in "the Univerſities," publiſhed in 1700, 8vo. In the mean time, as Phyſic was his Profeſſion, ſo the Practice of it was principally in view; and though he met with no great Encouragement at firſt, yet after a while his Buſineſs increaſed to a Competency, and his Skill therein, added to a good-natured Wit and extenſive Learning, introduced him by Degrees into good Eſteem and Favour with the learned and polite Part of the World, inſomuch that he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society * on St. Andrew's Day 1704,

* *Choſen Fellow of the Royal Society.*] He communicated a Paper to that Society, which is printed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, N° 328, intituled, *Of the Regularity of the Births of both Sexes.* Among the innumerable Footſteps, ſays he, of Divine Providence to be found in the Works of Nature, there is a very remarkable one to be obſerved in the exact Balance that is maintained between the Numbers of Men and Women; for, by this means, it is provided that the Species may never fall away or periſh, ſince every Male may have its Female, and of a proportionable Age. This Equality of Males and Females is not the blind Effect of Chance, but Divine Providence works it for a good End; which he proceeds to demonſtrate upon the Principles of the Doctrine of Chances, from Tables of Births from 1629 to 1710; and having thence ſhewn that Providence brings forth more Males than Females, and that almoſt in a conſtant Proportion, he obſerves it to be neceſſary, [illegible] greater Deſtruction of Males from Wars, &c. He is of Opinion that this Equality in the [illegible] has no other Probability from Phyſics, than that [illegible] firſt Parents Seed there were at firſt formed an equal

1704, and on the 30th of October the following year he was ſworn Phyſician extraordinary to Queen Anne, by her Majeſty's ſpecial Command, in conſideration of his good and ſucceſsful Services performed as Phyſician to his Royal Highneſs [Prince George of Denmark] in conſequence whereof, upon the Indiſpoſition of Dr. Hannes, he was appointed Fourth Phyſician in ordinary to the Queen in November 1709, and was admitted a Fellow of the College of Phyſicians April 27, 1710. He was choſen Second Cenſor September 30, 1723, and was made an Elect October 5, 1727, on the 18th of which Month he pronounced the Harveian Oration. He had now been ſome time intimately connected with the celebrated Triumvirate Swift, Pope, and Gay, and it was not long before he added a new Luſtre to that Conſtellation of Wits by the Brightneſs of his own. Early in the year 1714, he engaged with Pope and Swift in a Deſign to write a Satire on the Abuſe of human Learning in every Branch, which was have to been executed in the humorous Manner of Cervantes, and a conſiderable Progreſs was made therein before the Queen's Demiſe;

equal Number of both Sexes. He dra[illegible] from the Whole, that it follows from [illegible] gamy is contrary to the Law of Nature [illegible] gation of the human Race.

but that fatal Incident put a Stop to all further Proſecution of this noble Project, at leaſt in a regular Way. The Diſaſter ſunk deeply upon our Author's Spirits, and, to divert his Melancholy, he made a Trip to Paris. His Stay there was, however, very ſhort; he returned to London in the Beginning of September, and having loſt his former Reſidence at St. James's, he took a Houſe in Dover-ſtreet; and we find him the next Year jointly with Pope aſſiſting Gay in the Comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage*, which was brought upon the Stage in 1716. In the Beginning of the Seaſon at Bath in 1722, he went thither apparently for his Health, being accompanied by One of his Brothers of a very ſingular Character, who was lately come to England *. In 1727, he publiſhed *Tables*

* *His Brother of a ſingular Character.*] In a Letter, dated September 1, 1722, to Mr. Digby, then at Bath, Mr. Pope ſpeaks thus of him: 'Dr. Arbuthnot is going 'to Bath, and will ſtay there a Fortnight or more, per-'haps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, 'whether you need him or not. I think him as good a 'Doctor as any Man for one that is ill, and a better 'Doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably 'for Mrs. Mary Digby: ſhe needed only to follow his 'Hints to be in eternal Buſineſs and Amuſement of Mind, 'and as active as ſhe could deſire. But indeed, I fear 'ſhe would out-walk him, for (as Dean Swift obſerved 'to me the very firſt Time I ſaw the Doctor) *He is a man 'that can do every Thing but walk.* His Brother, who is 'lately come into England, goes alſo to the Bath, and

Tables of antient Coins, Weights, and Meaſures, in 4to. He continued to practiſe his Faculty with good Reputation, not without diverting his leiſure Hours in Writing Papers of Wit and Humour, among which his *Epitaph* upon the infamous Colonel Chartres * ſhine *velut inter*

‘ is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going ‘ thither on purpoſe to know him. The Spirit of Phi- ‘ lanthropy, ſo long dead to our World, is revived in ‘ him: he is a Philoſopher all of Fire; ſo warmly, nay ‘ ſo wildly in the Right, that he forces all others about ‘ him to be ſo too, and draws them into his Vortex. He ‘ is a Star, that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all ‘ Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If ‘ there be other Men in the World that would ſerve a ‘ Friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could ‘ make an Enemy ſerve a Friend.’

* *His Epitaph upon Colonel Chartres.*] It runs thus:

Here continueth to rot
The Body of Francis Chartres,
Who, with an indefatigable Conſtancy
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
Perſiſted,
In ſpite of Age and Infirmities,
In the Practice of every human Vice,
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocriſy:
His inſatiable Avarice exempting him from the Firſt,
His matchleſs Impudence from the Second.
Nor was he more ſingular in the undeviating Pravity
Of his Manners, than ſucceſsful

inter ignes Luna minores; this came out in 1731. And the next Year the Doctor contributed his Mite towards detecting and puniſhing the ſcandalous Frauds and Abuſes that had been carried on under the ſpecious Name of THE CHARITABLE CORPORATION. The ſame Year he publiſhed his excellent Eſſay concerning *The Nature of Aliments, the Choice of them*, &c. which was followed next Year by *The*

In accumulating Wealth:
For, without Trade or Profeſſion,
Without Truſt of public Money,
And without bribe-worthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A miniſterial Eſtate.
He was the only perſon of his Time
Who could cheat without the Maſk of Honeſty,
Retain his primæval Meanneſs when poſſeſſed of
Ten thouſand a Year:
And having daily deſerved the Gibbet for what he did,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he could not do.
Oh indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind,
Providence connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages a conſpicuous
Proof and Example
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is exorbitant Wealth,
In the Sight of God, by his beſtowing it on
The moſt unworthy of all Mortals.

This

The Effects of Air on human Bodies. He was apparently led to the Subjects of theſe Treatiſes by the Conſiderations of his own Caſe, an Aſthma, which gradually increaſing with his Years became ſhortly after deſperate and incurable. Under this Affliction he retired, in 1734, to Hampſtead, in the View of finding ſome ſmall Relief; whence, in Anſwer to a kind Inquiry of Mr. Pope, he gave that Friend a particular Account of his Diſtemper and hopeleſs Condition in theſe

'Terms: I little doubt of your kind Concern
'for me, nor of that of my Lord Bathurſt. I
'have nothing to repay my Friends with
'at preſent but Prayers and good Wiſhes.

This Francis Chartres was infamous for all Manner of Vices. When he was an Enſign in the Army, he was drummed out of the Regiment for a Cheat. He was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the ſame Account. After a hundred Tricks at the Gaming-tables, he took to lending Money at an exorbitant Intereſt, and on great Penalties, accumulating Premium, Intereſt, and Capital, and ſeizing to a Minute when the Payments became due. In a Word, by a conſtant Attention to the Vices, Wants, and Follies of Mankind, he acquired an immenſe Fortune. His Houſe was a perpetual Bawdy-houſe. He was Twice condemned for Rapes, and pardoned, but the laſt Time not without Impriſonment in Newgate, and large Confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged Sixty-two. The Populace at his Funeral raiſed a great Riot, almoſt tore the Body out of the Coffin, and threw dead Dogs, &c. into the Grave along with it.

'I have

'I have the Satisfaction to find that I am as 'officiouſly ſerved by my Friends as he that 'has Thouſands to leave in Legacies, beſides 'the Aſſurance of their Sincerity. God 'Almighty has made my bodily Diſeaſe as 'eaſy as a Thing of that Nature can be. I have 'found Relief ſometimes from the Air of this 'Place; my Nights are bad, but many poor 'Creatures are worſe. As for you, my good 'Friend, I think ſince our firſt Acquaintance, 'there has not been any of thoſe little Suſ-'picions or Jealouſies which often affect the 'ſincereſt Friendſhip, I am ſure not on my 'Side. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that 'though I could not help valuing you for 'thoſe Talents which the World praiſes, yet 'they were not the Foundation of my Friend-'ſhip: They were quite of another Sort; 'nor will I at preſent offend you by enu-'merating them. And I make it my laſt 'Requeſt, that you will continue that noble 'Diſdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you 'ſeem naturally endued with, but ſtill with 'regard to your own Safety, and ſtudy more 'to reform than chaſtiſe, though the one 'cannot be effected without the other.

'Lord Bathurſt I have always honoured 'for every good Quality that a Perſon of his 'Rank ought to have. Pray give my Re-'ſpects and kindeſt Wiſhes to the Family. 'My Veniſon Stomach is gone, but I have

'thoſe

'thoſe about me and often with me, who 'will be very glad of his Preſent. If it is 'left at my Houſe, it will be tranſmitted 'ſafe to me.

'A Recovery in my Caſe, and at my Age, 'is impoſſible: The kindeſt Wiſhes of my 'Friends is an *Euthanaſia*. Living or dying 'I ſhall be

'Yours.'

This Diſeaſe carried him off February 27, 1734-5, at his Houſe in Cork-ſtreet, Burlington-gardens. He was in all Reſpects a moſt amiable Perſon, and well deſerving of that juſt Character which is drawn of him by the elegant Pen of Lord Orrery, who, in his Life of Swift having given an Account of the Dean, concludes his Letter thus: "I ſhould "have been much pleaſed in findingſome "of Dr. Arbuthnot's in this Collection." Although he was juſtly celebrated for Wit and Learning, there was an Excellence in his Character more amiable than all his other Qualifications: I mean the Goodneſs of his Heart. He has ſhewed himſelf equal to any of his Cotemporaries in Humour and Vivacity, and he was ſuperior to moſt Men in Acts of Humanity and Benevolence: His very Sarcaſms are the ſatirical Strokes of Good-nature; they are like Slaps on the Face given in jeſt, the Effects of which may raiſe a Bluſh, but

no Blackneſs will appear after the Blows: He laughs as jovially as an Attendant upon Bacchus, but continues as ſober and conſiderate as a Diſciple of Socrates. He is ſeldom ſerious except in Attacks upon Vice, and then his Spirit riſes with a manly Strength and noble Indignation. His Epitaph upon Chartres, allowing one ſmall Alteration, * is a complete and maſterly Compoſition in its Kind. No Man exceeded him in the moral Duties of Life, a Merit ſtill more to his Honour, as the united Powers of Wit and Genius are ſeldom ſubmiſſive enough to confine themſelves within the Limitations of Morality. In his Letter to Pope, written as it were upon his Death-bed, he diſcovers ſuch a noble Fortitude of Mind at the Approach of his Diſſolution, as could be inſpired only by a clear Conſcience, and the calm Retroſpect of an uninterrupted Series of Virtue. The Dean laments the Loſs of him with a tender Sincerity: The Death of Mr. Gay and Dr. Arbuthnot, ſays he to Mr. Pope, goes near my Heart; their living would have been a great Comfort to me, although I was never to have ſeen them; like a Sum of Money in the Bank, from which I ſhould receive the leaſt annual Intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from Lord Bolingbroke. The Doctor was a married Man, and had Children, particularly Two Sons,

* Putting the Word *permitted* inſtead of *connived at*.

Charles

Charles and George; the former of whom was educated at Chriſtchurch College in Oxford, and entered into the Church; and George is ſtill living, and is firſt Secondary in the Rembrance Office under Lord Maſham, a Place of very conſiderable Profit, and is poſſeſſed of an ample Fortune beſides, which he enjoys with a fair Reputation. The Doctor ſhared the like Fortune with his Friends Pope and Swift, in having ſeveral Brats illegitimately fathered upon him, among which the famous Romance of *Robinſon Cruſoe* is worth mentioning *.

Pope

* *Robinſon Cruſoe*] This Romance was written in ſo natural a Manner, and with ſo many Incidents, that it was adjudged for ſome time to be a true Story. It was the deleſtable Offspring of the teeming Brain of Daniel de Foe, a Writer famous in his Generation for Politics and Poetry, eſpecially the former. He was bred an Hoſier, which Calling he ſoon quitted, as greatly beneath him, and became One of the moſt enterprizing Authors that any Age has produced. In this Employ he took the Party againſt the Miniſtry, and ſpawned a numberleſs Iſſue of Pamphlets, moſt of which are now obſolete and forgotten, as well as their particular Subjects. At length, like ſome others of the like Stamp, he wrote himſelf into the Pillory, which he mounted unabaſhed and undiſmayed, and in a Spirit of Defiance even wrote a Piece, which he called *A Hymn to the Pillory*. He died at his Houſe at Iſlington in 1731, having always enjoyed ſuch a Competency as ſeldom failed of ſetting him from the uſual Neceſſities of mercenary Scriblers. The Work by which he is moſt diſtinguiſhed as a Poet, is his *True-born Engliſhman*, a Satire occaſioned by a Poem intitled,

Pope uſed to ſay, that of all the Men he met with or heard of, Dr. Arbuthnot had the moſt prolific Wit, and that in this Quality Swift only held the Second Place. No Adventure of any Conſequence ever occurred on which the Doctor did not write a pleaſant Eſſay in a great folio Paper-book which uſed to lie in his Parlour; of theſe however he was ſo negligent, that while he was writing them at one End he ſuffered his Children to tear them out at the other, for their Paper Kites.

RUFFHEAD's Life of POPE, p. 209.

His good Morals were equal to any Man's, and his Wit and Humour, Pope uſed to ſay, were ſuperior to all Mankind. P. 487.

titled, *Foreigners*, written by John Tutchin, Eſq; It had a prodigious Run; beſides paſſing through Nine Editions upon his own Inſpection, it was Twelve Times pirated. Tutchin engaged in the Cauſe of Monmouth againſt James II. and for a political Piece wrote in that Cauſe was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral Towns in the Weſt of England, and ſo ſeverely, that he petitioned the King to be hanged. They are both immortalized in the Dunciad by Mr. Pope, in this Diſtich:

Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin, flagrant from the Scourge, below.

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AN
ESSAY
On the USEFULNESS of
MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

In a Letter from a Gentleman in the City to his Friend in *Oxford.*

I AM glad to hear from you, that the ſtudy of the *Mathematicks* is Promoted and Encouraged among the *Youth* of your *Univerſity*. The great influence which theſe *Sciences* have on Philoſophy and all uſeful Learning, as well as the Concerns of the Publick, may ſufficiently recommend them to your choice and conſideration: and the particular advantages, which you of that Place enjoy, give us juſt reaſon to expect from you a ſuitable improvement in them. I have here ſent you ſome ſhort reflections upon the *Uſefulneſs* of *Mathematical Learning*, which may ſerve as an argument to incite you to a cloſer and more vigorous purſuit of it.

In all Ages and Countries where Learning hath prevailed, the *Mathematical Sciences* have been looked upon as the moſt conſiderable Branch of it. The very name Μαθησις implies no leſs; by which they were called either for their excellency, or becauſe of all the *Sciences* they were firſt taught, or becauſe they were judged to comprehend πάντα τὰ Μαθήματα. And amongſt thoſe that are commonly

reckoned to be the ſeven Liberal Arts, four are Mathematical, to wit, *Ariſthmetick*, *Muſick*, *Geometry*, and *Aſtronomy*.

But notwithſtanding their Excellency and Reputation, they have not been taught nor ſtudied ſo univerſally, as ſome of the reſt; which I take to have proceeded from the following cauſes: The *averſion of the greateſt Part of Mankind to ſerious attention and cloſe arguing*; Their *not comprehending ſufficiently the neceſſity or great uſefulneſs of theſe in other parts of Learning*; An *Opinion that this ſtudy requires a particular Genius and turn of Head, which few are ſo happy as to be Born with*; And *the want of Publick Encouragement, and able Maſters*. For theſe, and perhaps ſome other reaſons, this ſtudy hath been generally neglected, and regarded only by ſome few perſons whoſe happy Genius and Curioſity have prompted them to it, or who have been forced upon it by its immediate ſubſerviency to ſome particular Art or Office.

Therefore I think I cannot do better ſervice to Learning, Youth, and the Nation in general, than by ſhewing, *That the Mathematicks of all parts of human Knowledge, for the improvement of the Mind, for their ſubſerviency to other Arts, and their uſefulneſs to the Commonwealth, deſerve moſt to be encouraged*. I know a diſcourſe of this nature will be offenſive to ſome, who, while they are ignorant of Mathematicks, yet think themſelves Maſters of all valuable Learning: but their diſpleaſure muſt not deter me from delivering an uſeful truth.

The advantages which accrue to the Mind by *Mathematical* ſtudies conſiſt chiefly in theſe things: 1*ſt*. In accuſtoming it to *attention*. 2*dly*. In giving it a habit of *cloſe* and *demonſtrative reaſoning*. 3*dly*. In freeing it from *prejudice*, *credulity*, and *ſuperſtition*.

Firſt,

First, The Mathematicks make the Mind attentive to the objects which it considers: this they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding, as Musick to the ear, and Beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our Senses; only in the former case, as the Object and Faculty are more Spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance, that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other *Sciences* consisting only of probable reasonings, the Mind has not where to fix; and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in *Mathematical investigations* truth may be found, so it is not always *obvious*: this spurs the Mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. *In Geometria* (says Quinctilian, l. i. c. 10.) *partem fatentur esse utilem teneris ætatibus: agitari namque animos, atque acui ingenia, & celeritatem percipiendi venire inde concedunt.* And *Plato* (in *Repub. lib.* viii.) observes, that the Youth, who are furnished with *Mathematical* knowledge, are prompt and quick at all other *Sciences*, εἰς πάντα τὰ Μαθήματα ὀξεῖς φαίνονται: therefore he calls it, κατὰ παιδείαν ὁδόν. And indeed Youth is generally so much more delighted with *Mathematical* studies, than with the unpleasant tasks that are sometimes imposed upon them, that I have known some reclaimed by them from idleness and neglect of learning, and acquire in time a habit of thinking, diligence, and attention; qualities which we ought to study by all means to beget in their desultory and roving Minds.

The ſecond advantage, which the Mind reaps from *Mathematical* knowledge, is a habit of *clear, demonſtrative,* and *methodical* Reaſoning. We are contrived by Nature to learn by Imitation more than by Precept: and I believe in that reſpect Reaſoning is much like other inferior Arts (as *Dancing, Singing,* &c.) acquired by practice. By accuſtoming ourſelves to Reaſon cloſely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing ſo in other things. It is ſurprizing to ſee what ſuperficial, inconſequential Reaſonings ſatisfy the moſt part of Mankind. A piece of wit, a jeſt, a ſimile, or a quotation of an Author, paſſes for a mighty Argument: with ſuch things as theſe are the moſt part of Authors ſtuffed: and from theſe weighty premiſes they infer their concluſions. This weakneſs and effeminacy of Mankind in being perſuaded where they are delighted, have made them the ſport of Orators, Poets, and Men of wit. Thoſe *lumina Orationis* are indeed very good diverſion for the Fancy, but are not the proper buſineſs of the Underſtanding; and where a Man pretends to write on abſtract ſubjects in a Scientifical method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more uſeful, nay, they are abſolutely neceſſary for a rule of formal arguing in publick diſputations, and confounding an obſtinate and perverſe adverſary, and expoſing him to the audience, or readers. But in the ſearch of truth, an imitation of the method of the *Geometers* will carry a Man further than all the *Dialectical* rules. Their *Analyſis* is the proper model we ought to form ourſelves upon, and imitate in the regular diſpoſition and progreſs of our enquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of *Mathematical Analyſis,* uſes a method ſomewhat Analogous to it. The *Compoſition* of the *Geometers,* or their method of demonſtrating truths already found out, viz.

by

by Definitions of words agreed upon, by Self-evident truths, and Propoſitions that have been already demonſtrated, is practicable in other ſubjects, tho' not to the ſame perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themſelves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a conſiderable degree. I dare appeal to ſome writings of our own Age and Nation, the Authors of which have been Mathematically inclined. I ſhall add no more on this head, but that one who is accuſtomed to the methodical Syſtems of truths, which the *Geometers* have reared up in the ſeveral branches of thoſe *Sciences* which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confuſion and diſorder of other *Sciences*, but endeavour as far as he can to reform them.

Thirdly, *Mathematical* Knowledge adds a manly Vigour to the Mind, frees it from *Prejudice, Credulity*, and *Superſtition*. This it does two Ways, *1ſt*. By accuſtoming us to examine, and not to take Things upon Truſt. *2dly*. By giving us a clear and extenſive Knowledge of the Syſtem of the World; which, as it creates in us the moſt profound Reverence of the Almighty and wiſe Creator, ſo it frees us from the mean and narrow Thoughts which Ignorance and Superſtition are apt to beget. How great an Enemy *Mathematicks* are to Superſtition, appears from this, that in thoſe Countries where *Romiſh* Prieſts exerciſe their barbarous Tyranny over the Minds of Men, *Aſtronomers*, who are fully perſuaded of the Motion of the Earth, dare not ſpeak out: but though the *Inquiſition* may extort a Recantation, the Pope and a general Council too will not find themſelves able to perſuade to the contrary Opinion. Perhaps this may have given Occaſion to a calumnious Suggeſtion, as if *Mathematicks* were an Enemy to Religion, which is a Scandal thrown both on the one and the other; for Truth can never

be an enemy to true Religion, which appears always to the beſt advantage when it is moſt examined.

——— *Si proprius, ſtes,*
Te capiet magis.

On the contrary, the *Mathematicks* are friends to Religion; inaſmuch as they charm the paſſions, reſtrain the impetuoſity of imagination, and purge the Mind from Error and Prejudice. Vice is Error, Confuſion, and falſe Reaſoning; and all Truth is more or leſs oppoſite to it. Beſides *Mathematical* ſtudies may ſerve for a pleaſant entertainment for thoſe hours, which young Men are apt to throw away upon their Vices; the delightfulneſs of them being ſuch, as to make ſolitude not only eaſy, but deſirable.

What I have ſaid may ſerve to recommend *Mathematicks* for acquiring a vigorous Conſtitution of Mind; for which Purpoſe they are as uſeful as Exerciſe is for procuring Health and Strength to the Body. I proceed now to ſhew their vaſt Extent and Uſefulneſs in other Parts of Knowledge. And here it might ſuffice to tell you, that *Mathematicks* is the *Science* of Quantity, or the *Art* of Reaſoning about things that are capable of *more* and *leſs*, and that the moſt part of the objects of our knowledge are ſuch; as matter, ſpace, number, time, motion; gravity, *&c.* We have but imperfect ideas of things without Quantity, and as imperfect a one of quantity itſelf without the help of *Mathematicks*. All the viſible works of God Almighty are made in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Meaſure*; therefore to conſider them we ought to underſtand *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, and *Statick*s; and the greater advances we make in thoſe Arts, the more capable we are of conſidering ſuch things as are the ordinary objects of our Conceptions.

ceptions. But this will farther appear from particulars.

And firſt, if we conſider, to what perfection we now know the Courſes, Periods, Order, Diſtances, and Proportions of the ſeveral great Bodies of the Univerſe, at leaſt ſuch as fall within our view, we ſhall have cauſe to admire the Sagacity and Induſtry of the *Mathematicians*, and the power of *Numbers* and *Geometry* well applied. Let us caſt our Eyes backward, and conſider *Aſtronomy* in its Infancy; or rather let us ſuppoſe it ſtill to begin: for inſtance, a Colony of Rude Country people, tranſplanted into an Iſland remote from the Commerce of all Mankind, without ſo much as the knowledge of the Kalendar, and the Periods of the Seaſons, without Inſtruments to make Obſervations, or any the leaſt notion of Obſervations or Inſtruments. When is it we could expect any of their Poſterity ſhould arrive at the Art of predicting an Eclipſe? Not only ſo, but the Art of reckoning all Eclipſes that are paſt or to come, for any number of Years. When is it we could ſuppoſe that one of thoſe Iſlanders, tranſported to any other place of the Earth, ſhould be able by the inſpection of the Heavens to find how much he were South or North, Eaſt or Weſt of his own Iſland, and to conduct his Ship back thither? For my part, tho' I know this may be, and is daily done, by what is known in *Aſtronomy*; yet, when I conſider the vaſt Induſtry, Sagacity, multitude of Obſervations, and other extrinſick things neceſſary for ſuch a ſublime piece of knowledge, I ſhould be apt to pronounce it impoſſible, and never to be hoped for. Now we are let ſo much into the knowledge of the Machine of the Univerſe, and motion of its parts, by the Rules of this *Science*, perhaps the invention may ſeem eaſy. But when we reflect, what Penetration and Contrivance were neceſſary to lay

lay the foundations of ſo great and extenſive an Art, we cannot but admire its firſt Inventors: as *Thales Mileſius*, who, as *Diogenes Laertius* and *Pliny* ſay, firſt predicted Eclipſes; and his Scholar *Anaximander Mileſius*, who found out the Globous Figure of the Earth, the Æquinoctial Points, the Obliquity of the Ecliptick, the principles of Gnomonicks, and made the firſt Sphere or Image of the Heavens; and *Pythagoras*, to whom we owe the diſcovery of the true Syſtem of the World, and order of the Planets. Tho' it may be, they were aſſiſted by the *Egyptians* and *Chaldeans*. But whoever they were that firſt made theſe bold ſteps in this Noble Art, they deſerve the praiſe and admiration of all future Ages.

Felices animæ, quibus hæc cognoſcere primis,
Inque domos ſuperas ſcandere cura fuit.
Credibile eſt illos pariter vitiiſque jociſque
Altius humanis exſeruiſſe caput.
Non Venus & vinum ſublimia pectora fregit,
Officiumque fori, militiæque labor.
Non levis ambitio, perfuſaque gloria fuco,
Magnarumque fames ſollicitavit opum.
Admovere oculis diſtantia ſidera noſtris,
Ætheraque ingenio ſuppoſuere ſuo.

Ovid in I°. Faſt.

But tho' the induſtry of former Ages had diſcovered the Periods of the great Bodies of the Univerſe, and the true Syſtem and Order of them, and their Orbits pretty near; yet was there one thing ſtill reſerved for the glory of this Age, and the honour of the *Engliſh Nation*, The grand ſecret of the whole Machine; which, now it is diſcovered, proves to be (like the other contrivances of Infinite Wiſdom) ſimple and natural, depending upon the moſt known and moſt common property of matter, viz. *gravity*. From this the incomparable Mr. *Newton* has demonſtrated

ſtrated the Theories of all the Bodies of the Solar Syſtem, of all the primary Planets and their ſecondaries, and among others, the Moon, which ſeemed moſt averſe to numbers: and not only of the Planets, the ſloweſt of which compleats its Period in leſs than half the Age of a Man, but likewiſe of the Comets, ſome of which it is probable ſpend more than 2000 years in one Revolution about the Sun; for whoſe Theory he has laid ſuch a foundation, that after Ages, aſſiſted with more Obſervations, may be able to Calculate their returns. In a word, the preceſſion of the Æquinoctial Points, the Tides, the unequal Vibration of Pendulous Bodies in different Latitudes, *&c.* are no more a Queſtion to thoſe that have *Geometry* enough to underſtand what he has delivered on thoſe Subjects: a perfection in *Philoſophy*, that the boldeſt Thinker durſt hardly have hoped for; and, unleſs Mankind turn barbarous, will continue the Reputation of this Nation as long as the Fabrick of Nature ſhall endure. After this, what is it we may not expect from *Geometry* joined to *Obſervations* and *Experiments?*

The next conſiderable object of Natural knowledge I take to be *Light*. How unſucceſsful enquiries are about this Glorious Body without the help of *Geometry*, may appear from the empty and frivolous diſcourſes and diſputations of a ſort of Men, that call themſelves *Philoſophers*; whom nothing will ſerve, perhaps, but the knowledge of the very Nature, and intimate Cauſes of every thing; while on the other hand the *Geometers*, not troubling themſelves with thoſe fruitleſs enquiries about the *Nature* of *Light*, have diſcovered two remarkable properties of it in the reflexion and refraction of its beams; and from thoſe, and their ſtreightneſs in other caſes, have invented the noble Arts of *Opticks*, *Catoptricks*, and *Dioptricks*; teaching us to manage this ſubtile

Body for the improvement of our knowledge, and uſeful purpoſes of Life. They have likewiſe demonſtrated the cauſes of ſeveral Cœleſtial appearances, that ariſe from the inflection of its Beams, both in the Heavenly Bodies themſelves and other Phœnomena, as *Parhelia*, the *Iris*, &c. and by a late Experiment they have diſcovered the celerity of its motion. And we ſhall know yet more ſurprizing properties of *Light*, when Mr. *Newton* ſhall be pleaſed to gratify the World with his *Book of Light and Colours*.

The *Fluids* which involve our Earth, viz. *Air* and *Water*, are the next great and conſpicuous Bodies that Nature preſents to our view: and I think we know little of either, but what is owing to *Mechanicks* and *Geometry*. The two chiefeſt properties of *Air*, its Gravity and Elaſtick force, have been diſcovered by Mechanical Experiments. From thence the decreaſe of the Air's denſity according to the increaſe of the diſtance of the Earth has been demonſtrated by *Geometers*, and confirmed by Experiments of the ſubſidence of the *Mercury* in the *Torricellian Experiment*. From this likewiſe, by the aſſiſtance of *Geometry*, they have determined the height of the Atmoſphere, as far as it has any ſenſible denſity; which agrees exactly with another Obſervation of the duration of the Twilight. *Air* and *Water* make up the object of the *Hydroſtaticks*, tho' denominated only from the latter, of which the principles were long ſince ſettled and demonſtrated by *Archimedes*, in his Book περὶ τῶν Οχεμένων, where are demonſtrated the cauſes of ſeveral ſurprizing Phœnomena of Nature, depending only on the *Equilibrium* of *Fluids*, the relative Gravities of theſe *Fluids*, and of ſolids ſwimming or ſinking therein. Here alſo the Mathematicians conſider the different Preſſures, Reſiſtances, and Celerities of Solids moved

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in Fluids; from whence they explain a great many appearances of Nature, unintelligible to thoſe who are ignorant of *Geometry*.

Next, if we deſcend to the *Animal Kingdom*, there we ſee the brighteſt ſtrokes of Divine Mechanicks. And whether we conſider firſt the *Animal Oeconomy* in general, either in the internal motion and circulation of the Juices forced through the ſeveral Canals by the motion of the Heart, or their external motions, and the Inſtruments wherewith theſe are performed, we muſt reduce them to Mechanical Rules, and confeſs the neceſſity of the knowledge of Mechanicks to underſtand them, or explain them to others. *Borelli* in his excellent Treatiſe *de motu Animalium*, *Steno* in his admirable *Myologiæ ſpecimen*, and other Mathematical Men on the one hand, and the nonſenſical, unintelligible ſtuff that the common Writers on theſe Subjects have filled their Books with on the other, are ſufficient inſtances to ſhew, how neceſſary *Geometry* is in ſuch ſpeculations. The only Organ of an Animal Body, whoſe ſtructure and manner of operation is fully underſtood, has been the only one which the *Geometers* have taken to their ſhare to conſider. It is incredible, how fillily the greateſt and ableſt Phyſicians talked of the parts of the Eye and their uſe, and of the *modus viſionis*, before *Kelper* by his *Geometry* found it out, and put it paſt diſpute, tho' they applied themſelves particularly to this, and valued themſelves on it; and *Galen* pretended a particular Divine Commiſſion to treat of it. Nay, notwithſtanding the full diſcovery of it, ſome go on in copying their Predeceſſors, and talk as *Ungeometrically* as ever. It is true, we cannot reaſon ſo clearly of the internal motions of an Animal Body, as of the external, wanting ſufficient *data* and deciſive Experiments: but what relates to the latter (as the Articulation, Structure, Inſertion, and *Vires*

of the Muscles) is as subject to strict Mathematical disquisition, as any thing whatsoever; and even in the Theory of Diseases and their Cures, those who talk Mechanically talk most intelligibly; which may be the reason for the Opinion of the ancient Physicians, that Mathematicks are necessary for the study of Medicine itself, for which I could bring quotations out of their Works. Among the Letters that are ascribed to *Hippocrates*, there is one to his Son *Thessalus*, recommending to him the study of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*, as necessary to Medicine. *Galen* in his Book intituled, ὅτι ἄριστος ἰατρὸς καὶ Φιλόσοφος, begins Οἷόν τι πεπόνθασιν οἱ πολλοὶ τῶν ἀθλητῶν, ἐπιθυμοῦντες μὲν Ὀλυμπιονίκαι γενέσθαι, μηδὲν δὲ πράττειν, ὥς τούτου τυχεῖν, ἐπιτηδεύοντες, τοιοῦτόν τι καὶ τοῖς πόλλοῖς τῶν ἰατρῶν συμβέβηκεν· ἐπαινοῦσι· μὴν γὰρ Ἱπποκράτην καὶ πρῶτον ἁπάντων ἡγοῦνται· γενέσθαι δὲ αὐτοὺς ἐν ὁμοίοις ἐκείνῳ πάντα μᾶλλον ἢ τοῦτο πράττουσι. οἱ μὲν γὰρ οὐ μικρὰν μοῖραν, εἰς ἰατρικὴν φησὶ συμβάλλεσθαι τὴν ἀστρονομίαν, καὶ δηλονότι, τὴν ταύτης ἡγουμένην ἐξ ἀνάγκης Γεωμετρίαν. οἱ δὲ οὐ μόνον αὐτοὶ μετέρχονται τουτων οὐ δέτερον, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοῖς μετιοῦσι μέμφονται. If one of the reasons of the Ancients for this be now somewhat unfashionable, to wit, because they thought a Physician should be able to know the situation and aspects of the Stars, which they believed had influence upon Men and their Diseases (and positively to deny it, and say, that they have none at all, is the effect of want of Observation) we have a much better and undoubted one in its room; *viz.* That Mathematicks are found to be the best Instrument of promoting natural knowledge. 2*dly*, If we consider not only the Animal Oeconomy in general, but likewise the wonderful structure of the different sorts of Animals, according to the different purposes for which they were designed, the various Elements they inhabit, the several

ral ways of procuring their nouriſhment, and propagating their kind, the different enemies they have, and accidents they are ſubject to, here is ſtill a greater need of *Geometry*. It is pity, that the qualities of an expert *Anatomiſt* and ſkilful *Geometer* have ſeldom met in the ſame perſon. When ſuch a one ſhall appear, there is a whole *Terra incognita* of delightful knowledge to employ his time, and reward his induſtry.

As for the other two kingdoms; *Borelli* and other *Mathematical Men* ſeem to have talked very clearly of *Vegetation*: and *Steno*, another Mathematician, in his excellent Treatiſe *de Solido intra Solidum naturaliter contento*, has applied this part of learning very handſomely to *Foſſils* and ſome other parts of Natural Hiſtory. I ſhall add only one thing more, That if we conſider motion itſelf, the great Inſtrument of the Actions of Bodies upon one another, the Theory of it is entirely owing to the *Geometers*; who have demonſtrated its Laws both in hard and elaſtick Bodies; ſhewed how to meaſure its quantity, how to compound and reſolve the ſeveral forces by which Bodies are agitated, and to determine the *Lines* which thoſe compound forces make them deſcribe: of ſuch forces gravity, being the moſt conſtant and uniform, affords a great variety of uſeful knowledge, in conſidering ſeveral motions that happen upon the Earth; *viz.* As to the free deſcent of heavy Bodies; The curve of projectiles; The deſcent and weight of heavy Bodies when they lie on inclined planes; The Theory of the motion of Pendulous Bodies, *&c.*

From what I have ſaid, I ſhall draw but one Corollary, That a natural Philoſopher without Mathematicks is a very odd ſort of a perſon, that reaſons about things that have *Bulk*, *Figure*, *Motion*, *Number*, *Weight*, &c. without *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Mechanicks*, *Staticks*, &c. I muſt needs ſay, I have the laſt

laſt Contempt for thoſe Gentlemen that pretend to explain how the Earth was framed, and yet can hardly meaſure an Acre of Ground upon the Surface of it: and as the Philoſopher ſpeaks, *Qui repente pedibus illotis ad Philoſophos divertunt, non hoc eſt ſatis, quod ſint omnino* ἀθεώρητοι, ἄμουσοι, ἀγεωμέτρητοι, *ſed legem etiam dant, quâ Philoſophari diſcant.*

The uſefulneſs of *Mathematicks* in ſeveral other Arts and Sciences is fully as plain. They were looked upon by the ancient Philoſophers as the key to all knowledge: therefore *Plato* wrote upon his School, Μηδεὶς ἀγεωμέτρητος εἰσίτω, *Let none unſkilled in Geometry enter;* and *Xenocrates* told one ignorant in *Mathematicks*, who deſired to be his Scholar, that he was fitter to Card Wool, λαβὰς γὰρ ἂν ἔχεις Φιλοσοφίας, *you want the handle of Philoſophy*, viz. *Geometry*. There is no underſtanding the works of the ancient Philoſophers without it. *Theo Smyrnæus* has wrote a Book intituled, An explanation of thoſe things in *Plato*: *Ariſtotle* illuſtrates his precepts and other thoughts by Mathematical examples, and that not only in *Logick*, &c. but even in *Ethicks*, where he makes uſe of Geometrical and Arithmetical proportion to explain commutative and diſtributive juſtice.

Every body knows, that *Chronology* and *Geography* are indiſpenſable preparations for Hiſtory; a relation of matter of fact being a very lifeleſs inſipid thing without the circumſtances of time and place. Nor is it ſufficient for one that would underſtand things thoroughly, that he knows the Topography, that is, the name of the Country, where ſuch a place lies, with thoſe of the near adjacent places, and how theſe lie in reſpect of one another; but it will become him likewiſe to underſtand the Scientifical principles of the Art: that is, to have a true Idea of a place, we ought to know the relation it has

has to any other place, as to the diſtance and bearing, its Climate, Heat, Cold, length of days, *&c.* which things do much enliven the Reader's notion of the very action itſelf. Juſt ſo, it is neceſſary to know the Technical or Doctrinal part of Chronology, if a Man would be thoroughly ſkilled in Hiſtory, it being impoſſible without it to unravel the confuſion of Hiſtorians. I remember Mr. *Hally* has determined the day and hour of *Julius Cæſar*'s Landing in *Britain*, from the circumſtances of his relation. And every body knows, how great uſe our incomparable Hiſtorian Mr. *Dodwell* has made of the Calculated times of Eclipſes, for ſettling the times of great Events, which before were as to this eſſential circumſtance almoſt fabulous. Both *Chronology* and *Geography*, and alſo the knowledge of the Sun's and Moon's motions, ſo far as they relate to the conſtitution of the Kalendar and Year, are neceſſary to a Divine; and how ſadly ſome otherwiſe Eminent have blundered, when they meddled with things that relate to theſe, and border on them, is too apparent.

No body, I think, will queſtion the intereſt that Mathematicks have in *Painting*, *Muſick*, and *Architecture*, which are all founded on Numbers. Perſpective and the Rules of Light and Shadows are owing to *Geometry* and *Opticks*: and I think thoſe two comprehend pretty near the whole Art of *Painting*, except *decorum* and *ordinance*; which are only a due obſervance of the Hiſtory and Circumſtances of the ſubject you repreſent. For by Perſpective may be underſtood the Art of deſigning the outlines of your ſolid, whether that be a Building, Landſcape, or Animal; and the draught of a Man is really as much the Perſpective of a Man, as the draught of a Building is of a Building; tho' for particular reaſons, as becauſe it conſiſts of more crooked lines, *&c.*

&c. it is hard to reduce the Perſpective of the former to the ordinary eſtabliſhed Rules.

If *Mathematicks* had not reduced *Muſick* to a regular Syſtem, by contriving its *Scales*, it had been no Art, but Enthuſiaſtick Rapture, left to the roving fancy of every Practitioner. This appears by the extraordinary pains which the Ancients have taken to fit numbers to three ſorts of Muſick, the *Diatonick*, *Chromatick*, and *Enharmonick*; which, if we conſider with their nicety in diſtinguiſhing their ſeveral *Modes*, we ſhall be apt to judge, they had ſomething very fine in their *Muſick*, at leaſt for moving the paſſions with ſingle Inſtruments and Voices. But *Muſick* had been imperfect ſtill, had not *Arithmetick* ſtepped in once more, and *Guido Aretinus*, by inventing the temperament making the Fifth falſe by a certain determined quantity, taught us to Tune our Organs, and intermix all the three kinds of the Ancients, to which we owe all the Regular and Noble Harmony of our modern *Muſick*.

As for *Civil Architecture* (of Military I ſhall ſpeak afterwards) there is hardly any part of *Mathematicks* but is ſome way ſubſervient to it. *Geometry* and *Ariſthmetick* for the Due meaſure of the ſeveral parts of a Building, the Plans, Models, computation of Materials, time and charges: for ordering right its Arches and Vaults, that they might be both firm and beautiful: *Mechanicks* for its ſtrength and firmneſs, tranſporting and raiſing materials: and *Opticks* for the Symmetry and Beauty. And I would not have any aſſume the character of an *Architect* without a competent ſkill in all of theſe. You ſee that *Vitruvius* requires theſe and many more for making a complete *Architect*. I muſt own, that ſhould any one ſet up to practiſe in any of the fore-mentioned Arts, furniſhed only with his Mathematical Rules, he would produce but very clumſy pieces. He

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that ſhould pretend to draw by the Geometrical Rules of Perſpective, or Compoſe *Muſick* merely by his ſkill in Harmonical numbers, would ſhew but aukward performances. In thoſe Compoſed Subjects, beſides the ſtiff Rules, there muſt be Fancy, Genius, and Habit. Yet nevertheleſs theſe Arts owe their being to *Mathematicks*, as laying the foundation of their Theory, and affording them Precepts, which being once invented, are ſecurely relied upon by Practitioners. Thus many deſign, that know not a tittle of the reaſon of the Rules they practiſe by; and many no better qualified in their way Compoſe *Muſick*, better perhaps than he could have done that invented the *Scale*, and the *Numbers* upon which their Harmony is founded. As *Mathematicks* laid the foundation of theſe Arts, ſo they muſt improve them: and he that would invent, muſt be ſkilled in Numbers; beſides it is fit a Man ſhould know the true grounds and reaſons of what he ſtudies; and he that does ſo, will certainly practiſe in his Art with greater judgment and variety, where the ordinary Rules fail him.

I proceed now to ſhew the more immediate uſefulneſs of *Mathematicks* in *Civil Affairs*. To begin with *Arithmetick*, it were an endleſs taſk to relate its ſeveral uſes in publick and private buſineſs; the regulation and quick diſpatch of both ſeem entirely owing to it. The Nations, that want it, are altogether barbarous, as ſome *Americans*, who can hardly reckon above twenty. And I believe it would go near to ruin the trade of the Nation, were the eaſy practice of *Arithmetick* aboliſhed: for example, were the Merchants and Tradeſmen obliged to make uſe of no other than the *Roman* way of notation by Letters, inſtead of our preſent. And if we ſhould feel the want of our *Arithmetick* in the eaſieſt Calculations, how much more in thoſe that are ſome-

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thing harder ; as Intereſt ſimple and compound, Annuities, *&c.* in which, it is incredible, how much the ordinary Rules and Tables influence the diſpatch of buſineſs. *Arithmetick* is not only the great Inſtrument of private Commerce, but by it are (or ought to be) kept the publick Accounts of a Nation : I mean thoſe that regard the whole State of a Commonwealth, as to the number, fructification of its people, increaſe of Stock, improvement of Lands and Manufactures, Balance of Trade, Publick Revennes, Coinage, Military power by Sea and Land, *&c.* Thoſe that would judge or reaſon truly about the State of any Nation, muſt go that way to work, ſubjecting all the fore-mentioned particulars to Calculation ; this is the true *Political* knowledge. In this reſpect the affairs of a Commonwealth differ from thoſe of a private Family, only in the greatneſs and multitude of particulars that make up the Accounts. *Machiavel* goes this way to work in his account of different Eſtates. What Sir *William Petty* and ſeveral others of our Countrymen have wrote in *Political Arithmetick*, does abundantly ſhew the Pleaſure and Uſefulneſs of ſuch Speculations. It is true, for want of good information, their Calculations ſometimes proceed upon erroneous ſuppoſitions ; but that is not the fault of the Art. But what is it the Government could not perform in this way, who have the command of all publick Records ?

Laſtly, Numbers are applicable even to ſuch things as ſeem to be governed by no rule, I mean ſuch as depend on *Chance :* the quantity of probability and proportion of it in any two propoſed caſes being ſubject to Calculation as much as any thing elſe. Upon this depend the principles of Game. We find Sharpers know enough of this to cheat ſome men that would take it very ill to be thought

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Bubbles; and one Gameſter exceeds another, as he has a greater ſagacity and readineſs in Calculating his probability to win or loſe in any propoſed caſe. To underſtand the Theory of *Chance* thoroughly requires a great knowledge of Numbers, and a pretty competent one of *Algebra*.

The ſeveral uſes of *Geometry* are not much fewer than thoſe of *Arithmetick*. It is neceſſary for aſcertaining of property both in Planes and Solids, or in Surveying and Gauging. By it Land is ſold by the meaſure, as well as Cloth: Workmen are paid the due price of their labour, according to ſuperficial or ſolid meaſure of their work: and the quantity of liquors determined for a due regulation of their price and duty. All which do wonderfully conduce to the eaſy diſpatch of buſineſs, and the preventing of frauds and controverſies. I need not mention the Meaſuring diſtances, laying down of Plans, and Maps of Countries, in which we have daily Experience of its uſefulneſs. Theſe are ſome familiar inſtances of things to which *Geometry* is ordinarily applied: of its uſe in *Civil, Military*, and *Naval Architecture* we ſhall ſpeak afterwards.

From *Aſtronomy* we have the regular diſpoſition of our time, in a due ſucceſſion of years, which are kept within their limits as to the return of the Seaſons, and the motion of the Sun. This is no ſmall advantage for the due repetition of the ſame work, Labour, and Actions. For many of our Publick, Private, Military, and the Country Affairs. Appointments, *&c.* depending on the products of the Ground, and they on the Seaſons, it is neceſſary, that the returns of them be adjuſted pretty near to the motion of the Sun: and we ſhould quickly find the inconveniency of a *vague* undetermined year, if we uſed that of the *Mahumetans*, whoſe beginning and every month wanders through all the days of our

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or the Solar year, which ſhews the Seaſons. Beſide, the adjuſting of the Moon's motion to the Sun's is required for the decent Obſervation and Celebration of the *Church-Feaſts* and *Faſts* according to the Ancient Cuſtom and Primitive Inſtitution; and likewiſe for the knowing of the Ebbing and Flowing of the Tides, the Spring and Neap Tides, Currents, *&c.* So that whatever ſome people may think of an *Almanack* where all theſe are ſet down, it is ſometimes the moſt uſeful paper that is publiſhed the ſame year with it: nay, the Nation could better ſpare all the Voluminous Authors in the *Term Catalogue*, than that ſingle ſheet. Beſides, without a regular Chronology there can be no certain Hiſtory; which appears by the confuſion amongſt Hiſtorians before the right diſpoſition of the year, and at preſent among the *Turks*, who have the ſame confuſion in their Hiſtory as in their Kalendar. Therefore a Matter of ſuch importance might well deſerve the care of the *Great Emperor*, to whom we owe our preſent Kalendar; who was himſelf a great proficient in *Aſtronomy*. *Pliny* has quoted ſeveral things from his Books of the *Riſing* and *Setting* of the Stars, *Lib.* xviii. *cap.* 25, 26, *&c.* and *Lucan* makes him ſay,

——— *Media inter prœlia ſemper*
Stellarum, Cœlique plagis, ſuperiſque vocavi.

The *Mechanicks* have produced ſo many uſeful Engines, ſubſervient to conveniency, that it would be a taſk too great to relate the ſeveral ſorts of them: ſome of them keep Life itſelf from being a burden. If we conſider ſuch as are invented for raiſing weights, and are employed in Building and other great works, in which no impediment is too great for them; or *Hydraulick* Engines for raiſing of Water, ſerving for great uſe and comfort to Mankind,

kind, where they have no other way to be ſupplied readily with that neceſſary Element; or ſuch as, by making Wind and Water work for us, ſave Animal force and great charges, and perform thoſe Actions which require a vaſt multitude of hands, and without which every Man's time would be too little to prepare his own Aliment and other neceſſaries; or thoſe Machines that have been invented by Mankind for delight and curioſity, imitating the motions of Animals, or other works of Nature; we ſhall have reaſon to admire and extol ſo excellent an Art. What ſhall we ſay of the ſeveral Inſtruments which are contrived to meaſure time? We ſhould quickly find the value of them, if we were reduced to the condition of thoſe barbarous Nations that want them. The *Pendulum-Clock*, invented and completed by that famous *Mathematician* Monſieur *Hugens*, is an uſeful invention. Is there any thing more wonderful than ſeveral *Planetary Machines*, which have been invented to ſhew the motions of the Heavenly Bodies, and their places at any time; of which the moſt Ingenious, according to the exacteſt Numbers and true Syſtem, was made by the ſame M. *Hugens*: to which we may very juſtly apply *Claudian*'s noble Verſes upon that of *Archimedes*.

Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret Æthera vitro,
Riſit, et ad ſuperos talia dicta dedit:
Huccine mortalis progreſſa potentia curæ?
Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor.
Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legeſque Deorum
Ecce Syracuſius tranſtulit arte ſenex.
Incluſus variis famulatur ſpiritus aſtris,
Et vivum certis motibus urget opus.
Percurrit proprium mentitus ſignifer annum,
Et ſimulata novo Cynthia menſe redit.

Jamque

Jamque ſuum volvens audax induſtria mundum
Gaudet, et humana ſidera mente regit.
Quid falſo inſontem tonitru Salmonea miror?
Æmula naturæ parva reperta manus.

Here I ought to mention the *Sciatherical* Inſtruments, for want of which there was a time, when the *Grecians* themſelves were forced to meaſure the Shadow, in order to know the Hour; and as *Pliny* (*cap. ult. Lib.* vii.) tells us, the *Romans* made uſe of an erroneous Sun-dial for ninety-nine years, till *Q. Martius Philippus* their Cenſor ſet up a better, which no doubt at that time was thought a Jewel. And at laſt, that famous Pyramid was ſet up in the *Campus Martius*, to ſerve for a Gnomon to a Dial marked on the ſtreet. To this ſort of Engines ought to be referred *Spheres*, *Globes*, *Aſtrolabes*, *Projections of the Sphere*, &c. Theſe are ſuch uſeful and neceſſary things, that alone may recommend the Art by which they are made: for by theſe we are able in our Cloſet to judge of the Celeſtial motions, and to viſit the moſt diſtant places of the Earth, without the fatigue and danger of Voyages; to determine concerning their Diſtance, Situation, Climate, Nature of the Seaſons, length of their days, and their relation to the Celeſtial Bodies, as much as if we were Inhabitants. To all theſe I might add thoſe Inſtruments which the *Mathematicians* have invented to execute their own precepts, for making *Obſervations* either at Sea or Land, *Surveying*, *Gauging*, &c.

The *Catoptricks* and *Dioptricks* furniſh us with variety of uſeful inventions, both for the promoting of knowledge, and the conveniencies of Life; whereby Sight, the great Inſtrument of our perception, is ſo much improved, that neither the diſtance, nor the minuteneſs of the Object are any more impediments to it. The *Teleſcope* is of ſo vaſt uſe, that beſides the delightful and uſeful purpoſes it

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is applied to here below, as the deſcrying Ships and Men, and Armies at a diſtance, we have by its means diſcovered new parts of the Creation, freſh inſtances of the ſurprizing Wiſdom of the Adorable Creator. We have by it diſcovered the *Satellites* of *Jupiter*, the *Satellites* and Ring of *Saturn*, the Rotation of the Planets about their own Axes; beſides other appearances, whereby the Syſtem of the World is made plain to *ſenſe*, as it was before to *reaſon*. The *Teleſcope* has alſo improved the manner of *Aſtronomical Obſervations*, and made them much more accurate than it was poſſible for them to be before. And theſe improvements in *Aſtronomy* have brought along with them (as ever) correſpondent improvements in *Geography*. From the Obſervation of *Jupiter*'s *Satellites*, we have a ready way to determine the Longitude of places on the Earth. On the other hand, the *Microſcope* has not been leſs uſeful in helping us to the ſight of ſuch Objects, as by their minuteneſs eſcape our naked eye. By it Men have purſued Nature into its moſt retired receſſes; ſo that now it can hardly any more hide its greateſt Myſteries from us. How much have we learned by the help of the *Microſcope* of the contrivance and ſtructure of Animal and Vegetable Bodies, and the compoſition of Fluids and Solids? But if theſe *Sciences* had never gone further, than by their ſingle *Specula* and *Lentes* to give thoſe ſurprizing appearances of Objects and their Images, and to produce heat unimitable by our hotteſt Furnaces, and to furniſh infallible, eaſy, cheap, and ſafe remedies for the decay of our Sight ariſing commonly from old Age, and for purblindneſs, they had merited the greateſt eſteem, and invited to the cloſeſt ſtudy: eſpecially if we conſider, that ſuch as naturally are almoſt blind, and either know not their neareſt acquaintance at the diſtance of a room's breadth, or cannot read in order to paſs their

time pleaſantly, are, by Glaſſes adapted to the defect of their Eyes, ſet on a level again with thoſe that enjoy their Eye-ſight beſt, and that without danger, pain, or charge.

Again, *Mathematicks* are highly ſerviceable to a Nation in *Military Affairs*; I believe this will be readily acknowledged by every body. The Affairs of War take in Number, Space, Force, Diſtance, Time, *&c.* (things of *Mathematical* conſideration) in all its parts, in *Tacticks*, *Caſtrametation*, *Fortifying*, *Attaquing*, and *Defending*. The Ancients had more occaſion for Mechanicks in the Art of War than we have; Gun-powder readily producing a force far exceeding all the Engines they had contrived for Battery. And this I reckon has loſt us a good occaſion of improving our Mechanicks: the cunning of Mankind never exerting itſelf ſo much, as in their Arts of deſtroying one another. But, as Gun-powder has made Mechanicks leſs ſerviceable to War, it has made *Geometry* more neceſſary; there being a force or reſiſtance in the due meaſures and proportions of the Lines and Angles of a Fortification, which contribute much towards its ſtrength. This Art of *Fortification* has been much ſtudied of late, but I dare not affirm, that it has attained its utmoſt perfection. And tho' where the ground is regular, it admits but of ſmall variety, the meaſures being pretty well determined by *Geometry* and Experience, yet where the ground is made up of natural *Strengths* and *Weakneſſes*, it affords ſome ſcope for thinking and contrivance. But there is another much harder piece of *Geometry*, which Gun-powder has given us occaſion to improve, and that is the doctrine of Projectiles, whereon the Art of *Gunnery* is founded. Here the *Geometers* have invented a beautiful Theory, and Rules and Inſtruments, which have reduced the caſting of Bombs to great exactneſs. As

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for *Tactics* and *Caſtrametation*, *Mathematicks* retain the ſame place in them as ever; and ſome tolerable ſkill in theſe is neceſſary for *Officers*, as well as for *Engineers*. An *Officer*, that underſtands Fortification, will *cæteris paribus* much better defend his poſt, as knowing wherein its ſtrength conſiſts, or make uſe of his advantage to his Enemy's Ruin, than he that does not. He knows, when he leads never ſo ſmall a party, what his advantages and diſadvantages in Defending and Attacking are, how to make the beſt of his Ground, *&c.* And hereby can truly do more ſervice than another of as much Courage, who, for want of ſuch Knowledge, it may be, throws away himſelf and a number of brave Fellows under his Command; and it is well, if the miſchief reaches no further. As for a competent ſkill in *Numbers*, it is ſo neceſſary to *Officers*, that no Man can be ſafely truſted with a Company that has it not. All the buſineſs is not to fire Muſquets; the managing of Affairs, the dealing with Agents, *&c.* happen more frequently. And the higher the Command is, the more ſkill in all the aforeſaid things is required. And I dare appeal to all the Nations in *Europe*, whether *cæteris paribus* Officers are not advanced in proportion to their ſkill in *Mathematical Learning*; except that ſometimes *Great Names* and *Quality* carry it; but ſtill ſo, as that the Prince depends upon a Man of *Mathematical Learning*, that is put as director to the *Quality*, when that Learning is wanting in it.

Laſtly, *Navigation*, which is made up of *Aſtronomy* and *Geometry*, is ſo noble an Art, and to which Mankind owes ſo many Advantages, that upon this ſingle account thoſe excellent Sciences deſerve moſt of all to be ſtudied, and merit the greateſt Encouragement from a Nation, that owes to it both its Riches and Security. And not only does the common Art of *Navigation* depend on *Mathematicks*,

but whatever Improvements ſhall be made in the *Architectura Navalis* or Building of Ships, or Ships of War, whether ſwift running, or bearing a great Sail, or lying near the Wind be deſired, theſe muſt all be the Improvements of *Geometry*. *Ship-Carpenters* indeed are very induſtrious; but in theſe things they acknowledge their inability, confeſs that their beſt Productions are the effects of chance, and implore the *Geometers* help. Nor will common *Geometry* do the buſineſs; it requires the moſt abſtruſe to determine the different ſections of a Ship, according as it is deſigned for any of the aforeſaid ends. A *French* Mathematician, *P. Le Hoſte*, has lately endeavoured ſomething in this way; and tho' it is not free from errors, as requiring a fuller knowledge in *Geometry*; yet is the Author much to be commended for this, as having bravely deſigned, and paved the way for other Mathematicians; and alſo for the former and bigger part of his Book, wherein he brings to a ſyſtem the working of Ships, and the *Naval Tacticks*, or the regular diſpoſition of a Fleet in Attacking, Fighting, and Retreating, according to the different circumſtances of Wind, Tides, *&c.*

The great Objection that is made againſt the neceſſity of *Mathematicks* in the fore-mentioned great Affairs of *Navigation*, the Art *Military*, &c. is, that we ſee thoſe Affairs are carried on and managed by ſuch as are not great Mathematicians; as Sea-men, Engineers, Surveyors, *&c.* and that the Mathematicians are commonly Speculative, Retired, Studious Men, that are not for an active Life and Buſineſs, but content themſelves to ſit in their Studies, and pore over a *Scheme* or a *Calculation*. To which there is this plain and eaſy anſwer: The Mathematicians have not only invented and ordered all the Arts above-mentioned, by which thoſe grand

grand Affairs are managed; but have laid down Precepts, contrived Inſtruments and Abridgments ſo plainly, that common Artificers are capable of practiſing by them, tho' they underſtand not a tittle of the Grounds on which the Precepts are built. And in this they have conſulted the good and neceſſities of Mankind. Thoſe Affairs demand ſo great a number of people to manage them, that it is impoſſible to breed ſo many good or even tolerable Mathematicians. The only thing then to be done was to make their Precepts ſo plain, that they might be underſtood and practiſed by a multitude of Men. This will beſt appear by examples. Nothing is more ordinary than diſpatch of buſineſs by common *Arithmetick*, by the *Tables of ſimple and compound Intereſt, Annuities, &c.* Yet how few Men of buſineſs underſtand the reaſons of common *Arithmetick* or the contrivance of thoſe Tables, now they are made; but ſecurely rely on them as true. They were the good and the thorough Mathematicians that made thoſe Precepts ſo plain, and calculated thoſe Tables, that facilitate the practice ſo much. Nothing is more univerſally neceſſary, than the meaſuring of Plains and Solids: And it is impoſſible to breed ſo many good Mathematicians, as that there may be one that underſtands all the *Geometry* requiſite for Surveying, and meaſuring of *Priſms* and *Pyramids*, and their parts, and meaſuring *Fruſtums* of *Conoids* and *Spheroids*, in every Market-Town, where ſuch work is neceſſary: the Mathematicians have therefore inſcribed ſuch Lines on their common Rulers, and Slipping Rulers, and adapted ſo plain Precepts to them, that every Country-Carpenter, and Gauger, can do the buſineſs accurately enough, tho' he knows no more of thoſe Inſtruments, Tables, and Precepts he makes uſe of than a Hobby-horſe. So in *Navigation*, it is impoſſible to breed

ſo many good Mathematicians, as would be neceſſary to ſail the hundredth part of the Ships of the Nation. But the Mathematicians have laid down ſo plain and diſtinct Precepts, calculated neceſſary Tables, and contrived convenient Inſtruments, ſo that a Sea-man, that knows not the Truths on which his Precepts and Tables depend, may practiſe ſafely by them. They *reſolve* Triangles every day, that know not the reaſon of any one of their *Operations*. Seamen in their Calculations make uſe of *artificial Numbers* or *Logarithms*, that know nothing of their contrivance: and indeed all thoſe great Inventions of the moſt famous Mathematicians had been almoſt uſeleſs for thoſe common and great Affairs, had not the practice of them been made eaſy to thoſe who cannot underſtand them. From hence it is plain, that it is to thoſe *Speculative Retired Men* we owe the Rules, the Inſtruments, the Precepts for uſing them, and the Tables which facilitate the diſpatch of ſo many great Affairs, and ſupply Mankind with ſo many conveniencies of Life. They were the Men that taught the World to apply *Arithmetick*, *Aſtronomy*, and *Sailing*, without which the Needle would be ſtill uſeleſs. Juſt the ſame way in the other parts of *Mathematicks*, the Precepts that are practiſed by multitudes, without being underſtood, were contrived by ſome few great *Mathematicians*.

Since then it has been ſhewn, how much *Mathematicks* improve the Mind, how ſubſervient they are to other Arts, and how immediately uſeful to the Commonwealth, there needs no other arguments or motives to a Government to encourage them. This is the natural concluſion from theſe premiſes. *Plato* in his *Republick* (*lib.* VII.) takes care, *That whoever is to be Educated for Magiſtracy, or any conſiderable Poſt in the Commonwealth, may be inſtructed firſt*

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in Arithmetick, then in Geometry, and thirdly in Aſtronomy. And however neceſſary thoſe Arts were in *Plato*'s time, they are much more ſo now: The Arts of War and Trade requiring much more the Aſſiſtance of thoſe *Sciences* now than they did then, as being brought to a greater height and perfection. And accordingly we ſee, theſe *Sciences* are the particular care of Princes that deſign to raiſe the Force and Power of their Countries. It is well known, that this is none of the leaſt Arts, whereby the *French King* has brought his ſubjects to make that Figure at Sea, which they at this time do; I mean, the care He takes for Educating thoſe appointed for Sea-ſervice in *Mathematical Learning.* For in the *Ordonnance Marine, tit. viii.* He orders, that there 'be Profeſſors to teach Navigation publickly in all 'the Seaport Towns, who muſt know *deſigning*, and 'teach it to their Scholars, in order to lay down the 'appearances of Coaſts,' *&c.* They are to keep 'their Schools open, and read four times a week to 'the Sea-men, where they muſt have Charts, 'Globes, Spheres, Compaſſes, Quadrants, Aſtro-'labes, and all Books and Inſtruments neceſſary 'to teach their Art. The Directors of Hoſpitals 'are obliged to ſend thither yearly two or three 'of their boys to be taught, and to furniſh them 'with Books and Inſtruments. Thoſe Profeſſors 'are obliged to examine the Journals depoſited in 'the Office of Admiralty, in the place of their 'eſtabliſhment; to correct the errors in preſence 'of the Seamen, and to reſtore them within a 'month, *&c.*" King *Charles* the ſecond, who well underſtood the importance of Eſtabliſhments of this nature, founded one ſuch School in *Chriſt's Hoſpital, London*; which, I believe, is inferior to none of the *French*: but it is to be wiſhed there were many more ſuch. His preſent *Majeſty*, during

the time of the late War, eſtabliſhed a *Mathematical Lecture* to breed up Engineers and Officers, as knowing very well the importance thereof. And this continued ſome time after the *Peace*. And it is worthy the conſideration of the *Wiſdom* of the Nation, whether the reſtoring and continuing this, even in *Peace*, be not expedient for the breeding of Engineers, who are ſo uſeful and valuable, and ſo difficult to be had in time of War, and ſo little dangerous in times of *Peace*.

Beſides the crowd of *Merchants*, *Seamen*, *Surveyors*, *Engineers*, *Ship-carpenters*, *Artiſans*, &c. that are to be inſtructed in the practice of ſuch parts of *Mathematicks* as are neceſſary to their own buſineſs reſpectively, a complete number of *able Mathematicians* ought to be entertained, in order to apply themſelves to the practice; not only to inſtruct the former ſort, but likewiſe to remove thoſe obſtacles, which ſuch as do not think beyond their common Rules, cannot overcome. And no doubt it is no ſmall impediment to the Advancement of Arts, that *Speculative Men* and *good Mathematicians* are unacquainted with their particular defects, and the ſeveral circumſtances in them, that render things *practicable* or *impracticable*. But if there were publick encouragement, we ſhould have ſkilful Mathematicians employed in thoſe Arts, who would certainly find out and remedy the imperfections of them. The preſent Lords Commiſſioners of the Admiralty knowing, that there are ſtill two great *Deſiderata* in Navigation, to wit, *The Theory of the Variation of the magnetical Needle*, and a *method of ſtudying out the Longitude of any Place*, that may be practicable at Sea by Seamen, and being ſenſible of what importance it would be to find out either of them, have imployed a very fit perſon, the ingenious Mr. *Hally*, who has joined an entire acquaintance in the practice,

practice, to a full and thorough knowledge of the more abſtruſe parts of *Mathematicks*. And now that he is returned, it is not doubted, but he will ſatisfy thoſe that ſent him, and in due time the World too with his diſcoveries in both thoſe particulars, and in many other, that he has had occaſion to make. And where a long ſeries of Obſervations and Experiments is neceſſary, he has no doubt laid ſuch a foundation, as that After-Obſervers may gradually perfect them. If it were not for more than the correcting the ſituation of the Coaſts, where he touched, and by them others, whoſe relation to the former is known, the Nation is more than triply paid: and thoſe, who ſent him, have by his Miſſion ſecured to themſelves more true Honour and laſting Fame, than by Actions that at firſt view appear more magnificent.

The next thing; that is neceſſary for the Improvement of *Mathematical Learning*, is, That Mathematicks be more generally ſtudied at our *Univerſities* than hitherto they have been. From thoſe Seminaries the State juſtly expects and demands thoſe, who are acquainted both with the *Speculation* and *Practice*. In thoſe are all the encouragements to them imaginable, Leiſure and Aſſiſtance. There are ſtill at hand Books and Inſtruments, as alſo other Scholars that have made equal progreſs, and may be Comrades in ſtudy, and the direction of the Profeſſors. There are alſo in perfection all the incitements to this ſtudy, and eſpecially an acquaintance with the works of the Ancients, where this *Learning* is ſo much recommended: There other Faculties are ſtudied, to which it is ſubſervient. There alſo are the Nobility and Gentry bred, who in due time muſt be called to their ſhare in the Government of the *Fleets*, *Army*, *Treaſury*, and other Publick Employments, where

Mathematical Learning is abſolutely neceſſary, and without which they, tho' of never ſo great natural parts, muſt be at the mercy and diſcretion of their Servants and Deputies; who will firſt cheat them, and then laugh at them. And not only Publick Employments, but their Private Concerns demand Mathematical Knowledge. If their Fortunes lie in Woods, Coal, Salt, Manufactures, *&c.* the neceſſity of this knowledge is open and known; and even in Land-Eſtates, no undertaking for improvement can be ſecurely relied upon without it. It not only makes a Man of Quality and Eſtate his whole Life more illuſtrious, and more uſeful for all Affairs, (as *Hippocrates* ſays, Ισοδίης δὲ μελέτω σοὶ ὦ παῖ, Γεωμετρικῆς καὶ Αριθμήσιος. ἐ γὰρ μόνον, σέο καὶ τὸν βίον εὐκλέα καὶ ἐπὶ πολλὰ χρήσιμον ἐς ἀνθρωπίνην μοίρην ἐπιτελέσες, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν ὀξυτέρην τε καὶ τηλαυγεστέρην, &c.) but in particular, it is the beſt Companion for a Country Life. Were this once become a faſhionable ſtudy (and the *Mode* exerciſes its Empire over Learning as well as other things) it is hard to tell, how far it might influence the Morals of our Nobility and Gentry, in rendering them Serious, Diligent, Curious, taking them off from the more fruitleſs and airy exerciſes of the Fancy, which they are apt to run into.

The only Objection, I can think of, that is brought againſt theſe ſtudies, is that Mathematicks require a particular turn of Head, and a happy Genius that few people are Maſters of, without which all the pains beſtowed upon the ſtudy of them are in vain: They imagine that a *Man muſt be a Mathematician.* I anſwer, that this *Exception* is common to Mathematicks and other Arts. That there are perſons that have a particular capacity and fitneſs to one more than another, every body owns: And from experience I dare ſay, it is not in any higher degree true concerning Mathematicks than the other. A Man

Man of good Senſe and Application is the Perſon that is by nature fitted for them; eſpecially, if he begins betimes: And if his circumſtances have been ſuch, that this did not happen, by prudent direction the defect may be ſupplied as much as in any Art whatſoever. The only advantage this Objection has, is, that it is on the ſide of ſoftneſs and idleneſs, thoſe two powerful Allies.

There is nothing further remains, Sir, but that I give you my thoughts in general concerning the *Order* and *Method* of ſtudying *Mathematicks*; which I ſhall do very ſhortly, as knowing that you are already acquainted with the beſt methods, and others with you may have them eaſily from the beſt and ableſt hands.

Firſt then, I lay down for a principle, that no body at an *Univerſity* is to be taught the practice of any rule without the true and ſolid reaſon and demonſtration of the ſame. Rules without demonſtration muſt and ought to be taught to *Seamen*, *Artiſans*, &c. as I have already ſaid; and Schools for ſuch people are fit in Sea-ports and Trading-Towns; but it is far below the dignity of an *Univerſity*, which is deſigned for ſolid and true Learning, to do this. It is from the Univerſities that they muſt come, who are able to remedy the defects of the Arts; and therefore nothing muſt be taken on truſt there. *Seamen* and *Surveyors*, &c. remember their Rules, becauſe they are perpetually practiſing them: But *Scholars*, who are not thus employed, if they know not the demonſtration of them, preſently forget them.

Secondly, no part of Mathematicks ought to be taught by *Compendiums*. This follows from the former. *Compendiums* are fit to give a general and ſuperficial knowledge, not a thorough one. It is time, and not the bulk of Books, we ought to be ſparing

of: And I appeal to any perſon of Experience, whether ſolid knowledge is not acquired in ſhorter time by Books treating fully of their ſubjects, than by Compendiums and Abridgments.

From hence it follows, that the *Elements* of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry* are to be taught. *Euclid* in his thirteen Books of Elements gives us both: but our preſent way of Notation ſuperſedes ſome of thoſe of *Arithmetick*, as demonſtrating the Rules from the Operations themſelves. There remain then the firſt ſix Books for the *Geometry* of *Plains*, and the laſt three for *Stereometry*. The reſt ought to be read in their own place for the perfection of *Arithmetick*. In teaching theſe, care ought to be taken to make uſe of ſuch Examples as ſuit with the condition of the Scholar. For inſtance, *Merchants Accounts* and *Affairs* for Examples of the Operations of *Arithmetick*, to one that is afterwards to have a concern that way; whereas to a Man of the firſt Quality, examples from *the Increaſe* and *Decreaſe of the people* or from *Land or Sea-force*, and from the *Tacticks* ought to be propoſed. For it is certain, nothing makes one tired ſooner, than the frivolous and trifling examples that are commonly brought for the exerciſe of the Rules of *Arithmetick* and *Geometry*; tho' this is common to them with the other Arts, as *Grammar*, *Logick*, &c.

The manner of Writing of the Mathematicians of this and the former Age makes *Trigonometry*, with the manner of conſtructing its Tables, *&c.* almoſt *Elementary*; and the *Practical Geometry*, commonly ſo called, is very fit to come next, as an elegant application of the *Elements* of *Geometry* to Buſineſs, as *Surveying*, *Gauging*, &c.

After the Elements of *Sphericks*, which are perfectly well handled by *Theodoſius*, a full inſight into the principles of *Aſtronomy* will be neceſſary.

Mecha-

Mechanicks come next to be read, which are the Ground of a great part of Natural Learning; and afterwards *Opticks*, *Catoptricks*, and *Dioptricks*.

But none of these, except the Elements, can be fully understood until one is pretty well skilled in *Conick Sections*; and all these are made more easy by some tolerable skill in *Algebra*, and its application *Geometry*.

These foundations being laid, any one may with great ease pursue the study of the Mathematicks, as his occasions require; either in its abstract parts, and the more *recondite Geometry*, and its application to Natural knowledge; or in Mechanicks, by prosecuting the *Staticks*, *Hydrostaticks*, *Ballisticks*, &c. or in *Astronomy*, by its application to *Geography*, *Navigation*, *Gnomonicks*, *Astrolabes*, &c. But in most of these a particular order is not necessary. Any one may take that first which he is most inclined to.

I shall not offer you any advice concerning the choice of Books, but refer you (if you want any) to the direction of those who are eminent among you in this part of Learning. I ask your pardon for the omission of *Ceremony* in these papers, having followed rather the ordinary way of *Essay* than *Letter*; and wishing you good success in your studies, I am,

SIR,

25 *Novemb.* 1700.

Your Friend and Servant.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF Mr. *JOHN GINGLICUTT*'s TREATISE

Concerning the

Altercation or *Scolding* of the *Ancients*.

I WAS born near the *Monument* of that dreadful Fire which conſumed this auguſt City, where my Mother, Mrs. *Judith Ginglicutt*, being ſoon after my Birth left a Widow, has continued to ſell ſome Fiſhes of the teſtaceous Kind, which exert their ſtimulating Quality on the Conſtitutions of ſuch as eat them, and in the Diſcourſe of ſuch as vend them. My Mother, by an aſſiduous and honeſt Traffick in the aforeſaid Commodity, acquired wherewith not only to maintain, but liberally to educate me, her only Child.

When I became thoroughly acquainted with the *Greek* and *Roman* Authors, I thought it incumbent upon me to do ſomething towards the Honour of the Place of my Nativity, and to vindicate the Rhetorick

rick of this ancient *Forum* of our Metropolis from the Aſperſions of the Illiterate, by compoſing *A Treatiſe of the Altercation of the Ancients*; wherein I have demonſtrated that the Purity, Sincerity, and Simplicity of their Diction, is no where ſo well preſerved as amongſt my Neighbourhood.

The Word *Altercation*, which properly ſignifies *debating*, has likewiſe been tranſlated *ſcolding*; therefore complying with modern Barbarity, I have taken it in the moſt extenſive Senſe.

I propoſe publiſhing this my Treatiſe by Subſcription; the Reaſons which have induced me to do it at this time, are, *Firſt*, To rectify a general miſtake of the Moderns, who find fault with the acute Stile of the preſent political Diſputations. *Secondly*, To adminiſter Comfort unto ſuch as think themſelves abuſed on either Side, by ſhewing, that calling of Names is the true *Greek* and *Roman* Eloquence, and bearing ſuch Appellations is *Greek* and *Roman* Virtue. *Thirdly*, To diſſipate the Fears of ſome well-meaning People, who think our Liberty in Danger, which is impoſſible, as long as this truly ancient and polite Rhetorick ſubſiſts, which is both the Symptom and Cauſe of publick Liberty. *Fourthly*, To aſſiſt the promiſing Genius's which are daily riſing in my native Country.

The Miſtake of People who cenſure the plain Appellations and Epithets which the political Antagoniſts on each beſtow on their Adverſaries, proceeds from two Cauſes; the firſt is the not ſufficiently diſtinguiſhing between Propriety and Truth of Speech: Propriety of Language is, when an Author maketh uſe of the Expreſſion which is moſt appoſite to his own Idea, but doth not ſuppoſe the Idea to be either abſolutely true or falſe: Thus he who thinks, and calls his Adverſary a *Rogue*, certainly ſpeaks properly, tho' perhaps not truly; thoſe Terms of Objurgation

gation which ſo offend the Moderns, are only ſhort and ſignificant Words to expreſs a complex Idea. Thus tell a Modern, *Sir, you have often deceived me*, it would only put him upon his own Vindication; but if you call him a *Cheat*, you run the Riſque of a Drubbing: and pray what ſhould make ſo wide a Difference between a Circumlocution and a Noun Subſtantive, which both expreſs the ſame Thing? The ſecond Cauſe of this general Miſtake is Ignorance of the Languages and Manners of pureſt Antiquity, wherein this opprobrious Language (ſo much cenſured now-a-days) was quite familiar, as I have ſhewed through the whole Body of my Work. In the firſt Chapter I have ſettled the Notion of the Term *Barbarous*, which was conſtantly applied to every Thing that was not *Greek* or *Roman*, and ought ſtill to retain the ſame Signification; in conſequence of which, I have proved that the ceremonious, humble, low Manner of Speech and Addreſs of the Moderns, their pompous Titles of Honour, Coats of Arms, and all the Jargon of Heraldry and Chivalry, are Gothick and Barbarous, introduced by the Fall of the Republicks of *Greece* and *Rome*. Did ever a Citizen of any of thoſe Republicks ſay to his Equal or Superior, *Your devoted Slave?* On the contrary, the Dialect of thoſe Republicks, where they call Things by their plain Names, is quite polite, as the other is unclaſſical and barbarous. Polite and Civil, the firſt a *Greek*, the ſecond a *Latin* Word, ſignify what is cuſtomary in a well-ordered City or Commonwealth; and tho' the Ignorant may be forgiven, it is quite ſcandalous in Men of a liberal Education to find fault with calling of Names in publick Papers and Harangues, and much more ſo, to make them the Subject of Quarrels, which every Body knows is *Gothick*. In my *firſt Chapter*, I ſettle the original Right of this Sort of Altercation, which is moſt indefeſible

defeſible and unlimited in the Female-Sex amongſt all Ranks and Degrees, except between old and young Women; the latter being ſuppoſed to want the Protection and benevolent Aſſiſtance of the former. *Secondly*, That there is no mutual Right of Altercation between different Sexes, except in the Matrimonial State. *Thirdly*, That the Right of Altercation ſubſiſts between Perſonages of equal Rank, Gods, Goddeſſes, Monarchs, Generals, and publick Orators; likewiſe between Republican Orators and Monarchs. *Fourthly*, Between the People of free Governments and their Magiſtrates; but not between Monarchs and their individual Subjects. I have ſhewn that Antiquity abounds with Examples of all thoſe Kinds.

Homer has given us a very pompous and decent Repreſentation of the Altercation of the Divinities in a full Aſſembly: *Juno* tells *Jupiter*, that he was quite inſufferable, ſurly, and reſerved as to her; tho' that Huſſey, *Venus*, would get it out of him. *Jupiter* as ſharply rebukes her for her Curioſity, and at laſt threatens her with a little corporal Correction; and which is moſt ſtrange, poor *Vulcan* the Blackſmith ſeems to be the only civil Perſon in the whole Aſſembly (according to the modern Notion of Civility) for he ſpeaks to his Mother not to diſturb good Company. Another Time, when *Juno* was reproaching *Jupiter* for being hard-hearted to her, in not letting her get her Will of the *Trojans*, he tells her politely, *I wiſh you had* Priamus *and all his Children raw in your Guts*. *Neptune* rails at his Brother *Jupiter* moſt bitterly; *Let him*, quoth he, *govern his own Baſtards, and not meddle out of his Province*. What a terrible Scuffle amongſt thoſe Deities, when *Jupiter* gave them Leave each to act according to his own Inclination in the *Trojan* War? What ſcolding, kicking, tripping up of Heels?

Minerva

Minerva calls *Mars* a *Blockhead*, &c.——*Apollo* calls *Neptune* a *Fool*, &c.——*Jupiter* all the while ſhaking his Sides with Laughter, well-judging that it was neceſſary to give the Divinities proper Opportunities to vent their Spleen at each other; nor does it appear that there was ever any Offence taken at Words.

In this Chapter, for the Benefit of the Ladies, I have made a Collection of Epithets in uſe amongſt the Divinities, proper on parallel Occaſions; for ſure no Perſon of Quality can think herſelf abuſed in the Language of the Goddeſſes?

Homer, according to his uſual Propriety of Manners and Sentiments, introduceth his Heroes talking in the ſame Dialect. *Achilles*, the firſt Word, calls *Agamemnon*, *covetous*, *impudent*, *cunning Fox*, *Vol-pone*, as you might ſay (which, I have obſerved, has always been a fatal Word for raiſing Sedition) *Dog-ey'd*, *Deer-hearted*, *drunken Sot*. *Agamemnon* anſwers very ſharply, *Begone with your* Myrmidons, *I will take your Wench from you in ſpite of your Teeth*. The Poet imagined no leſs than three ſcolding Bouts neceſſary to ſupport this Epiſode, and makes *Jupiter* approve of the termagant Spirit of *Achilles* on all theſe Occaſions. *Hector*, without any Offence, chides his Brother *Paris* (who by the way wanted not Courage) for being too handſome, well-dreſſed, and a Favourite of the Ladies, *&c.* *Ulyſſes* rebukes *Agamemnon* moſt ſharply for propoſing a Retreat, and *Agamemnon* thanks him for it.

This laudable Right of Objurgation deſcended to the Heroes of later Times, which they uſed with great Freedom in Terms, which for Time immemorial have been in Faſhion in the Place of my Nativity.

Philip, King of *Macedon*, aſſerted this Right of Scolding as a Conqueror, after the Battle of *Chero-*

naa,

næa, indulged his Joy for the Victory by getting extremely drunk, dancing all Night in the Field of Battle, and going from Rank to Rank calling his Priſoners Names; *Damades*, one of them, with the ſame decent Freedom, told *Philip*, *That he acted the Part of* Therſites, *rather than that of* Agamemnon. *Philip*, ſenſible that his Priſoner might ſtill uſe his Tongue, which was not diſarmed, was highly delighted with the Smartneſs of the Repartee, and for the ſake of this *Bon mot* diſmiſſed the Priſoners without Ranſom, tho' by the way, there was not ſo much in it, for *Agamemnon* was both a great Scold and a great Captain.

When polite Learning revived in this Part of the World, about the Time of *Charles* the Fifth and *Francis* the Firſt, both thoſe Monarchs aſſerted their Right of Altercation: The Lye was given, but tho' the Language was quite polite, the Challenge was *Gothick*. There has been an Inſtance of the ſame Nature in our own Days, and I was quite aſhamed to ſee Men of polite Literature cenſure the Proceeding.

I have likewiſe collected many of the polite Compliments of republican Ambaſſadors and Orators to Monarchs: That of *Democharес* the *Athenian* Ambaſſador, who, when King *Philip* aſked him and his Colleagues, if there was any thing in which he could ſerve them, ſmartly replied, *Go hang yourſelf, that is the greateſt Service you can do us*: And indeed tho' it ſounds uncouth to a modern Ear, it was the greateſt Compliment he could make; for it was as much as to ſay, You muſt be the Terror of the *Athenians* as long as you live.

King *Philip* honoured *Demoſthenes* with the Title of the *Rampart of* Athens (an Appellation ſuperior to any yet beſtowed upon our *Craftſman*) and yet *Demoſthenes* was ſo far from being corrupted by his Compliment,

Compliment, that he continued to exerciſe the Rights of his Function with his uſual Politeneſs and Frankneſs. The Epithets he beſtows upon Philip are *Perfidious, Perjured, barbarous Uſurper*; *a Cheat*; *Wickedneſs in the Abſtract*; *a wretched* Macedonian, *born in a Corner of the World where one could not ſo much as purchaſe a good Slave*; that his Court (no doubt a very polite one) was compoſed of *Paraſites, Proſtitutes, Robbers, Bardaſhes, good-for-nothing Raſcals,* Athenian *Exiles, Mountebanks, Pantomimes (Harlequins) Ballad-makers that revelled and danced after an obſcene Manner; that* Philip *himſelf was what we call a* Sodomite, *that his Son* Alexander *was an Idiot*, &c. As for the *Jus Altercationis*, the mutual Right of Scolding amongſt publick Orators, *Demoſthenes* was ſo far from giving it up, or complaining of it, that he only reprimands the Orators on the other Side, for making their Exordiums of calling Names too long, and not coming ſooner to their Motion. He diſtinguiſheth judiciouſly between Accuſation and Invective; the firſt being the Allegation of a Crime puniſhable by Law, the laſt, ſome looſe Reflections which People, in the Heat of Diſcourſe, thought incumbent upon them to make upon their Antagoniſts. *Eſchines* calls Heaven and Earth to witneſs, that none of the *Rogues* and *Wizards* of former Times ever come up to the Villainy of *Demoſthenes*: He reproaches him for taking a Box on the Ear, and compounding it for thirty Marks; that he was a Coward, and run away at the Battle of *Cheronæa*; he calls him *wild Beaſt, Iron-head*, and tells him, That his Grandfather was a baniſhed Felon, his Mother a barbarous *Scythian*, and himſelf a pitiful Attorney that took Money on both Sides; a Hangman that had murdered his Landlord, *&c.* *Demoſthenes* returns his Compliments with Cheat, Diſgrace of human Nature, a poor Scrivener's Clerk, Pettifogger, Seſſpool

Seſſpool of Vice, *how ſhould you have any Learning? was not your Father* Elpias's *Slave, and your Mother a common Strumpet, till ſhe had the Happineſs to be kept by a* Hautboy, *and was afterwards known by the Name of the* Old Witch? *You pitiful Slave of a poor Schoolmaſter, where all your Employment was ſweeping the School, becauſe you are uſed to drubbing yourſelf; poor wretched Stroller, you call me Coward, forſooth, becauſe I am not inured to ſuch Dangers: if it was not for fear of offending againſt good Manners (for which I am noted) I would uſe you as you deſerve, you impudent Wretch.* By good Manners here is meant Sincerity, in Oppoſition to what we call Compliments, which would have been deemed an Abuſe.

The Orators exerciſed the ſame Juriſdiction over their Audience. *Demoſthenes* twits the *Athenians* often with the Simplicity of the Manners of their Anceſtors; calls them a *Parcel of lazy Drones, Framers of Votes and Reſolutions, Newſmongers, Time-ſervers, Spendthrifts, Ragamuffins,* who would do any thing for Money to ſpend in their Diverſions. There is nothing gives a ſtronger Idea of the Politeneſs of the ancient Altercation compared with the modern Forms of Civility, than *French* Tranſlations: That of a very learned Perſon ſkilled in both Languages runs thus, *Meſſieurs* (Gentlemen) *you are a Pack of Scoundrels.*

What relates to our preſent Circumſtances are Speeches againſt Incendiaries and againſt Miniſters, of both which I have made a choice Collection out of that *Roman* Orator *Tully.* I hope the Incendiaries will not diſdain the polite Treatment of *Cataline and Company,* of being the Dregs, the Jakes, the Sink, the common Sewer of the Republick. Nor the other Side that of *Verres, L. Piſo,* or *Anthony,* Men of the higheſt Dignity. I take *Verres,* (the Subject of a whole Volume of Orations) to have

have been much ſuch a Man as a Governor of one of our Plantations or Factories, who, one may ſay, did not go over to learn the Language; a Lover of fine Painting, Statues, *&c.* what one would now-a-days call a fine Gentleman, very avaricious, becauſe expenſive. *Tully*, who certainly knew the Rules of Decorum better than any Man in his Time, apoſtrophizeth this fine Gentleman in the uſual Terms of Art, *wicked Fellow*, *Thief*, *Robber*, *Prevaricator*, *Traitor*, *Whoremaſter*, *impudent*, *mad*, *audacious Fellow*, *Monſter*, *Prodigy of Wickedneſs*. When he allows a *Neutrality*, in not attacking him on ſome of his Vices, it is only to ſave the Honour and Reputation of Families whoſe Wives and Daughters he had debauched, and the Amours of his Youth, becauſe of their Turpitude: He tells him, *That the Villainies of all the condemned Criminals in the World could not equal the ſmalleſt Part of his Guilt*. He goes on with a Deſcription of his Youth ſpent in Rioting, Whoring, and Drinking. What a Work doth he make with the ſpiriting away a Fidler? There is not a Town in which *he had not a Whore, a Picture, or a Statue*. A great Part of ſome of the Orations ſeem to be a Particular of his Eſtate and Houſehold-Goods. There is hardly a Veſſel, Candleſtick, Picture, Lamp, Statue, Carpet, *&c.* a Bribe received, or a Preſent given, but is mentioned by our Orator, *Why ſo many Pots of Honey? Why ſo many Beds? Had you as many Whores?*

Then he falls upon his Perſon, and calls his Audience to obſerve the Impudence of his Looks; tells you how he became the Favourite of all the Porters, Footmen, and Chambermaids; not contented with his Cenſure of the Gentleman himſelf, he falls upon his Friends, Acquaintance, and Company, particularly a poor Fellow, one *Corbo*, that was dead, whom he calls all to naught: Then he tells the Judges, that

that they had now an Opportunity to clear themſelves with the People from the Infamy with which their whole Order was charged, and yet he was not called to the Bar, being before Men of Taſte and Judgment, who underſtood the ſacred inviolable Right of Liberty of Speech. What a polite, noble, plain Bluntneſs reigns through all thoſe Orations? Who could take it ill to be corrected in ſuch well-choſen Epithets, and well-turn'd Periods?

His Oration on *L. Piſo*, I think, far exceeds thoſe upon *Verres*. In thoſe genuine Flowers of antient Rhetorick, it is much to be regretted that ſome of the firſt Sentences are wanting; however it begins bluntly enough: *Beaſt, don't you ſee how the Audience is offended at your impudent Countenance?* Then goes on with a Deſcription of his Complexion, Beard, rotten Teeth, brazen Face, Stupidity, Impediment of Speech. The Orator, after having done himſelf Juſtice, and expatiated upon his own extraordinary Merits, tells him, That inſtead of Conſul, he was the *Tomb*, the *Funeral-Pile* of the Commonwealth. *Thou Hangman, thou Temple-Robber, thou Clod of Earth; from what Brothel did thou come up in Patins* (Soleatus) *muffled up, with thy Breath ſmelling of the Stews?* It ſeems the great Subject of Quarrel was, *L. Piſo* having ordered the Senate to leave off their mourning for *Tully*, when he was in Diſtreſs; he tells him, you anſwered, *Forſooth, with one Eye-brow turned up to your Forehead, and the other depreſſed to your Chin; that you did not love Cruelty; You did not love Cruelty, you Kennel-raker, you Gibbet-carrier; you a Conſul, iſſuing out of a dark Cellar with a Dancing Wench; you forbid the People to mourn for me; could one have any Aſſiſtance from thee, thou Beaſt, Lump of rotten Fleſh, Block, Trunk, Madman, Fool? When thy Colleague's Houſe rung with Riot, and*

Noiſe

Noiſe, and Dancing, thou waſt weltering (like one of the Lapithæ) *in thy own Spew; ſo that no Body could tell whether thou drank, vomited, or ſhit moſt.* If I remember right, our Orator, in one of his *Philippicks*, deſcribes much ſuch another Evacuation of *Anthony* in the *Forum*, tells him how he vomited, where it was a Shame for a *Magiſter Equitum*, Captain-General of the Horſe, to belch. It is much to be regretted, that our Language is neither ſtrong nor copious enough to do Juſtice to this excellent Oratory in a Tranſlation. I can appeal to all the Matrons in my Neighbourhood, if ſuch Compellations as I have mentioned, are not far beyond our little ſneaking Expreſſion, *The unfortunate Gentleman at the Bar.* At the ſame Time, I need not be at much Pains to convince my *Readers*, that thoſe who declaimed in this Stile, underſtood the Rules of *Decorum* and true Oratory; and thoſe who ſuffered theſe Objurgations, did not want Courage, nor were ignorant of the Rules of Honour.

Anthony, in murdering *Tully*, was cenſured by the *Romans*, rather for being captious than revengeful; for not underſtanding common Modes of Behaviour amongſt Gentlemen, more than for want of Generoſity.

I own, that there is no reconciling moſt of this ſort of Altercation, nor the Anger from which it proceeds, with the Chriſtian Morals; yet many Preſbyters, Biſhops, Popes, and ſome recorded as Saints, have naturally fallen into it. But a Collection of their Epithets and Compellations would be too voluminous; and as they are rather in the ſacred than political Stile, as *Little Devil, Imp of Satan, Curs'd Heretick*, &c. abounding with Anathema's, Curſes, and Execrations, they are not ſo appoſite to my Deſign. I ſhall only take the Liberty to obſerve, That if Gentlemen will not lay aſide

aſide this captious, quarrelſome Temper, there will be an abſolute Neceſſity of putting the Monopoly of political Altercation in the Hands of ſuch of the Clergy whoſe Perſons are ſacred, and who are not tied down to the ridiculous, corrupt Maxims of *Laicks* in *Gothick Governments*. And any Attempts of this Kind are ſo far from being blame-worthy, that they ought to be highly applauded, as decent, convenient, and charitable.

My next Chapter is ſpent upon the Uſefulneſs and Neceſſity of ſuch Altercations in all Governments. Firſt, as it allows the People the Means of working off their Paſſions in a Way which is leaſt detrimental to the Commonwealth: The *Romans*, from their intimate Knowledge of human Nature, were ſo ſenſible of this, that they allowed even their Slaves their annual Seaſon of Scolding: It is now by Cuſtom grown to be Sabbatical in *Britain*; but if the Legiſlature ſhould think it more proper to confine it to the Month of *December* and the *Chriſtmas* Holy-days, according to the Cuſtom of ancient *Rome*, no body could find Fault; provided there be Care taken of due Evacuations of the poutical Bile in proper Seaſons.

The ſame prudential Conſiderations induced the *Romans* to allow the Soldiers to ſing abuſive Ballads upon their General in the Proceſſion of his Triumph, which no doubt prevented many a Mutiny. How much did the Soldiers endear themſelves unto *Cæſar*, by celebrating his filthy Amours on that Occaſion?

There is ſome Footſteps of this polite Cuſtom continue ſtill in our Fleet; for the Seamen have a Privilege of Railing and Joking on their Officers at the Careening of a Ship; an Objurgation truly Claſſical in a double Senſe.

As to Miniſters, it is only a ſmall Tax on their Power and Riches; a Sort of *Memento Mori*; a Warning

Warning like the Barking of a Dog before he bites. It was the Saying of a great Man, *That there were but few Miniſters who had not done ſomething for which they deſerved to be hanged*; and I believe there are hardly any that do not deſerve ſome Claſſical Objurgation.

This Altercation contributes exceedingly to the Vigour of the Adminiſtration, like the Je-ho to loitering Horſes, that lug along the Wheels of the Government.

It is of no leſs Benefit to ſuch as cenſure, than to thoſe that govern, in preſerving their Purity of Manners, becauſe (according to *Tully* himſelf) *the Title of an Accuſer to his Right of Altercation is founded upon his own Innocence of thoſe Crimes which he lays to the Charge of his Adverſaries.*

The Price of the Book in Sheets is *Ten Shillings*, one Half to be paid down; only the Polemical Writers on each Side ſhall have one Copy *gratis*; and my Couſin *Ginglicutt* have two.

Receipts will be delivered at Mr. *Franklin*'s, Mr. *Roberts*'s, Mr. *Warner*'s, Mr. *Peele*'s, and at moſt of the Book and Pamphlet Sellers in *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

A

LEARNED DISSERTATION

ON

DUMPLING;

Its Dignity, Antiquity, and Excellence.

WITH A WORD UPON

PUDDING,

AND

Many other uſeful Diſcoveries of great Benefit to the Publick.

Quid Farto melius?
Huic ſuam agnoſcit corpus energiam,
Suam aciem mens: ——
—— *Hinc adoleverunt præſtantiſſimi,*
Hi Fartophagi in Reipublicæ commodum.
Mæb. de Fartophagis, *l.* iii. *c.* 2.

TO

MR. BRAUND.

SIR,

LET mercenary Authors *flatter the Great, and ſubject their Principle to Intereſt and Ambition, I ſcorn ſuch ſordid Views; you only are eminent in my Eyes: On you I look as the moſt uſeful Member in the Body Politic, and your Art far ſuperior to all others: Therefore,*

Tu mihi Mecænas eris!

O Braund, *my Patron! my Pleaſure! my Pride! diſdain not to grace my Labours with a kind Peruſal. Suſpend a while your momentous Cares, and condeſcend to taſte this little* Fricaſſee *of mine.*

I write not this, to bite you by the Ear, (*i. e.*) *flatter you out of a Brace or Two of Guineas: No; as I am a true* Dumpling-eater, *my Views are purely* Epicurean, *and my utmoſt Hopes centered in partaking of ſome elegant* Quelque Choſe *toſt up by your judicious Hand. I regard Money but as a Ticket which admits me to your delicate Entertainements; to me much more agreeable than all the Monkey-tricks of Rival* Harlequins, *or* Puppet-ſhow *Finery of contending* Theatres.

The Plague and Fatigue of Dependance and Attendance which call me ſo often to the Court End of the Town, were inſupportable, but for the Relief I find at Auſtin's, *your ingenious and grateful Diſciple, who has adorned* New Bond-ſtreet *with your graceful* Effigies. *Nor can he fail of Cuſtom, who has hung out a Sign ſo alluring to all true* Dumpling-eaters. *Many a Time and oft have I gazed with Pleaſure on your Features, and traced in them the exact Lineaments of your glorious Anceſtor Sir* John Brand, *vulgarly called Sir* John Pudding.

Though the Corruption of our Engliſh *Orthography indulges ſome Appearance of Diſtinction between* Brand *and* Braund, *yet in Effect they are one and the ſame Thing. The ancient Manor of* Brand's *alias* Braund's, *near* Kilburn *in* Middleſex, *was the very Manor-houſe of Sir* John Brand, *and is called* Brand's *to this Day, although at preſent it be in the Poſſeſſion of the Family of* Marſh.

What Honours are therefore due to one who is, in a direct Male Line, an immediate Deſcendant from the Loins of that Great Man! Let this teach You to value your Self; this remind the World, how much they owe to the Family of the BRAUNDS; *more particularly to* YOU, *who inherit not only the Name, but the Virtues of your illuſtrious Anceſtor. I am,* SIR, *with all imaginable Eſteem and Gratitude,*

Your very moſt

obedient Servant, *&c.*

A

LEARNED DISSERTATION

ON

DUMPLING;

Its Antiquity, Dignity, &c.

THE Dumpling-eaters are a Race ſprung partly from the old *Epicurean*, and partly from the *Peripatetick Sect*; they were firſt brought into *Britain* by *Julius Cæſar*; and finding it a Land of Plenty, they wiſely reſolved never to go home again. Their Doctrines are amphibious, and compoſed *Party per Pale* of the two Sects before-mentioned; from the *Peripateticks* they derive their Principle of Walking, as a proper Method to digeſt a Meal, or create an Appetite; from the *Epicureans* they maintain, that all Pleaſures are comprehended in good Eating and Drinking: And ſo readily were their Opinions embraced, that every Day produced many Proſelytes; and their Numbers have from Age to Age increaſed prodigiouſly, inſomuch that our whole Iſland is overrun with them at preſent: Eating and Drinking being ſo cuſtomary among us, that we ſeem to have entirely forgot and laid aſide the old Faſhion of faſting: Inſtead of having Wine ſold at the Apothecaries Shops, as formerly, every Street has Two

or Three Taverns in it, leſt theſe Dumpling-eaters ſhould faint by the Way; nay, ſo zealous are they in the Cauſe of *Bacchus*, that One of the chief among them has made a Vow never to ſay his Prayers till he has a Tavern *of his own* in every Street in *London*, and in every Market-town in *England*. What may we then in Time expect? ſince by inſenſible Degrees their Society is become ſo numerous and formidable, that they are without Number. Other Bodies have their Meetings; but where can the Dumpling-eaters aſſemble? What Place large enough to contain them? The *Bank*, *India*, and *South-Sea* Companies have their General Courts, the *Free-Maſons* and the *Gormogons* their Chapters; nay, our Friends the *Quakers* have their Yearly Meetings. Who would imagine any of theſe ſhould be Dumpling-eaters? But thus it is, the Dumpling-eating Doctrine has ſo far prevailed among them, that they eat not only Dumplings, but *Puddings*; and thoſe in no ſmall Quantities.

The Dumpling is indeed of more antient Inſtitution, and of *foreign* Origin; but alas! what were thoſe Dumplings? Nothing but a few Lentils ſodden together, moiſtened and cemented with a little ſeethed Fat, not much unlike our Grit or Oatmeal Pudding; yet were they of ſuch Eſteem among the ancient *Romans*, that a Statue was erected to *Fulvius Agricola*, the firſt Inventor of theſe Lentil Dumplings. How unlike the Gratitude ſhewn by the Publick to our modern Projectors!

The *Romans*, tho' our Conquerors, found themſelves much outdone in Dumplings by our Forefathers; the *Roman* Dumplings being no more to compare to thoſe made by the *Britons*, than a Stone-dumpling is to a Marrow-pudding; though indeed

indeed the *Britiſh* Dumpling, at that Time, was little better than what we call a Stone-dumpling, nothing elſe but Flour and Water: But every Generation growing wiſer and wiſer, the Project was improved, and Dumpling grew to be Pudding. One Projector found Milk better than Water; another introduced Butter; ſome added Marrow, others Plumbs; and ſome found out the Uſe of Sugar; ſo that, to ſpeak Truth, we know not where to fix the Genealogy or Chronology of any of theſe Pudding Projectors, to the Reproach of our Hiſtorians, who eat ſo much Pudding, yet have been ſo ungrateful to the Firſt Profeſſors of this moſt noble Science, as not to find them a Place in Hiſtory.

The Invention of Eggs was merely accidental, Two or Three of which having caſually rolled from off a Shelf into a Pudding, which a good Wife was making, ſhe found herſelf under a Neceſſity either of throwing away her Pudding, or letting the Eggs remain; but concluding from the innocent Quality of the Eggs that they would do no Hurt, if they did no Good, ſhe wiſely jumbled them all together, after having carefully picked out the Shells; the Conſequence is eaſily imagined, the Pudding became a Pudding of Puddings; and the Uſe of Eggs from thence took its Date. The Woman was ſent for to Court to make Puddings for King *John*, who then ſwayed the Sceptre; and gained ſuch Favour, that ſhe was the making of her whole Family. I cannot conclude this Paragraph without owning I received this important Part of the Hiſtory of Pudding from old Mr. *Laurence* of *Wilſden-Green*, the greateſt Antiquary of the preſent Age.

From that Time the *Engliſh* became ſo famous for Puddings, that they are called Pudding-eaters all over the World to this Day.

At her Demiſe her Son was taken into Favour,

and made the King's chief Cook; and ſo great was his Fame for Puddings, that he was called *Jack Pudding* all over the Kingdom, though in Truth his real Name was *John Brand*, as by the Records of the Kitchen you will find. This *John Brand*, or *Jack Pudding*, call him which you pleaſe, the *French* have it *Jean Boudin*, for his Fame had reached *France*, whoſe King would have given the World to have had our *Jack* for his Pudding-maker. This *Jack Pudding*, I ſay, became yet a greater Favourite than his Mother, inſomuch that he had the King's Ear as well as his Mouth at Command; for the King, you muſt know, was a mighty Lover of Pudding; and *Jack* fitted him to a Hair. He knew how to make the moſt of a Pudding; no Pudding came amiſs to him; he would make a Pudding out of a Flint-ſtone, comparatively ſpeaking. It is needleſs to enumerate the many Sorts of Pudding he made, ſuch as Plain Pudding, Plumb Pudding, Marrow Pudding, Oatmeal Pudding, Carrot Pudding, Sauceſage Pudding, Bread Pudding, Flower Pudding, Suet Pudding, and in ſhort every Pudding but Quaking Pudding, which was ſolely invented by and took its Name from our good Friends of the *Bull and Mouth* before-mentioned, notwithſtanding the many Pretenders to that Projection.

But what raiſed our Hero in the Eſteem of this Pudding-eating Monarch, was his ſecond Edition of Pudding, he being the firſt that ever invented the Art of broiling Puddings, which he did to ſuch Perfection, and ſo much to the King's liking (who had a mortal Averſion to cold Pudding) that he thereupon inſtituted him Knight of the Gridiron, and gave him a Gridiron of Gold, the Enſign of that Order, which he always wore as a Mark of his Sovereign's Favour. In ſhort, *Jack Pudding*, or Sir *John*, grew to be all in all with good King *John*; he did

did nothing without him, they were Finger and Glove; and if we may believe Tradition, our very good Friend had no ſmall Hand in the *Magna Charta*. If ſo, how much are all *Engliſhmen* indebted to him? In what Repute ought the Order of the Gridiron to be, which was inſtituted to do Honour to this wonderful Man? But alas! how ſoon is Merit forgot? How impudently do the Vulgar turn the moſt ſerious Things into Ridicule, and mock the moſt ſolemn Trophies of Honour? for now every Fool at a Fair, or Zany at a Mountebank's Stage, is called *Jack Pudding*, has a Gridiron at his Back, and a great Pair of Spectacles at his Buttocks, to ridicule the moſt noble Order of the Gridiron; which Spectacles are a moſt ungrateful Reflection on the Memory of that great Man, whoſe indefatigable Application to his Buſineſs, and deep Study in that occult Science, rendered him purblind; to remedy which Misfortune, he had always a Squire followed him, bearing a huge Pair of Spectacles to ſaddle his Honour's Noſe, and ſupply his much-lamented Defect of Sight. But whether ſuch an Unhappineſs deſerves not rather Pity than Ridicule, I leave to the Determination of all good Chriſtians. I cannot but ſay, it raiſes my Indignation, when I ſee theſe Paunch-gutted Fellows uſurping the Title and Atchievements of my dear Sir *John*, whoſe Memory I ſo much venerate, nor can I always contain myſelf. I remember to my Coſt, I once carried my Reſentment a little farther than ordinary in furiouſly aſſaulting one of thoſe Raſcals. I tore the Gridiron from his Back, and the Spectacles from his A——e; for which I was apprehended, carried to Pye-powder Court, and by that tremendous Bench ſentenced to moſt ſevere Pains and Penalties.

This has indeed a little tamed me, inſomuch that I keep my Fingers to myſelf, but at the ſame Time

let my Tongue run like a Devil: Forbear vile Miſcreants, cry I, where-e'er I meet theſe Wretches; forbear to aſcribe to yourſelves the Name and Honours of Sir *John Pudding*: Content yourſelves with being *Zanies*, *Pickled-Herrings*, *Punchinellos*, but dare not ſcandalize the Name of *Pudding*: Nor can I, notwithſtanding the Clamours and ill Uſage of the Vulgar, refrain bearing my Teſtimony againſt this Piece of Injuſtice.

What Pity is it, therefore, ſo noble an Order ſhould be loſt, or at leaſt neglected. We have had no Account of the real Knights of the Gridiron, ſince they appeared under the fictitious Name of the *Kit Kat Club*: In their Poſſeſſion was the very Gridiron of Gold worn by Sir *John* himſelf; which identical Gridiron dignified the Breaſt of the moſt ingenious Mr. *Richard Eſtcourt*, that excellent Phyſician and Comedian, who was Preſident of that Society.

Quis talia fando temperet à Lachrymis?

What is become of the Gridiron, or of the Remains of that excellent Body of Men, Time will, I hope, diſcover. The World, I believe, muſt for ſuch Diſcoveries be obliged to my very good Friend *J*—— *T*—— Eſq; who had the Honour to be Door-keeper to that honourable Aſſembly.

But to return to Sir *John*: The more his Wit engaged the King, the more his Grandeur alarmed his Enemies, who increaſed with his Honours. Not but the Courtiers careſſed him to a Man, as the firſt who had brought Dumpling-eating to Perfection. King *John* himſelf loved him entirely; being of *Cæſar*'s Mind, that is, he had a natural Antipathy againſt meagre, Herring-gutted Wretches; he loved only *Fat-headed Men, and ſuch who ſlept o'Nights*; and of ſuch was his whole Court compoſed. Now it was Sir *John*'s Method, every *Sunday* Morning,

to

to give the Courtiers a Breakfaſt, which Breakfaſt was every Man his Dumpling and a Cup of Wine; for you muſt know, he was a Yeoman of the Wine-cellar at the ſame time.

This was a great Eye-ſore and Heart-burning to ſome lubberly Abbots who lounged about the Court; they took it in great Dudgeon they were not invited, and ſtuck ſo cloſe to his Skirts, that they never reſted until they outed him. They told the King, who was naturally very haſty, that Sir *John* made-away with his Wine, and feaſted his Paramours at his Expence; and not only ſo, but that they were forming a Deſign againſt his Life, which they in Conſcience ought to diſcover: That Sir *John* was not only an Heretic, but an Heathen; nay worſe, they feared he was a Witch, and that he had bewitched his Majeſty into that unaccountable Fondneſs for a *Pudding-maker*. They aſſured the King, That on a *Sunday* Morning, inſtead of being at Mattins, he and his Trigrimates got together Hum-jum, all ſnug, and performed many helliſh and diabolical Ceremonies: In ſhort, they made the King believe that the Moon was made of Green-cheeſe: And to ſhew how the Innocent may be belied, and the beſt Intentions miſrepreſented, they told the King, That he and his Aſſociates offered Sacrifices to *Ceres*; when, alas! it was only the Dumplings they eat. The Butter which was melted poured over them, theſe vile Miſcreants called *Libation*; and the friendly Compotations of our Dumpling-eaters were called *Bacchanalian Rites*: Two or Three among them being ſweet-toothed, would ſtrew a little Sugar over their Dumplings; this was repreſented as an *Heatheniſh Offering*. In ſhort, not one Action of theirs, but what theſe raſcally Abbots made criminal, and never let the King alone until poor Sir *John* was diſcarded. Not but the

King did it with the greateſt Reluctance; but they had made it a religious Concern, and he could not get off on it.

But mark the Conſequence: The King never enjoyed himſelf after, nor was it long before he was poiſoned by a Monk at *Swines-head* Abbey. Then too late he ſaw his Error; then he lamented the Loſs of Sir *John*; and in his lateſt Moments would cry out, Oh! that I had never parted from my dear *Jack Pudding!* Would I had never left off Pudding and Dumpling! I then had never been thus baſely Poiſoned! never thus treacherouſly ſent out of the World!——Thus did this good King lament: But, alas! to no Purpoſe, the Prieſt had given him his Bane, and Complaints were ineffectual.

Sir *John*, in the mean time, had retired into *Norfolk*, where his diffuſive Knowledge extended itſelf for the Good of the County in general; and from that very Cauſe *Norfolk* has ever ſince been ſo famous for Dumplings. He lamented the King's Death to the very laſt; and was ſo cautious of being poiſoned by the Prieſts, that he never touched a Wafer to the Day of his Death: And had it not been that ſome of the leſs deſigning Part of the Clergy were his intimate Friends, and eat daily of his Dumplings, he had doubtleſs been made-away with; but they ſtood in the Gape for him for the Sake of his Dumplings, knowing that when Sir *John* was gone, they ſhould never have the like again.

But our facetious Knight was too free of his Talk to be long ſecure; a Hole was picked in his Coat by the ſucceeding Reign, and poor Sir *John* had all his Goods and Chattels forfeited to the King's Uſe. It was then time for him to beſtir himſelf; and away to Court he goes to recover his Lands, *&c.* not doubting but he had Friends there ſufficient to carry his Cauſe.

But

But alas! how was he miſtaken; not a Soul there knew him; the very Porters uſed him rudely. In vain did he ſeek for Acceſs to the King to vindicate his Conduct; in vain did he claim Acquaintance with the Lords of the Court, and reap up old Civilities, to remind them of former Kindneſs; the Pudding was eat, the Obligation was over; which made Sir *John* compoſe that excellent Proverb, *Not a Word of the Pudding.* And finding all Means ineffectual, he left the Court in a great Pet; yet not without paſſing a ſevere Joke upon them, in his Way, which was this: He ſent a Pudding to the King's Table, under the Name of a *Court Pudding*, or *Promiſe Pudding.* This Pudding he did not fail to ſet off with large Encomiums; aſſuring the King, That therein he will find an hieroglyphical Definition of Courtiers Promiſes and Friendſhip.

This cauſed ſome Speculation; and the King's Phyſician debarred the King from taſting the Pudding, not knowing but Sir *John* had poiſoned it.

But how great a Fit of Laughter enſued, may be eaſily gueſſed, when the Pudding was cut up, it proved only a large Bladder, juſt cloſed over with Paſte: The Bladder was full of Wind, and nothing elſe, excepting theſe Verſes written in a Roll of Paper, and put in, as is ſuppoſed, before the Bladder was blown full.

As Wynde in a Bladder ypent,
is Lordings promyſe and ſerment;
ſain what hem luſt withouten drede,
they bene ſo double in her falſhede:
for they in heart can think ene thing,
and ſain another in her ſpeaking:
and what was ſweet and apparent,
is ſmoterlich, and eke yſhent.
and when of ſervice you have nede,
pardie he will not rew nor rede.
but when the Symnel it is eten,
her curteſie is all forgetten.

This Adventure met with various Conſtructions from thoſe at Table; ſome laughed, others frowned; But the King took the Joke by the right End, and laughed outright.

The Verſes, though but ſcurvy ones of themſelves, yet in thoſe Days paſſed for tolerable: Nay, the King was mightily pleaſed with them, and played them off on his Courtiers as Occaſion ſerved; he would ſtop them ſhort in the Middle of a flattering Harangue, and cry, *Not a Word of the Pudding.* This would daunt and mortify them to the laſt Degree; they curſed Sir *John* a thouſand Times over for the Proverb's ſake, but to no Purpoſe; the King gave him a private Hearing; in which he ſo well ſatisfied his Majeſty of his Innocence and Integrity, that all his Lands were reſtored. The King would have put him in his old Poſt; but he modeſtly declined it, but at the ſame time preſented his Majeſty with a Book of moſt excellent Receipts for all Kinds of Puddings; which Book his Majeſty received with all imaginable Kindneſs, and kept it among his greateſt Rarities. But yet, as the beſt Inſtructions, though never ſo ſtrictly followed, may not be always as ſucceſſfully executed, ſo not one of the King's Cooks could make a Pudding like Sir *John*; nay, though he made a Pudding before their Eyes, yet they out of the very ſame Materials could not do the like; which made his old Friends the Monks attribute it to Witchcraft, and it was currently reported the Devil was his Helper. But good King *Harry* was not to be fobbed off ſo; the Pudding was good, it ſat very well on his Stomach, and he eat very ſavourly, without the leaſt Remorſe of Conſcience.

In ſhort, Sir *John* grew in Favour in ſpite of their Teeth: The King loved a merry Joke; and Sir *John* had always his Budget full of Puns, Conundrums, and Carrawitchets; not to forget the Quibbles,

bles and Fly-flaps he played againſt his Adverſaries, at which the King has laughed until his Sides cracked.

Sir *John*, though he was no very great Scholar, yet had a happy Way of expreſſing himſelf: He was a Man of the moſt engaging Addreſs, and never failed to draw Attention: Plenty and Good-nature ſmiled in his Face; his Muſcles were never diſtorted with Anger or Contemplation, but an eternal Smile drew up the Corners of his Mouth; his very Eyes laughed; and as for his Chin it was three-double, a-down which hung a goodly whey-coloured Beard ſhining with the Drippings of his Luxury; for you muſt know he was a great Epicure, and had a very ſenſible Mouth; he thought nothing too good for himſelf, all his Care was for his Belly; and his Palate was ſo exquiſite, that it was the perfect Standard of Taſting. So that to him we owe all that is elegant in Eating: For Pudding was not his only Talent, he was a great Virtuoſo in all Manner of Eatables; and though he might come ſhort of *Lambert* for Confectionary-Niceties, yet was he not inferior to *Braund*, *Lubec*, *Pede*, or any other great Maſters of Cookery; he could toſs up a Fricaſſee as well as a Pancake: And moſt of the Kickſhaws now in vogue are but his Inventions, with other Names; for what we call *Fricaſſees* he called *Pancakes*, as a Pancake of Chickens, a Pancake of Rabbets, *&c.* Nay, the *French* call a Pudding an *Engliſh* Fricaſſee to this Day.

We value ourſelves mightily for roaſting a Hare with a Pudding in its Belly; when, alas, he has roaſted a whole Ox with a Pudding in his Belly. There was no Man like him for Invention and Contrivance: And then for Execution, he ſpared no Labour and Pains to compaſs his magnanimous Deſigns.

O would to Heaven this little Attempt of mine may ſtir up ſome *Pudding-headed Antiquary* to dig his Way through all the mouldy Records of Time, and bring to Light the noble Actions of Sir *John!* It will not then be long before we ſee him on the Stage: Sir *John Falſtaffe* will then be a Shrimp to Sir *John Pudding*, when raiſed from Oblivion and re-animated by the all-invigorating Pen of the well-fed, well-read, well-paid *C*——*J*—— Eſq; Nor would this be all; the Paſtry-cooks would from the Hands of an eminent Phyſician and Poet receive whole Loads of Memorandums, to remind them of the Gratitude due to Sir *John*'s Memory.

On ſuch a Subject I hope to ſee Sir *Richard* outdo himſelf. Nor *Arthur* or *Eliza* ſhall with Sir *John* compare. There is not ſo much Difference between a Teleſcope and a Powder-Puff, a Hoop-pettycoat, a Farthing Candle, a Birch Broom, and a Diamond ring, as there will be between the former Writings of this Pair of Poets and their Lucubrations on this Head.

Nor will it ſtop here: The *Opera* Compoſers ſhall have the other Conteſt, which ſhall beſt ſing-forth his Praiſes. Sorry am I that *Nicolino* is not here, he would have made an excellent Sir *John*. But *Seneſino* being blown up after the Manner that Butchers blow Calves may do well enough. From thence the Painters and Print-ſellers ſhall retail his goodly Phiz; and what *Sacheverel* was, ſhall Sir *John Pudding* be; his Head ſhall hang elate on every Sign, his Fame ſhall ring in every Street, and *Cluer*'s Preſs ſhall teem with Muſick to his Praiſe. This would be but Honour, this but Gratitude, from a Generation ſo much indebted to ſo great a Man.

But alas! how much do we deviate from Honour and Gratitude, when we put put other Names to his Inventions, and call them our own? What is a Tart, a Pie,

a Pie, or Paſty, but Meat or Fruit incloſed in a Wall or Covering of Pudding? What is a Cake, but a baked Pudding; or *Chriſtmas* Pie, but a Minced-meat Pudding? As for Cheeſe-cakes, Cuſtards, Tanſies, &c. they are manifeſt Puddings, and all of Sir *John*'s own Contrivance; Cuſtard being as old if not older than *Magna-Charta*. In ſhort, Pudding is of the greateſt Dignity and Antiquity; Bread itſelf, which is the very Staff of Life, being, properly ſpeaking, a baked White Pudding.

To the Satchel, which is the Pudding-bag of Ingenuity, we are indebted for the greateſt Men in Church and State. All Arts and Sciences owe their Original to Pudding or Dumpling. What is a Bagpipe, the Mother of all Muſic, but a Pudding of Harmony? Or what is Muſic itſelf, but a palateable Cookery of Sounds? To little Puddings or Bladders of Colours we owe all the choice Originals of the greateſt Painters: And indeed, what is Painting, but a well-ſpread Pudding, or Cookery of Colours?

The Head of Man is like a Pudding: And whence have all Rhimes, Poems, Plots, and Inventions ſprang, but from that ſame Pudding? What is Poetry but a Pudding of Words? The Phyſicians, though they cry out ſo much againſt Cooks and Cookery, yet are but Cooks themſelves, with this Difference only, the Cook's Pudding lengthens Life, the Phyſician's ſhortens it: So that we live and die by Pudding; for what is a Clyſter, but a Bag-pudding; a Pill, but a Dumpling; or a Bolus, but a Tanſy, though not altogether ſo Toothſome? In a Word; Phyſick is only a Puddingizing or Cookery of Drugs. The Law is but a Cookery of Quibbles and Contentions. (*a*) * * * * *

(*a*) *The Cat ran away with this Part of the Copy, on which the Author had unfortunately lain ſome of Mother* Crump's *Sauſages.*

* is but a Pudding of *. Some swallow every Thing whole and unmixed; so that it may rather be called a Heap than a Pudding. Others are so squeamish, the greatest Mastership in Cookery is required to make the Pudding palatable: The Suet which others gape and swallow by Gobs, must for those puny Stomachs be minced to Atoms; the Plumbs must be picked with the utmost Care, and every Ingredient proportioned to the greatest Nicety, or it will never go down.

The Universe itself is but a Pudding of Elements; Empires, Kingdoms, States, and Republicks are but Puddings of People differently made up. The Celestial and Terrestrial Orbs are decyphered to us by a Pair of Globes or Mathematical Puddings.

The Success of War and Fate of Monarchies are entirely dependent on Puddings and Dumplings: For what else are Cannon Balls, but Military Puddings, or Bullets but Dumplings? with this Difference only, they do not sit so well on the Stomach as a good Marrow-pudding or Bread-pudding.

In short, there is nothing valuable in Art or Nature, but what, more or less, has an Allusion to Pudding or Dumpling. Why then should they be held in Disesteem? Why should Dumpling-eating be ridiculed, or Dumpling eaters derided? Is it not pleasant and profitable? Is it not ancient and honourable? Kings, Princes, and Potentates have in all Ages been Lovers of Pudding Is it not therefore Royal Authority? Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, have, Time out of Mind, been great Pudding-eaters: Is it not therefore a holy and religious Institution? Philosopers, Poets, and learned Men in all Faculties, Judges, Privy Counsellors,

Counſellors, and Members of both Houſes, have, by their great Regard to Pudding, given a Sanction to it that nothing can efface. Is it not therefore ancient, honourable, and commendable?

Quare itaque fremuerunt Actores?

Why do therefore the Enemies of good Eating, the Starv'd-gutted Authors of *Grub-ſtreet*, employ their impotent Pens againſt Pudding and Pudding-headed *alias* honeſt Men? Why do they inveigh againſt Dumpling-eating, which is the Life and Soul of Good-fellowſhip, and Dumpling-eaters, who are the Ornaments of Civil Society?

But, alas! their Malice is their own Puniſhment. The hireling Author of a late ſcandalous Libel, intituled, *The Dumpling-eaters Downfall*, may, if he has any Eyes, now ſee his Error in attacking ſo numerous, ſo auguſt a Body of People: His Books remain unſold, unread, unregarded; while this Treatiſe of mine ſhall be bought by all who love Pudding or Dumpling, to my Bookſeller's great Joy, and my no ſmall Conſolation. How ſhall I triumph, and how will that mercenary Scribbler be mortified, when I have ſold more Editions of my Books, than he has Copies of his! I therefore exhort all People, gentle and ſimple, Men, Women, and Children, to buy, to read, to extol, theſe Labours of mine, for the Honour of Dumpling-eating. Let them not fear to defend every Article; for I will bear them harmleſs: I have Arguments good Store, and can eaſily confute, either Logically, Theologically, or Metaphyſically, all thoſe who dare oppoſe me.

Let not *Engliſhmen* therefore be aſhamed of the Name of *Pudding-eaters*; but, on the contrary, let it be their Glory. For let Foreigners cry out never

never ſo much againſt good Eating, they come eaſily into it when they have been a litle while in our *Land of Canaan*; and there are very few Foreigners among us, who have not learned to make as great a Hole in a good Pudding or Sirloin of Beef, as the beſt *Engliſhman* of us all.

Why ſhould we then be laughed out of Pudding and Dumpling? or why ridiculed out of good Living? Plots and Politicks may hurt us, but Pudding cannot. Let us therefore adhere to Pudding, and keep ourſelves out of Harm's Way, according to the Golden Rule laid down by a celebrated Dumpling-eater now defunct:

Be of your Patron's Mind, whate'er he ſays:
Sleep very much; think little, and Talk leſs:
Mind neither Good nor Bad, nor Right nor Wrong;
But eat your Pudding, *Fool, and hold your Tongue.*
PRIOR.

The Author of theſe excellent Lines not only ſhews his Wiſdom, but his Good-breeding, and great Eſteem for the Memory of Sir *John*, by giving his *Poem* the Title of *Merry Andrew*, and making *Merry Andrew* the principal Spokeſman: For if I gueſs aright, and ſurely I gueſs not wrong, this main Deſign was, to aſcertain the Name of *Merry Andrew* to the *Fool* of a Droll, and to ſubſtitute it inſtead of *Jack Pudding*; which Name my Friend *Matt.* could not hear with Temper, as carrying with it an oblique Reflection on Sir *John Pudding*, the Hero of this DUMPLEID.

Let all thoſe therefore who have any Regard to Politeneſs and Propriety of Speech, take heed how they err againſt this Rule laid down by him who was the Standard of *Engliſh* Elegance. And be it known

known to all whom it may concern, That if any Perſon whatever ſhall dare hereafter to apply the Name of *Jack Pudding* to *Merry Andrews* and ſuch-like Creatures, I hereby require and impower any Standers-by to knock him, her, or them down; and if any Action or Actions of Aſſault and Battery ſhall be brought againſt any Perſon or Perſons ſo acting in purſuance of this moſt reaſonable Requeſt, by knocking down, bruiſing, beating, or otherwiſe demoliſhing ſuch Offenders, I will indemnify and bear them harmleſs.

Gulliver Decyphered:

OR

REMARKS

On a late Book, intitled,

TRAVELS

INTO SEVERAL

Remote NATIONS of the World.

By Capt. *LEMUEL GULLIVER.*

VINDICATING.

The Reverend DEAN on whom it is maliciously Father'd.

WITH

Some probable Conjectures concerning the Real AUTHOR.

A

PREFATORY DISCOURSE

CONCERNING

DECYPHERING, &c.

TO omit all doubtful and critical Interpretations of the Word Decypherer, *it may be defined according to the old* Engliſh *Saying*, One who can tell a Man's Meaning by *his* Gaping: *It is indeed commonly underſtood of a* Set of *Artiſts* of Dexterity ſufficient to find out the myſterious Meanings of Words, Syllables, and Letters; *as may be ſeen in the 92d Page* of the Second Volume of* Gulliver's Travels; *and we know that* decyphering *is generally applied to the Interpretation*

* Our Author here ſhews how theſe Artiſts may, if they fancy, interpret a *Sieve* to ſignify a *Court Lady*, a *lame Dog* an *Invader*, the *Plague* a *ſtanding Army*, a *Buzzard* a *great Stateſman*, *the Gout* a *High-Prieſt*, a *Chamber-pot* a *Commitee of Grandees*, a *Broom* a *Revolution*, *a Mouſe-trap* an *Employment*, a *Bottomleſs-pit* a *Treaſury*, a *Sink* a *Court*, a *Cap and Bells* a *Favourite*, a *broken Reed* a *Court of Juſtice*, an *empty Tun* a *General*, a *running Sore* an *Adminiſtration*.

pretation of certain Cyphers or Characters made uſe of by Politicians in Plots, &c. *yet we muſt beg leave to aſſure the courteous Reader, that there are ſeveral other Kinds of* Decyphering, *very agreeable to the original Import of the Word, as well as our Definition.*

People uſe Characters, Hieroglyphicks, &c. *to expreſs as well as to diſguiſe their Intentions; and what one Man makes uſe of to conceal his Sentiments, another has Recourſe to that he may be the better* underſtood. *As for Inſtance, when Members of a certain* Society *are very zealous in oppoſing the governing Party, very forward in making Speeches againſt Mal-adminiſtration,* &c. *the World knows that if theſe worthy Gentlemen were obliged to tell their Minds in few Words, they would generally amount to no more than one of theſe ſhort and ſignificant Sentences,* viz. Pray Sir *Robert* give me a Place; I want Money; I muſt have that Employment, *&c. But we beg the Reader to obſerve, that as Men often mean the ſame Things by quite contrary Expreſſions, ſo it is in this Caſe: For running all Lengths with* Great Men, *and receiving their Directions upon all Occaſions, will frequently admit of the ſame Interpretations as* oppoſing *or* railing *at them.*

As Men of Fire and ſanguine Complections are for carrying every Thing by Storm; you, phlegmatick Gentlemen love Wiles and Stratagems: And you ſhall ſometimes ſee Bullying *and* Hectoring *ſtand Candidate for the ſame* Office *with* Fawning *and* Cringing. *Now by means of the Art of* Decyphering *it is eaſy to reconcile theſe Contradictions.*

But this is not confined to State Matters only, it is uſeful upon all Occaſions, it is neceſſary in every Station; and as for the learned Profeſſions they cannot ſubſiſt without it; ſo that Decyphering *ſeems to be a Kind of firſt Principle or Key to the Sciences.*

How ſhould we be able to underſtand our Divines, *who preach and write* Pro *and* Con, *ſometimes contend for the* Faith, *and ſometimes make a Jeſt of it, if by this Art we were not enabled to find out that their Meaning is* —— Nolo Epiſcopari, *i. e. Anglicè* Lawn-ſleeves.

Aſk the honeſt Gentlemen of the Long Robe, *why, in one Reign, they have ſtrained the* Prerogative *of the Crown, and in the next pleaded for the Power of the People, and they will probably not deliver their Opinion. But if you decypher theſe Proceedings, they plainly ſignify*—— The Great Seal — Chief Juſtice— Barons, *&c.*

But of all Profeſſions this Art is moſt neceſſary in Phyſick; the Doctors can decypher Peoples Diſtempers by their Looks, their Geſtures, and even by their Excrements. When they ſee a young Lady look pale, and languiſhing, &c. *they preſently perceive that ſhe, poor Girl, wants a Huſband; though this ſometimes diſcovers itſelf by contrary Symptoms, as Redneſs, Fluſhings in the Face,* &c.

In ſhort, was it not for Decypering we ſhould be at a Loſs in the moſt ordinary Affairs of Life. By what other Art could it be made out that Grumbling in the Guts *ſignifies* a Dinner? *from whence the Learned derive that ingenious Saying, of a Man's* Belly crying Cupboard, *to omit other innumerable Inſtances.*

From all which we hope the courteous Reader is fully informed what we mean by the Title of our Book; and that we have no Deſign to prove Mr. Gulliver *a* Traitor, *though every body ſays he is diſaffected.*

Neot

Next Week will be publiſhed for the Information of the Learned,

PROPOSALS for Printing by Subſcription the *Secret* Hiſtory of the Life and Actions of SCRIBLERUS, or the Witty D——n ſet forth: With an Account ſo far as can be gathered from authentick Records of his Writings, their beſt Editions, Prices, *&c.* Tranſlated into *French* from the original *Perſian*, by the *Abbé de St. Pierre*, of the Royal Academy of Sciences at *Paris*, and now faithfully rendered into *Engliſh* by Dr. *Sw——t.*

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GULLIVER

DECYPHER'D, &c.

A MAN need not be a Conjurer to ſee into ſome Folks, nor deal with the Black Art to find out who lives in *Burlington-gardens*, who has a Poetical *Villa* at *Twickenham*, and who ſnores under a Canopy once a Week in a certain *Cathedral* in his Majeſty's Dominions.

I have ſomewhere ſeen (I think in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*) a ſort of *Dutch* Piece of Three Figures like Men with an Inſcription, which may be thus rendered in *Engliſh*:

Theſe are the Wags, who boldly did adventure
To club a Farce by Tripartite Indenture.

The Hiſtory of this Picture is given us, as follows, by the Memoirs written in thoſe Times.

A certain Prince, Huſband to a great Queen of a potent Kingdom, being one Day very ill of the Cholick, none of the famed Phyſicians of the Cour or City could relieve him, when a Miniſter of State, a deep Scholar and profound Philoſopher, bethought himſelf of an obſcure *Scythian* of his Acquaintance, a Man of no great Skill in Medicine, but a merry Wag and a very dextrous Fellow at a Clyſter: This Son of

Galen was immediately ſent for, and, as good Luck would have it, delivered his Higneſs of a luſty T——. Now who but *Johnny* upon all Occaſions (for that is the Name our Hiſtorian gives him according to our Language). Her Majeſty dubb'd him Phyſician in Ordinary; the *Grand Treaſurer* made him his Pot-companion, and the *Chief Secretary* took him into all his Pleaſures, it is ſuppoſed to remedy the evil Effects of them; for we forgot to obſerve that he was a great Maſter in venereal Operations. Thus *Johnny* having acquired a little Reputation, began to look about him, and diſcover many very agreeable Proſpects, and having Wit, good Nature, and ſeveral other conciliating Qualities, he ſoon became a Favourite at Court, and every body grew fond of his Acquaintance. Amongſt the Reſt of thoſe who ſcraped Intimacy with him, there was a merry Fellow, who performed the Office of Sacrificer at the *Grand Treaſurer*'s, moſt expert at Libations, and the Art of alluring the common People to his Maſter by Omens, Predictions, and Odes, which he cauſed to be ſung in publick Places; but as he was not one of the Figures in the Picture I am telling you of, I ſhall ſay no more of him in this Place, though you will afterwards find that he makes a conſiderable Part of our Hiſtory.

The next Perſon our Phyſician grew intimate with was a little, deformed, croſs-grained Fellow, but very ingenious and witty, and in favour with the *Chief Secretary*. His Talent was Rhyming, and it is ſaid he raiſed a great Fortune by turning an old Collection of Ballads into the Language of the Country, though ſome are ſo malicious as to ſay, that he did not really underſtand them himſelf, but got certain Druids to explain them, and ſo put them off for his own; this Wight, who they named *Peter*, had an intimate Friend, a very harmonious Fellow, and an excellent Bagpipe

Bagpipe Player, to which he uſed to ſet Sonnets of his own making in the Paſtoral Kind; he was the freed Man of a certain Lady of great Quality, who had given him his Liberty for ſeveral good Services; and her Ladyſhip being after troubled with Fits of the Mother, had often occaſion for Dr. *Johnny*, who then being in Vogue, no body could be modiſhly ſick without him. You may be ſure Sympathy of Diſpoſition and ſo favourable an Opportunity ſoon made an intimate Friendſhip between *Peter*, his Friend, and our witty Doctor; accordingly they made an Alliance offenſive and defenſive between each other. The Doctor was to cry them up at Court, and in return *Peter* was to make Lyricks in *his* Praiſe, and his Friend was frequently to perſuade his Lady that ſhe was ſick, in order to promote *his* Buſineſs. Thus they went on proſperouſly, thriving like Jeſuits by commending themſelves, when an Accident happened, which obliged them to unite all their Forces for the common Service.

You muſt know *Johnny*'s Succeſs and Favour at Court gave great Uneaſineſs to the Brotherhood, but to no body more than to Dr. *Plauſible*, who was the greateſt Favourite with the Faction who oppoſed the *Great Treaſurer* and *Chief Secretary*; and he therefore made it his Buſineſs to diſcredit our honeſt *Scythian*, alledging that he was no more to be compared to him than *Anacharſus* to his Maſter *Solon*, or the Brutiſhneſs of the North to the Politeneſs of *Athens*; for Dr. *Plauſible* counted himſelf a great Philoſopher, he greatly affected to appear learned, determined magiſterially about Arts and Sciences, and got Abundance of Reputation by the Labours of his Hirelings, and in ſhort was eſteemed a great Critick and Virtuoſo by many People as well as himſelf: But then he had two or three plaguy Foibles; he could not pleaſe his Wife, would ſometimes wade out of his

Depth in Phyſick and Criticiſm, and might at any Time be flattered out of his Senſes.

Johnny getting Information of theſe weak Sides of his proud Enemy, reſolved to attack him in his own Quarters, and either kill or put him to Flight: Accordingly he ſummoned his Allies to furniſh their Quota; and though *Peter* and his Friend were but Parties in the Diſpute, he, as ſome great Nations have done by their Neighbours, made them Principals in his own Quarrel, and be at moſt of the Expence of the Battels that were fought for his Advantage only. To this Purpoſe a Council was held, wherein, after Preliminaries ſettled, Ways and Means thought on, they unanimouſly agreed to attack the Doctor in the following Manner, which, it is thought, was concluded by the Inſtance of the *Chief Secretary*, who owed him a Spight for many Reaſons, but the Memoirs of thoſe Times only aſſign theſe Two.

The Firſt was, that the *Secretary*'s Lady being dangerouſly ſick, and the Doctor called to preſcribe to her, he had uſed his utmoſt Skill to recover her (for all agree that he was an honeſt well-meaning Man) and ſucceeded ſo well as to give good Hopes of the Lady's enjoying a good State of Health and long Life, which by no means pleaſed her Huſband (for People did inſinuate that he really occaſioned her Illneſs); he having at that Time criminal Correſpondence with the Wives and Siſters of certain *great Men*, who in ſucceeding Reigns became *Firſt Miniſters*. But what moſt irritated Mr. *Secretary*, was the Inclination he had for the Doctor's own Bedfellow, (who was noted for Kind-heartedneſs to her Huſband's Patients) which being whiſpered about, ſhe was conveyed into the Country to be out of his Way, though it is hinted as if ſhe found Means, notwithſtanding this Precaution, to converſe with him. However,

ever, this Watchfulneſs of the jealous Doctor occaſioned Reſentment in the Secretary, which, with the Injuries done to honeſt *Johnny*, and ſome Diſpleaſure of *Peter* and his Friend, and the common Intereſt together, produced a Kind of Satyr or a Stage-performance called by the Moderns a Farce.

Here each Party had a fine Opportunity of being revenged of their ſeveral Adverſaries; *Peter* abuſed the Wittlings of the Town, for not having Senſe enough to Taſte his Mock-Heroicks and his Friends Paſtorals, who alſo introduced a Character to ridicule his former Miſtreſs or Lady Ducheſs (as the Moderns term it) for refuſing to ſupport him in his Extravagancies as formerly; and *Johnny*, you may be ſure, did not forget to ſet off his Antagoniſt in the moſt ridiculous Light, and to *beſpatter* his Wife in Complaiſance to the Secretary, who is ſaid to have had reaſon to complain of her Kindneſs as well as her Huſband's Injuries to him.

War was now begun with great Fury, and the Theatre was the Field of Battle; but notwithſtanding that they attacked their Enemies with Crocodiles inſtead of Elephants, uſing *Hoop Petticoats* for Mortar Pieces, and Scandal for Bullets, Dr. *Plauſible* and his Party raiſed ſuch Power as to defeat their Enemies, and a Trophy was erected in Memory of their Victory; wherein the Three Champions, who clubbed for the Farce, were repreſented as in the Picture we mentioned to have ſeen in the Gallery of *Luxembourg*, with the Inſcription under it that gave riſe to this Digreſſion. But now we re-aſſume our firſt Intention.

However, what has been ſaid is not ſo foreign to our main Deſign, as moſt of the pretty Epiſodes of Modern Writers; for we hope to make it appear from unqueſtionable MSS. in the *Cotton* and *Bod-*

lcian Libraries, and ſeveral others collated by our Friends the *Clariſſimi* both at *Rome* and *Paris*, that Two of this Triumvirate, and the merry Pontiff of their Acquaintance, is the individual LEMUEL GULLIVER, whom we undertake to diſcover to the World. But firſt, we ſhall beg leave to aſſign ſome Reaſons why it cannot poſſibly be written by the Reverend Dean, on whom it is maliciouſly fathered, or whom the Bookſeller for his own gain inſinuates to be the Author of it.

The Firſt Reaſon for our Opinion in this important Matter is, that in the *Greek* Copies of this Work, there are all poſſible Marks of very early Antiquity, the Characters being the ſame with the *Inſcriptio Sigea* lately publiſhed by a learned Antiquary; and it appears that the *Greek* Letter about which he and One of our learned Profeſſors diſputed, is not once made uſe of throughout the whole Work, as the Publick may be informed from the accurate Mr. *Hern* of *Oxford*, who collected the *Bodleian* MSS. for us. So that we may preſume to affirm, without any Diſparagement to the Reverend D——, that the Piece could not be his, ſince it is very probable that he cannot ſo much as read the Characters in which the Original is written (though in other Reſpects a good *Grecian*) and this he will aſſure any one of, that is curious enough to enquire, having never pretended to any great Skill in the Philological Way, though always a great Advocate for the Antients; thinking it beſt no doubt with his Maſter Sir *William Temple* to defend them in our own Mother Tongue, as being what is beſt underſtood by us.

Another Reaſon why this Book cannot be the D—'s is, that it plainly appears to be the Work of an Heathen or *Jew*, there being not one Word of true Chriſtianity in it, but ſeveral ludicrous and obſcene

Paſſages

Paſſages, which are ſhocking even to common Decency; and every Body is acquainted with the D——'s great Piety and Devotion, as well as his *Abhorrence* of Blaſphemy and Irreligion.

A Third Reaſon why this Book cannot be the worthy D——'s, is the many oblique Reflections it is ſaid to caſt upon our preſent happy Adminiſtration, to which it is well known how *devoutly* he is attached and affected.

For Method Sake, we ſhall examine each of theſe Reaſons ſeverally, and prove them from undoubted Paſſages taken out of the Book itſelf, and diligently reviſed and compared with the Original; but firſt, by way of Prolegomena, or Preliminary Diſcourſe, ſay ſomething of the Deſign and Intent of the real Author or Authors of this Performance.

A learned Scholiaſt, who flouriſhed about the middle of the Fifteenth Century, aſſures us, that this laborious Work was begun in the latter End of the Reign of the great Queen before-mentioned, at the Deſire of her *Grand Treaſurer* and *Chief Secretary*, and ſeveral others of her great Officers, in order to oppoſe the contrary Faction and abuſe the ſucceeding Government: And that the Reader may form a true Notion of the Spirit of its Authors, he gives ſome Account of theſe Miniſters from the Writings of their own Party.

"The Grand Treaſurer, ſays our Scholiaſt, (as a celebrated Author tells us) always held much deep Converſation with himſelf, had his Countenance chequer'd with Buſineſs and Deſign; was ſometimes ſeen to walk very faſt, with his Eyes faſt nailed to a Paper that he held in his Hands; was a great Saver of Time; ſomewhat thick of Hearing; very ſhort of Sight, but more of Memory. A Man ever in Haſte, a great Hatcher and Breeder of Buſineſs, and

excellent at the famous Art of *Whispering Nothing*: An huge Idolater of Monosyllables and Procrastination; so ready to *give* his Word to every Body, that he never *kept it*; one that forgot the common *Meaning* of Words, but an admirable Retainer of the *Sound*. Extremely subject to the *Looseness*, for his *Occasions* were ever *calling him away*." *

Here, to our great Misfortune, is an irretrievable *Hiatus in Manuscript*. We have therefore no Account from our Scholiast of the Rest of the Ministers: But what we can learn from other Authors is this, namely, that the *Chief Secretary* was a young Gentleman of admirable Qualities, both natural and acquired; a most excellent Speaker, and one who had an uncommon Capacity for Business, but withal so enslaved by his Fears, that he was, at last, prevailed upon to quit his Party. * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The next in Power, though first in Rank, was the *Grand Chancellor*, one deeply skilled in the Laws, and an excellent Orator; but wholly governed by Avarice, which easily induced him to go over to the other Side for *valuable* Considerations. *

The last whom we shall have Occasion to mention as a great Promoter of this Work, was the *Commander of the Forces*, a Person whom all the celebrated Writers of those Times highly extol for his singular Humanity, Good Nature, and Generosity, having wasted, instead of making, his Fortune in his Country's Service; and yet at length he was forced to quit it for some Reasons of which History is silent; but it is generally agreed, that he never

never did any Thing really to forfeit his Character, as the Reſt of his Junto had done. For the *Grand Treaſurer* is abuſed by many, as well as the forecited Author; though it does not appear from any Authors of good Credit, that he ever forfeited his Integrity, however he might act upon miſtaken Principles: All the Writers of thoſe Times allow him to be a Man of extraordinary Underſtanding, very learned, intrepid, and generous to a Fault, dying in Debt, though he had the Management of the publick Revenues for ſeveral Years; however his dark and intricate Way of dealing made the Generality of Mankind have a worſe Opinion of him than he deſerved.

This laſt Miniſter was the principal Promoter (as our Scholiaſt tells us) of the Piece we are now to examine, and the Pontiff *Martin* (for that was his Name in plain *Engliſh*) had the chief Hand in compoſing it; being his Creature and Domeſtick; though there is great Reaſon to believe that *Peter* and *Johnny* were were concerned in it from ſeveral Peculiarities remarkable in their Writings, as hereafter ſhall be ſhewn, and from the general Current of Antiquity.

But before we produce any farther Proofs of their being the Authors of this Work, we muſt firſt prove negatively who is not, as we before promiſed, from Three different and undeniable Arguments, which are theſe:

Firſt, From the Characters and Stile of the Original, which is unqueſtionable from what has been urged already.

Secondly, From the ludicrous, trifling, and obſcure Paſſages in it. And

Thirdly, from the Reflections it is ſaid to caſt upon the preſent Government and Friends.

But

But though we have divided what we deſign to ſay into ſeveral Heads, to ſhew our Skill in *Analytick*, we hope the courteous Reader will not imagine us ſuch dull Fellows to be methodical, ſince he may be aſſured that it is not our Deſign, having the general Current of Antiquity, as well as the Practice of the moſt approved modern Writers and Speakers, to ſupport us in ſaying whatever we think fit as incoherently as we find neceſſary, notwithſtanding the ungenteel Schemes of the Schoolmen. So that if we lay down any Topick of Diſcourſe, the Judicious muſt not expect us to ſpeak to it any more than certain noted Speechmakers in both Houſes, or the celebrated *Montaigne* in his Eſſays, or famous City Preachers, ſchiſmatical Orators, or Academical Lectures, whoſe Diſcourſes will commonly ſerve for any Subject or Text in the Bible as well as that they undertake to handle, which, it muſt be granted, is a very ingenious Contrivance, and of very great Uſe to ſuch as have but a ſmall Stock.

Now I am talking of Perſons, it puts me in Mind of the *Grand Treaſurer*'s Chaplain, for ſo we may call him, whatever his Title was in thoſe Times; whether Secretary, Steward, Pimp, or Decypherer, for we have heard of conſiderable Pontiffs, who have ſupplied the Place of each of theſe great Officers, with very great Succeſs and Advantage. Mr. *Martin*, you muſt know (for that was his Name, as we ſaid before, according to our *Engliſh* Termination) was what the Country Folk call a jolly luſty Fellow, a moſt excellent Man at a Loin of Beef; and for Claret, few could match him; and then he was bleſſed with a ſort of Grace for which a neighbouring Country is very famous, being never known to bluſh in his Life, but once, when diſcovered on his Knees in private. Our Author tells us, that he had Abund-

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ance of Wit and Humour, that he generally employed it upon trifling Occaſions, or to ridicule Religion, or libel the Government; never having produced any Thing in his own Profeſſion, but what had ſerved to make a Jeſt of it. He had an excellent Knack at compoſing merry Odes upon Matters of State, and of burleſquing the Hymns that were dedicated to their Deities; though ſome Writers attribute theſe rather to his Friend *Peter*, ſince more conſiſtent with his Character as a Ballad-ſinger, and as not being of the Pontifical College, though he profeſſed himſelf to be One of that Sect, whoſe Way of Worſhip was moſt abſurd and ſuperſtitious: For *Martin*, *Peter*, and *John* differed from each other in the *Modes*, however they might agree in the *Eſſentials* of Religion; though the Criticks ſay, that *John* was the moſt ſerious, his Countrymen being generally inclined to *Enthuſiaſm*. Having now got our Three Wags together, let us leave them a little whilſt we examine their Performance.

We ſhall not detain our Readers with Remarks upon the Title of the Book, or upon what the Publiſher ſays to the Reader, ſince foreign to our main Deſign, which is to vindicate the Reverend D——, on whom it is maliciouſly fathered: Beſides, every Body is now acquainted with *Curliſm*, or the Tricks which Bookſellers put upon the World, in order to raiſe their Market.

The Account which the Author is ſaid to give of himſelf and Family, his Travels, *&c.* are manifeſt Forgeries, not one Word of them being in the Original; ſo that they ſeem to have been added to the *Engliſh* Verſion by the Author of *Robinſon Cruſoe*, to inhance the Price, and other Reaſons very obvious. We are told, indeed, that the learned *B——y* intends to favour the World with a Diſſertation upon the

the Words *Gulliver*, *Lilliput*, and the Reſt of the Terms made uſe of throughout this Piece, to ſhew that they are originally *Syriack*, but have been corrupted by the Copyiſts; and by this it is thought the *pious* D —— means to prove, that the Queen we mentioned in the Beginning of this Book, was really the famous *Zenobia*, ſo remarkable for her Chaſtity, that ſhe uſed to turn her Huſband out of Bed the Minute ſhe had conceived; which looks ſomething like an Argument for Bigamy, were we not well aſſured of the D— Continence and Self-Denial.

In this Diſſertation it is demonſtrated, that the Word *Emperor* in the *Engliſh*, is in the Original ſometimes written ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣ or βασίλισσα; which ſome of the merry Fellows of *Trinity* in *Cambridge* will needs interpret *Queen Anne*, from whence others infer, that the Pretender is certainly meant by this Deſcription of the Emperor of *Lilliput*, (Page 29.) "He is taller than any of his Court, which ſtrikes an Awe into the Beholders. His Features are ſtrong and maſculine with an *Auſtrian* Lip and arched Noſe, his Complexion Olive, his Countenance erect, his Body and Limbs well proportioned, all his Motions graceful, and his Deportment majeſtick. He alſo ſays this Prince lives chiefly upon his own Demeſnes, ſeldom, except upon great Occaſions, raiſing any Subſidies upon his Subjects, who are bound to attend him in his Wars at their own Expence."

(Page 85.) The Account of Rope-dancing is much diſcanted on by the judicious and politick. "This Diverſion is only practiſed by thoſe Perſons, who are Candidates for great Employments, and high Favour at Court. They are trained in this Art from their Youth, and are not always of noble Birth or liberal Education. When a great Office is vacant, either by Death or Diſgrace (which often happens) Five or

or Six Candidates petition the Emperor to entertain his Majeſty and the Court with a Dance on the Rope, and whoever jumps higheſt without falling, ſucceeds in the Office. Very often, the chief Miniſters themſelves are commanded to ſhew their Skill, and to convince the Emperor that they have not loſt their Faculty. *Flimnap*, the *Treaſurer*, is allowed to cut a Caper on the ſtrait Rope, at leaſt, an Inch higher than any other Lord in the whole Empire. I have ſeen him do the *Somerſet* ſeveral Times together upon a Trencher fixed on the Rope——. The principal *Secretary* for private Affairs is, in my Opinion, if I am not partial, the Second after the *Treaſurer*; the Reſt of the great Officers are much upon a Par.

Theſe Diverſions are often attended with fatal Accidents, whereof great Numbers are on Record. I myſelf have ſeen Two or Three Candidates break a Limb. But the Danger is much greater when the Miniſters themſelves are commanded to ſhew their Dexterity; for by contending to excel themſelves and their Fellows, they ſtrain ſo far, that there is hardly One of them who hath not received a Fall, and ſome of them Two or Three. I was aſſured, that a Year or Two before my Arrival, the *Treaſurer* would infallibly have broke his Neck, if one of the King's Cuſhions, that accidentally lay on the Ground, had not weakened the Force of his Fall."

"There is likewiſe another Diverſion, which is only ſhewn before the Emperor and Empreſs, and Firſt Miniſter, upon particular Occaſions. The Emperor lays upon a Table Three fine Silken Threads of Six Inches long; One is Purple, the other Yellow, and the Third White. Theſe Threads are propoſed as Prizes for thoſe Perſons whom the Emperor hath a Mind to diſtinguiſh by a peculiar Mark of his Favour. The Ceremony is performed in his

his Majeſty's great Chamber of State, where the Candidate are to undergo a Trial of Dexterity, very different from the former, and ſuch as I have not obſerved the leaſt Reſemblance of in any other Country, of the old or new World. The Emperor holds a Stick in his Hands, both Ends parallel to the Horizon, while the Candidates, advancing One by One, ſometimes leap over the Stick, ſometimes creep over it backwards and forewards ſeveral Times, according as the Stick is advanced or depreſſed. Sometimes the Emperor holds one End of the Stick, and his Firſt Miniſter the other; ſometimes the Miniſter hath it entirely to himſelf. Whoever performs his Part with moſt Agility, and holds it out the longeſt in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the Purple coloured Silk; the Yellow is given to the next, and the White to the Third, which they all wear girt twice round about the Middle; and you ſee few great Perſons about this Court who are not adorned with one of theſe Girdles."

Your Dealers in Myſteries will certainly find out ſtrange Meanings in this Deſcription of Dancing upon Ropes and leaping over Sticks; and give a political Turn to every particular Circumſtance of it. But how can Matters done ſo long ago affect us. But if they muſt needs be more modern, from thence we argue, that the Reverend *De—n* could have no Hand in them, ſince he is wholly devoted to Piety and Religion. A farther Argument of this is the following Relation, which the Author of the Book gives, of a Conference between him and the Principal *Secretary* of private Affairs.

(Page 70.) " One Morning he came to my Houſe, attended only by one Servant, he ordered his Coach, to wait at a Diſtance, and deſired me to give him an Hour's Audience; which I readily conſented to on account

account of his Quality and perſonal Merits, as well as the many good Offices he had done me during my Solicitation at Court. He began with Compliments upon my Liberty; but added, that if it had not been for the preſent Situation of Things at Court, perhaps I might not have obtained it ſoon. For, ſaid he, as flouriſhing a Condition as we may appear to be in to Foreigners, we labour under two mighty Evils; a violent Faction at Home, and the Danger of an Invaſion of a moſt potent Enemy from Abroad. As to the firſt, you are to underſtand, that for above Seventy Moons there have been Two ſtruggling Parties in this Empire, under the Names of *Tramecksan* and *Slamecksan*, from the High and Low Heels on their Shoes, by which they diſtinguiſh themſelves. It is alledged, indeed, that the high Heels are moſt agreeable to our ancient Conſtitution; but however this be, his Majeſty hath determined to make Uſe only of low Heels in the Adminiſtration of the Government, and all Offices in the Gift of the Crown, as you cannot but obſerve. (Page 72.)——The Animoſities between theſe Two Parties run ſo high, that they will neither eat nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the high Heels to exceed us in Number; but the Power is wholly on our Side. We apprehend his Imperial Highneſs, the Heir to the Crown, to have ſome Tendency towards the high Heels; at leaſt we can plainly diſcover One of his Heels higher than the other, which gives him an Hobble in his Gate. Now in the Midſt of theſe inteſtine Diſquiets, we are threatened with an Invaſion from *Blefuſcu*, which is the other great Empire of the Univerſe.—— Theſe Two mighty Powers have been engaged in a moſt obſtinate War for Six and Thirty Moons paſt. It began upon the following Occaſion. It is allowed on all Hands, that the primitive

primitive Way of breaking Eggs before we eat them was upon the larger End: But his preſent Majeſty's Grandfather, whilſt he was a Boy, going to eat an Egg, and breaking it according to the ancient Practice, happened to cut one of his Fingers; whereupon the Emperor, his Father, publiſhed an Edict, commanding all his Subjects, upon great Penalties, to break the ſmaller End of their Eggs. The People ſo highly reſented this Law, that our Hiſtory tells us, that there have been Six Rebellions raiſed on that Account; wherein One Emperor loſt his Life, and another his Crown. Theſe civil Commotions were conſtantly fomented by the Monarchs of *Blefuſcu*; and when they were quelled, the Exiles always fled for Refuge to that Empire. It is computed, that Eleven thouſand Perſons have, at ſeveral Times, ſuffered Death, rather than ſubmit to break their Eggs at the ſmaller End. Many Hundred large Volumes have been publiſhed upon this Controverſy: But the Books of the *Big-Endians* have been long forbidden, and the whole Party rendered incapable by Law of holding Employments. During the Courſe of theſe Troubles, the Emperors of *Blefuſcu* did frequently expoſtulate by their Ambaſſador, accuſing us of making a Schiſm in Religion, by offending againſt a fundamental Doctrine of our great Prophet *Luſtrog*, in the Fifty-Fourth Chapter of the *Blunderal* (which is their *Alcoran*). This, however is thought to be a mere Sham upon the Text; for the Words are theſe; *That all true Believers ſhall break their Eggs at a convenient End*; and which is the convenient End, ſeems in my humble Opinion to be left to every Man's Conſcience, or at leaſt in the Power of the Civil Magiſtrate, to determine. Now the *Big-Endian* Exiles have found ſo much Credit in the Emperor of *Blefuſcu*'s Court, and ſo much private Aſſiſtance and Encourage-

Encouragement from their Party here at Home, that a bloody War hath been carried on between the Two Empires for Six and Thirty Moons, with various Succeſs; during which Time, we have loſt Forty capital Ships, and a much greater Number of ſmaller Veſſels, together with Thirty Thouſand of our beſt Seamen and Soldiers; and the Damage received by Enemy is reckoned to be ſomewhat greater than ours.

The Reflections that will occur to every Reader, upon this Conference, is ſo obvious, that we ſhall not ſo much as hint at them, but proceed to the next remarkable Paſſage, in order to compleat our Quotations before we begin our Remarks or Obſervations.

The following Queſtions, ſuppoſed to be aſked by a certain King, are not in all the MSS. Copies, ſo the Criticks are not agreed about them. —— (Page 112.) "He aſked me (ſays the Author) what Methods were uſed to cultivate the Minds of our young Nobility, and in what Kind of Buſineſs they commonly ſpent the firſt and teachable Part of their Lives? What Courſe was taken to ſupply that Aſſembly when any Noble Family became extinct? What Qualifications were neceſſary in thoſe who are to be created new Lords? Whether the Humour of the Prince, a Sum of Money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Miniſter, or a Deſign of ſtrengthening a Party to the Publick Intereſt, ever happened to be the Motives in thoſe Advancements? What Share of Knowledge theſe Lords had in the Laws of their Country, and how they came by it, ſo as to enable them to decide the Property of their Fellow Subjects in the laſt Reſort? Whether they were always ſo free from Avarice, Partialities, or Want, that a Bribe, or ſome other ſiniſter View, could have no Place amongſt them? Whether thoſe holy Lords [* ſpoke of, were always

* *There are plain Marks of Novelty in this Paſſage.*

always promoted to that Rank upon account of their Knowledge in religious Matters, and the Sanctity of their Lives, had never been Compliers with the Times; while they were common Prieſts, or ſlaviſh proſtitute Chaplains to ſome Nobleman, whoſe Opinions they continued ſervilely to follow, after they were admitted into that Aſſemby."]

" † He then deſired to know what Arts were practiſed in electing thoſe I called Commoners: Whether a Stranger with a ſtrong Purſe might not influence the vulgar Voters to chooſe him before their own Landlord, or the moſt conſiderable Gentleman in the Neighbourhood? How it came to paſs, that People were ſo violently bent upon getting into this Aſſembly, which I allowed to be a great Trouble and Expence; often to the Ruin of their Families, without any Salary or Penſion? Becauſe this appeared ſuch an exalted Strain of Virtue and publick Spirit, that his Majeſty ſeemed to doubt it might poſſibly not be always ſincere: (Page 114.) And he deſired to know whether ſuch zealous Gentlemen could have any Views of refunding themſelves for the Charges and Trouble they were at, by ſacrificing the Publick Good to the Deſigns of a weak and vicious Prince, in Conjunction with a corrupted Miniſtry? He multiplied his Queſtions, and ſifted me thoroughly upon every Part of this Head, propoſing numberleſs Enquiries and Objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat."

Theſe Paſſages which we have here cited are all that we find worth our Notice in the five Firſt Chapters of this Work; though ſome think, that what is ſaid of the *Galbet* or Admiral (*p.* 58) is meant of a great Man, who was once the *worthy* D——'s Patron;

† *This is likewiſe ſuſpicious.*

tron; which is not at all probable, ſince he deſcribes "him to be a *Perſon of a very moroſe and ſour Complexion, though much in his Maſter's Confidence and well verſed in Affairs*;" and we cannot imagine ſo conſiderable a Man to be capable of abuſing his Benefactor, how common ſoever ſuch Practices are now in the World.

Hitherto we meet not with any Footſteps of the Original from whence the Main of this Work is taken. It muſt indeed be acknowledged, that both the Diverſion of *Rope-dancing* and *leaping over Sticks*, as well as the Account of the Quarrel about *breaking Eggs at the ſmall End, and of the High and Low Heels*, is in ſome pretty ancient Copies, and a Friend aſſures us, that he has ſeen One in the *Harleian* Library, wherein all theſe Particulars were contained Word for Word; yet, as upon our applying to the late worthy Librarian we could not get a Sight thereof, we are apt to think they are not genuine: However, it muſt be owned, that they have an Air of Antiquity, ſince it is well known, that the Eaſtern Nations were much inclined to an *Allegorical Way* of Writing.

The Sixth Chap. (Page 92.) agrees, for the moſt Part with the Original, Allowance being made for falſe Renderings, by reaſon of the Difficulty of the Language, and for ſome Errors that have crept in by the Ignorance of Tranſcribers, in frequently confounding the Gloſſes with the Text; but this may reaſonably be excuſed, ſince it happened to the Works of many great Men; particularly to *Origen*'s famous Edition of the *Septuagint*, which is the Reaſon, no doubt, why ſo few, now a-days, underſtand the Bible, and that Men of Wit and Politeneſs never read it.

Diſtance of Time, indeed, makes it very difficult to gueſs what the Author means, when he ſays, *that the*

the common Size of the Natives of Lilliput *is ſomewhat under Six Inches, and that there is an exact Proportion in all other Animals, as well as Plants and Trees.* For this and the other fabulous Deſcriptions in this Book, we ſhall therefore refer the Curious to the Commentators upon *Petronius*, Monſ. *Rabbais*, the *Tale of a Tub*, &c. who can find out ſecret Meanings in Books with which the Authors themſelves were never acquainted.

As for the Account of their Learning, Laws, Cuſtoms, and Manners of educating Children, which we read in the following Pages of this Firſt Part, it is perfectly agreeable to the *Greek*, and may ſerve for a uſeful Reprehenſion to us.

But by this Time we cannot Think, but that the courteous Reader is fully ſatisfied, that the Reverend D —— we are vindicating, cannot poſſibly be the Author of this Part of the Book that is maliciouſly aſcribed to him; which is ſo very trifling, that it is not to be imagined that a *ſerious* D——n, who has Religion, and the Good of Souls *ſo much* at Heart, could act ſo contrary to the Dignity of his Character, merely to gratify a little Party Malice, or to oblige a Set of People who are never likely to have it in their Power to ſerve him, or any of their Adherents. Doubtleſs he, *good Man*, employs his Time to more ſacred Purpoſes than in writing Satires and Libels upon his Superiors, or in compoſing *Grub-ſtreet* Pamphlets to divert the Vulgar of all Denominations.

Theſe Suppoſitions are altogether as abſurd as if we were to ſee the Biſhops and Judges playing at Leap-frog; whereas all this exactly tallies with the Character of One of the Perſons, whom our learned Scholiaſt before-mentioned, proves to be concerned in this Book, in his Diſſertation upon the Seventeenth

Line of the *Harleian* MS. where he relates this remarkable Story.

MARTIN, ſays he, was ſo addicted to Ribaldry and Lampooning, and trifling Compoſitions, to which he gave a very entertaining Turn by means of his uncommon Wit and Humour, that all the Books or Pamphlets of this Kind were fathered upon him; which made ſuch an Impreſſion upon the good Queen, who had a great Regard to Religion, that all the Intereſt of the *Grand Treaſurer* and *Chief Secretary* could never prevail to raiſe him to the firſt Rank in the Pontifical College, notwithſtanding their repeated Endeavours to promote him. Though it is ſaid they had once almoſt obtained a *Congé d'Elire* for him, when an old Pontiff, for whom the Queen had the greateſt Regard, came and aſſured her Majeſty that he was a Contemner of the Gods, and had written profeſſedly againſt Religion; ſo he was forced to content himſelf with a lower Office in a neighbouring Iſland, where he continued ſnarling at Mankind, libelling the Government, and ridiculing Religion as long as he lived.

It will here be neceſſary to tell the Reader, that moſt of our Obſervations upon this Work are taken from a MS. Book very fairly written in the *Syriack* Language, that is to be met with in the Library we have had often occaſion to mention in the foregoing Remarks; the Title of it in *Engliſh* is the *Life of Scriblerus*, which though for ſome Reaſons has never been made publick; and had it not been for our great Intimacy with the Librarian, we ſhould never have been able to oblige the Publick with theſe curious Animadverſions.

The next remarkable Paſſage is a Satire upon the *Engliſh* Ladies, in expreſs Terms, which neither *Bentley*, nor any of the Criticks, will, I preſume,

alledge is in the Original, ſince it is contradictory both to Hiſtory and Chronology; for our *Bonducas*, with their embroidered Skins and broad Swords, were hardly known in *Greece* ſo long ago; and had the Author lived in this Age, and been acquainted with our *Hydes*, our *Harveys*, and infinite others not to be enumerated, he would not have aſſerted (Page 23.) That *their fair Skins appear ſo beautiful to us, only becauſe their Defects are not to be ſeen without a magnifying Glaſs*, &c.

I am confident, that Lady *Mary* ** will vouch for the witty Dean, that he could never be Author of this Piece of Scandal, ſince it would be an Argument of his Ingratitude, as well as Want of Judgment; the Ladies, it is well known, purchaſe many a *Grub-ſtreet* Production for his Sake; witneſs the Story of the wild Youth, *&c.* though it is much they could imagine, that the Dean had ſo little Buſineſs or Regard to this Character, as to ſpend his Time in ſuch Trifles: But ſome argue, on the other Side, that ſince Emperors have thought catching of Flies not unworthy of them, why may not Prelates play at *Puſh-pin*.

This Satire is continued (Page 85.) and levelled expreſly at the *Maids* of Honour; but we may aſſure the World, that we never heard any great Harm of thoſe of our *Britiſh* Court; though there goes a malicious Story of one of their Predeceſſors, how that ſearching for certain little troubleſome Animals one Evening by Candle-light, ſhe had the Misfortune to ſet Fire to her Smock, *&c.*——upon which a certain Duke is ſaid to have written an excellent Ballad.

We

** *The common Opinion is, That moſt of this Part of the Work is* Peter's, *from the Touches of Obſcenity that are frequently met with; and particularly in the foregoing Paſſage.*

We find another modern political Interpolation (Page 58.) *&c.*

As alſo Pages 108, 109, *&c.* where an Account is given of the Lords and Commons, the Biſhops and Judges; of which this is moſt remarkable, *viz.*

That the Firſt are the Ornament, &c. of the Kingdom—worthy Followers of their renowned Anceſtors, whoſe Honour had been the Reward of their Virtue, from which their Poſterity were never once known to degenerate, &c. There are ſome who will needs have this Paſſage to be ironical, but with what Grounds, we leave it to the Reader to determine.

(P. 110.) The Commons, he ſays, *are all principal Gentlemen, freely picked and culled out by the People themſelves for their great Abilities and Love of their Country,* &c.

This Paſſage is for the moſt Part genuine, and muſt certainly be meant of ſome *Roman* Senate in the Infancy of the State; for it is ridiculous to expect an Aſſembly of this Sort in a wealthy and flouriſhing Nation; *Rome* herſelf grew continually more and more corrupt, in Proportion to the Increaſe of her Power and Riches. So that the following Queries are equally applicable to any proſperous Nation of the preſent or former Ages.

(Page 111.) Firſt, "What Method is taken to cultivate the Minds and Bodies of our young Nobility, and how they ſpend the firſt and teachable Part of their Lives." Why, *with their Mother's Chambermaids, an half-learned Tutor, and the more polite Groom and Footmen.*

Again, it is aſked, "Whether the Humour of the Prince, a Sum of Money to a Court Lady, or a Prime Miniſter, or a Deſign of ſtrengthening a Party, *&c.* were not the Motives for making new Lords, *&c.*"—Moſt certainly, they often have been, and will be:

And what is the mighty Inference from all this, but that every Government has *particular* Deſigns to bring about, and makes Uſe of proper Means to effect them.

Then Enquiry is made after their Knowledge in the Laws, *&c.* ſo as to enable them to decide in the laſt Reſort. And as for the Objection of Avarice, Partiality, Want, and Bribes, they have doubtleſs had Place in all Reigns. Being *ſlaviſh proſtitute Chaplains* is certainly a good Step *towards becoming an Holy Lord*; but it does not always ſucceed, as *ſome Folks* very well know by Experience; for the ſame Degree of Iniquity that can raiſe one Man to an *Archbiſhoprick*, cannot lift another above a *Deanery*.

The next Query is, *p.* 113. "Whether a ſtrong Purſe does not influence Vulgar Votes?" Yea, marry does it, as you may be informed from honeſt *Numps*, and his Friend at *Madrid:*—— And the Reaſon of the Eagerneſs to get into this Aſſembly is, Intereſt, Ambition, Party, or Prejudice; ſo it has been, and ſo it will be; and People certainly *have Views of refunding themſelves for their Trouble and Charges.* As the World now ſtands, there is no living without Money, the Deſire of bearing Rule is natural to us, and every Man is inclined to ſome Party, and liable to ſome Prejudices. This is undeniable, to omit other Inſtances, from the Elections into learned Societies; amongſt whom, if any where, we might expect Candour and Impartiality: But I appeal to our Two Univerſities, whether their Candidates for Fellowſhips have any great Hopes from their Merit. A late Vice Chancellor knows very well, what Faction and Diſcord rages amongſt them, what Wiles and Stratagems he has been forced to have Recourſe to, to get a *Townſman* himſelf elected; and it is remarkable, that the largeſt Society in either of them is the freeſt from theſe Diſorders, becauſe the Body of the Students are not

not concerned in the Government of the Society: Whereas another Set of Gentlemen, who have a ſmall Affinity with them, have never been able to agree with their Governor, becauſe there may *ſomething* be got by quarrelling.

We come now to the Courts of Juſtice, where the the Author tells us, *p.* 115. that he was *formerly almoſt ruined by a long Suit in Chancery, though it was decreed to him with Coſts*, &c. Here we muſt, with Grief, acknowledge, "that moſt unreaſonably tedious are the Determinations of Right and Wrong; that Advocates plead in Cauſes manifeſtly unjuſt, vexatious, and oppreſſive; that Party and Politicks have been often of Weight in the Scales of Juſtice; and that theſe Orators are not educated ſo much in the general Knowledge of Equity, as in national and local Cuſtoms; and that, at different Times, ſome have pleaded for and againſt the ſame Cauſe." *p.* 115.

He falls, afterwards, upon the Management of our Treaſury, &c. ——ſaying (p. 115.) *that it was a Miſtake to compute the Taxes at Five or Six Millions, becauſe they amounted to more than double*; (p. 116.) *that he was at a Loſs how a Kingdom could run out of its Eſtate like a private Perſon*; aſking, *who were our Creditors, and how we were to pay them?* — *That he was amazed to hear of a mercenary ſtanding Army in the Midſt of Peace, and among a free People*, &c.— That *a private Man's Houſe might be better defended by himſelf, his Children, and his Family, than by Half a Dozen Raſcals picked up at a Venture, who might get more by cutting their Throats.*

Every Body knows, that all this has been a common *Jacobite* Inſinuation from King *William's Dutch Guards* to the laſt *Augmentation*; but, to our great Surprize, it is of late very frequently in the Mouths of

of a quite different Set of People, diſcarded Courtiers ſome call them, of whom we may truly ſay———

No King can govern, nor no God can pleaſe.

For unleſs they are concerned in the Adminiſtration, nothing goes right; and as to Religion, they are equally averſe to all the Modes of it. *Hobbs*, *Harrington*, *Algernoon Sidney*, and *Buchanan* are their only Prophets; though ſome of them admit *Julian Johnſon*, Biſhop *Burnet*, &c. * * * * amongſt the *Minores Prophetæ*. The following Paragraph may ſerve for a Hint to theſe Gentlemen; where the Author, ſpeaking of the Sectaries, ſays (p. 117.) that *he knew no Reaſon why thoſe who entertain Opinions prejudicial to the Publick, ſhould be obliged to change, or ſhould be obliged to conceal them. And as it is Tyranny in any Government to require the firſt, ſo it is Weakneſs not to enforce the ſecond: For a Man may be allowed to keep Poiſons in his Cloſet, but not to vend them about for Cordials.*

What is ſaid of Gaming, is no leſs than *Scandalum Magnatum*, "for many of our Nobility and Gentry (as he tells us, *p.* 118) ſpend great Part of their Time this Way; it often affects their Fortunes; and mean and vicious People, by this Art, arrive at great Riches, and keep the very Nobles in Dependance, who being habituated with ſuch vile Companions, ſometimes, learn and practiſe this infamous Dexterity upon others." Any Man may be convinced of this who ſteps but into *White*'s, where he will ſee Numbers of theſe Wretches very familiar with Men of Quality; though he would ſuſpect them to have returned from Tranſportation: The moſt notorious amongſt theſe is an over-grown gloomy-looking Fellow, who flying from Juſtice in *Scotland* came barefoot to *London*, where

where by Pimping, Cheating, Stock-jobbing, and ſuch thriving Employments, he has amaſſed a very great Eſtate, and is now a Companion to thoſe who formerly would have been aſhamed to entertain him as their Footman; and it is ſaid, he was not long ſince condemned for a Rape, but that a certain great Man procured him a Pardon. From hence our Author might have obſerved, that few Errors in Government are ſo miſchievous to Society as ſuffering ſuch Miſcreants to live with Impunity.

So that he might have ſpared his Recapitulation, *p.* 119. where he ſays,

"That Ignorance, Idleneſs, and Vice are ſometimes the only Ingredients for qualifying a Legiſlator; and that Laws are beſt explained, *&c.* by thoſe whoſe Intereſt and Abilities lie in perverting them, *&c.* That our Inſtitution is wholly blotted by Corruptions, *&c.* That it does not appear that any one Virtue is required towards the Procurement of any one Station among you, and much leſs, that Men are ennobled on Account of it; that Prieſts are advanced for their Piety or Learning, Soldiers for their Conduct or Valour, Judges for their Integrity, Senators for the Love of their Country, or Counſellors for their Wiſdom."

Now ſuppoſing all this to be true, ſhould not the Author have followed the Advice which *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus* (he tells us *p.* 123.) gives to an Hiſtorian, where he ſays, *I would hide the Frailties and Deformities of my political Mother, and place her Virtues and Beauties in the moſt advantageous Light.*

The Surprize he makes his fictitious King in, at his acquainting him with the Uſe of Gunpowder, and his Reflections thereupon, muſt be allowed to be admirable; and he thence makes this Inference.

" A ſtrange Effect of *narrow Principles, and ſhort Views!* That a Prince, poſſeſſed of every Quality which procures Veneration, &c. ſhould, from a *nice unneceſſary* Scruple, whereof, in *Europe*, we can have no Conception, let ſlip an Opportunity of making himſelf abſolute Maſter of his People."

All Men muſt agree with him, where he tells us, *p.* 128. " that he is againſt all *Myſtery*, *Refinement*, or *Intrigue*, either in a Prince or a Miniſter; that he could not tell what is meant by *Secrets of State*, where an Enemy, or ſome Rival Nation are not in the Caſe: *P.* 129. And that whoever could make Two Ears of Corn, or Two Blades of Graſs, to grow upon a Spot of Ground, where only One grew before, would deſerve better of Mankind, and do more effectual Service to his Country, than the whole Race of Politicians put together."

Theſe, and ſeveral other Paſſages in this Book diſcover Abundance of the Spirit and good Senſe of the Dean we are vindicating; and we ſhould be apt to conclude them to be his, were they not to be found in the beſt *Greek* Manuſcript Copies of this Work. Of the ſame Species are the following Particulars.

The Author ſpeaking of the Laws, *&c.* of theſe People, ſays (Page 130.) —— That their Laws were explained in the moſt plain and ſimple Terms, wherein they were not mercurial enough to diſcover above one Interpretation, *&c.* —— (Page 132.) That their Stile is maſculine and ſmooth, but not florid, for they avoid nothing more than multiplying unneceſſary Words, or uſing various Expreſſions, *&c.* —— (Page 136.) That as to their Government, they have been troubled with the ſame Diſeaſe to which ſo many others are ſubject; the Nobility often contending for *Power*, the People for *Liberty*, and the Prince for *abſolute Dominion.*

Hitherto

Hitherto *Martin* ſeems to go on without much Aſſiſtance from his Friends of the *Triumvirate*, and now Dr. *Johnny* begins to make his Appearance, giving us a Specimen of his Phyſicks and Mathematicks, whilſt *Peter* levels his Talent at the Ladies.

We ſhall ſay nothing to the Account given us of *Gulliver*'s Arrival at a certain Iſland in the Air, nor his meeting with People as tall as Spire-Steeples, or his converſing with Horſes: The Narrative Part of this not being, as we before obſerved, in any authentick MSS. nor agreeable to what we find in the Life of *Scriblerus*; for conſidering the ridiculous Abſurdity of theſe Travels, they can, at beſt, be deſigned only for a Satire upon thoſe Writers that affect the marvellous and improbable, and upon the wild and monſtrous Relations of Travellers; as *Don Quixote* was written to expoſe Knight-Errantry, and *a famous Tale*——to ridicule Religion. It is ſuppoſed to be with the ſame View, that a certain Orator reads Lectures in Divinity, and compiles Liturgies: For his Friend the *Terræ Filius* lately aſſured us, *That the Performance at the Oratory was an admirable Burleſque upon Preaching and Praying*, for which Reaſon he deſigns it a Panegyrick in his next Edition.

And this puts me in Mind of an odd Obſervation made by an old Fellow in a Coffee-houſe; — "What the Devil, ſays he, (throwing down the Papers) have Religion and the Bear-Garden to do together? Why the Raſcal tells us (taking up the Papers) at *Figg's Amphitheatre*,——*The Academical Lecture will be upon Job*, &c.——Hold, hold,——I miſtake a Line or Two; but ſee how luckily Things hit, for certainly, Gentlemen, (continues he) *you muſt allow, that theſe Advertiſements are very judiciouſly placed, being admirable Specimens of the Trials of Skill in* Oxford-Road *and* Newport-Market.

If our Judgment of Books was to be determined by their Succeſs, *Gulliver's Travels* is certainly the beſt Piece that ever was written, except *Pilgrim's Progreſs*, the *Seven Champions*, *Jack the Giant-killer*, and a few more; for it is very remarkable, that there have been ſeveral Thouſands ſold in a Week; and it is already tranſlated into the *French* Language, in which we are told *Robinſon Cruſoe* has been very ſucceſsful. But it is well known, that *Milton* went off, at firſt very ſlowly; that Dean *Prideaux* could hardly get a Purchaſer for his *Connection*, &c. and that a famous Printer was lately undone by the *Bible*.

The Reaſon of this is, that there are more Fools than People of Judgment in the World; therefore a famous Poet was certainly in the Right, when giving an Account why his ——*What-d'y'-call it* was hiſſed off the Stage, ——*D*——*n them*, ſaid he, *they have not Wit enough to take it*; for really the Farce was allowed to be a very *uncommon* Performance.

It is generally thought by the beſt Criticks and Commentators, that the *Triumvirate*, *Martin*, *Peter*, and *Johnny*, took a Hint from ſomething of this Nature, and ſo adapted their Work to the Underſtanding and Capacity of their courteous Readers; and the Diſcerning of the preſent Age conjecture, that the Compilers from it have calculated their Additions and Improvements to the Meridian of modern Wits. But we would be glad to know whether *H——re* or *Bentley* have given it the reading.

If this Book were to be decyphered merely from a View of it, without any Hints or ſecret Hiſtory, this would be a very natural Concluſion: We ſhould be apt to fancy it the Production of Two or Three Perſons, who want neither Wit nor Humour; but who are very full of themſelves, and hold the Reſt of Mankind

kind in great Contempt; who think ſufficient Regard is not paid to their Merit by thoſe in *Power*, for which Reaſon they rail at them; who have written ſome Pieces with Succeſs and Applauſe, and therefore preſume, that whatever comes from them muſt be implicitly received by the Publick. In this laſt Particular they are certainly right, for the ſuperficial People of the Town, who have no Judgment of their own, are preſently amuſed by a great Name; tell them, by way of a Secret, that ſuch a Thing is Dr. *Swift*'s, Mr. *Pope*'s, or any other Perſons of Note and Genius, and immediately it flies about like Wild-fire: But one of theſe Gentlemen himſelf can tell you, that his admirable *Eſſay upon Criticiſm* lay upon the Bookſeller's Hands for ſome Time; and the Reaſons for this are very obvious.

The Generality of the World are by no Means bleſſed with that Talent of Mind, or *Exactneſs of Judgment*, which is neceſſary to qualify a Man to paſs a juſt Sentence upon every Thing that offers itſelf to the Underſtanding. Many a gaping Fellow is entertained with the Wit of *Jack Pudding* in *Smithfield*, who would receive no Satisfaction from Mr. *Booth*'s Propriety of Action, or the Juſtneſs of Speech in Mrs. *Porter*: And we have known ſeveral young Girls read *Cruſoe* with Delight, who could not reliſh *Sidney's Arcadia.*

It muſt be allowed an extraordinary Piece of Condeſcenſion in great Men to ſtoop to the Capacities of the Vulgar, and to favour us with a *Layer of the* Utile and Dulce *together*; but a Man who might plead the *Excuſe of Youth in*———96, *when taxed with trifling, taking a Liberty with his Pen*, &c. can have very little to ſay Thirty Years afterwards, for what *Ill ſuits with maturer Years, and a graver Character.* Such *youthful Sallies in an old Fellow, muſt needs de-*

ſerve a Rebuke from the Grave and Wiſe; though they may have been formerly delighted with his Wit and Humour.

But nothing is more intolerable than that Superiority which ſome *great Genii* aſſume over Mankind; who are not aſhamed to tell us, that the Excellency of their Performances is *manifeſt* from the *Reception they meet with*; and that *thoſe who approve them* are a *great Majority among the Men of Taſte.* This, by a natural Concatenation of Thoughts, brings into my Memory, what is ſomewhere related of the celebrated Sir *William Temple*, of whom * Biſhop *Burnet* gives us this Character: "He was a vain Man (ſays the Prelate) much blown up with Conceit, which he ſhewed too indecently upon all Occaſions ——— He had a true Judgment in Affairs, and very good Principles in relation to Government; but in what related to Religion, he was very corrupt himſelf, and and endeavoured to infect all that came near him. He was a great Admirer of the Sect of *Confuſies* in *China*, who were *Atheiſts* themſelves, but left Religion to the Rabble. That all Things were as they are now, from Eternity, was one of his darling Notions; and his Practice was accordingly, Eaſe and Luxury and ſtudied Pleaſure." We ſhall not make any Application of this Character; however it may ſuit ſome of the Admirers of this mighty Man almoſt in every particular Circumſtance. But proceed to our Story, which was this———Sir *William Temple*, and the famous Lord *Brumpker*, being Neighbours in the Country had frequently very ſharp Contentions; like other great Men, one could not bear an Equal, and the other would not admit of a Superior. My Lord

* *See Sir* William Temple's *Character in Biſhop* Burnet's *Hiſtory of his own Times.*

Lord was a great Admirer of Curioſities, and had a very good Collection, which Sir *William* uſed to undervalue upon all Occaſions; diſparaging every Thing of his Neighbour's, and giving ſomething of his own the Preference: This by no Means pleaſed his Lordſhip, who took all Opportunities of being revenged. One Day, as they were diſcourſing together, of their ſeveral Rarities, my Lord, very ſeriouſly and gravely replied to him, "Sir *William*,——ſay no more of the Matter; you muſt at length yield to me, ——I having lately got ſomething which it is impoſſible for you to obtain:——For, Sir, ſays his Lordſhip, ſmiling,—my *Welch* Steward has ſent me a Flock of Geeſe, and thoſe are what you can never have; ſince all *your* Geeſe *are* Swans."

CRITICAL

CRITICAL

REMARKS

ON

Capt. GULLIVER's Travels.

By Doctor BANTLEY.

Publiſhed from the AUTHOR's Original MSS.

Yethalonim Vualonyth ſi chorathiſima Comſyth,
Chym Lachchunyth munys Thyalmiſtibari Imyſchi.

PLAU.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS MARLAY, Eſq;

Lord Chief Baron of the Court of *Exchequer* in *Ireland* and One of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy-Council.

My Lord,

THE following ſhort Treatiſe is particularly deſigned for thoſe who are Maſters of Claſſical *Learning, and perfectly acquainted with the Beauties of the antient Authors.*

To a Perſon thus qualified I had a Deſire to inſcribe it; and, after the ſtricteſt Enquiry, common Fame hath directed me to you.

I do not pretend to have the Felicity of your Friendſhip, nor can I hope to merit it by this Performance; and contrary to the received Maxim of all Dedicators, I will freely confeſs, that if any other Perſon might be found, whoſe Virtues were as univerſally owned or eſteemed, or of whoſe Learning and polite Taſte the World conceived ſo high an Opinion, your Lordſhip would probably have eſcaped this impertinent Application, from, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's
moſt Obedient, and
moſt Humble Servant,
R. B.

The NAMES of AUTHORS,

Whoſe WORKS are cited, and illuſtrated in the following ESSAY.

Homer.
Appian.
Dion. Caſſius.
Q. Calaber.
Euſtathius.
Didymus.
Spondanus.
Clem. Alexandrinus.
Iſocrates.
Strabo.
Plutarch.
Aphricanus.
Horace.
Virgil.
Juvenal.
Auſonius.
Statius.
Alexander ab Alex.
Gen. Dier.
Plautus.
Lucretius.
A. Gellius.
Suetonius.
Ælius Spartianus.
Jul. Capitolinus.
Angel. Politianus.
Pliny.
Ptolemy Georg.
Solinus Polyhiſtor.
Servius.
Chaucer.
Pope.

Malmſbury.
Randulphus.
S. Dunelm.
Rapin.

CRITICAL

CRITICAL

REMARKS

ON

GULLIVER's TRAVELS, &c.

THE *Travels* of Capt. *Gulliver* have been ſo much the Amuſements of both Sexes for ſome Years paſt, that I need not acquaint the Reader, either with the Character of the *Author*, or his Book. However, I cannot forbear giving my Opinion of that Performance, and I ſhall endeavour to do it with all poſſible Candour and Conciſeneſs.

Criticiſm, although ſo much decried by the Unlearned, and ſo injudiciouſly managed by ſome Writers, is an *Art* of infinite Advantage; becauſe it directs the Judgments of thoſe who might otherwiſe be miſled, as well to diſreliſh Compoſitions which merit our Eſteem, as to approve of thoſe which are only worthy of our Contempt.

The *Antients* have received new Beauties from their Commentators, as Diamonds rough from the *Mine* derive new Luſtre from the poliſhing.

Horace

Horace among the *Romans*, and *Milton* among the *Poets* of our own Nation, are held in juſt Honour: But, I believe, each of theſe eminent Authors owe many of their Works to the Labour and Learning of their Modern Publiſhers. Thoſe Errors, which aroſe either from the Ignorance of *Copyiſts*, or the Conceit of *Interlopers*, or the Negligence of *Printers*, would be handed down to Poſterity as a Reproach to the *Genius* of thoſe great Men, if they had not been detected by judicious *Critics*, and accurately reſtored by their unwearied Application.

This may ſuffice as an Apology for my preſent Undertaking. I am far from denying Capt. *Gulliver* his allowed Merit, or envying him that uncommon Applauſe, which I muſt own he hath deſervedly obtained:

[———————— *neque Ego* Illi *detrahere auſim Hærentem capiti multa cum laude* Coronam.]

HOR. Sat.

[Nor dare I from his ſacred Temples tear
The Laurel, which he beſt deſerves to wear.]

ROCH.

Yet, I think the World ought to be acquainted with ſome Particulars, which, as yet, have eſcaped the general Obſervation, and may be a Means to inſtruct us how to form a more equitable Judgment of the Merits and Defects of that Work.

I had Thoughts of publiſhing my Remarks on the Beauties and Blemiſhes of it, ſoon after its Appearance: But, the *Town* was then ſo univerſally prejudiced in its Favour, that I perceived it would be impoſſible to prevail with the Publick to *alter* its Opinion.

An

An agreeable new *Book* is received and treated like an agreeable young *Bride*: Men are unable to diſcern, and even unwilling to be told of thoſe Faults in either, which are obvious enough after a more intimate Acquaintance. So that I may at preſent hope for more Attention to what I ſhall propoſe, than I could reaſonably have expected in its firſt Succeſs.

In a late Edition of *Gulliver*, printed by Subſcription in *Dublin*, I obſerve an additional Letter from the Captain to his Friend Mr. *Sympſon*, which was never before publiſhed.

He there complains of the various Cenſures paſſed upon his *Travels*, and particularly of that Part which treats of his Voyage to the Country of the *Houyhnhms*: That Nation, which he deſcribes as the Seat of Virtue, and its Inhabitants as Models to all the World for *Juſtice*, *Truth*, *Cleanlineſs*, *Temperance*, and *Wiſdom*, are (he ſays) reputed no better than mere Fictions of his own Brain; and the *Houyhnhms* or *Yahoos* deemed to have no more Exiſtence than the Inhabitants of *Utopia*.

I readily own, that if we were to judge of the Manners of remote Countries by the Conduct either of our neighbouring Nations or our own, it might ſeem ſomewhat incredible, that Virtue could have any Kind of Eſteem or Intereſt in any Part of the World. And therefore a Nation wholly influenced by *Truth* and *Honour*, might as juſtly ſeem a Prodigy to us, as the Speech and Policy of the Natives of *Houyhnhm* Land. And ſo far it might appear an imaginary Kingdom, rather than a real one.

But, as I think a good Author's Veracity ought not unjuſtly to be queſtioned, which might hinder all good Effect from his Writings; and as I am entirely unconcerned whether the *Captain*'s Reputation might be more advanced by its paſſing for a *Fiction*, than

than for a *Fact*, I ſhall undertake to convince the Learned, by ſufficient Evidence, that ſuch a Nation as he calls the *Houyhnhms*, was perfectly known by the Antients: That the Fame of their private and public Virtues was ſpread through *Athens*, *Italy*, and *Britain*; and that the wiſeſt Poets and Hiſtorians of thoſe Nations have left us ample Authorities to ſupport his Opinion.

The firſt Author I ſhall cite is *Chaucer*; a Poet of our own Nation, who was well read in the antient Geography, and is allowed by all *Critics* to have been a Man of univerſal Learning, as well as of inimitable Wit and Humour.

The Paſſage is literally thus, as I tranſcribed it from a very fair antient Copy in the *Bodleian* Library, and compared it with other Editions in the Libraries of *St. James's*; my Lord *Oxford*, and Lord *Sunderland*.

[1] Certes [qd. John] [2] I nat denye,
That, [3] touchende of the [4] Stedes countrye,
[5] I rede, as thylke old [6] cronyke ſeythe,
[7] Y longe afore our [8] cryſten ſeythe,
Ther [9] ben, as ye ſhull underſtonde,
An [10] yle, [11] ycleped [12] Courſyr's londe,
Wher, [13] nis, [14] ne [15] dampnynge [16] couetesy,
Ne, [17] Letchere hotte, in [18] Samaes gise;
Ne, [19] ſeely Spuice, lyche [20] browdred Ape,
Who maken [22] Goddes [23] boke a [24] Jape;

Ne

[1] Certainly. [2] Do not. [3] Concerning. [4] Horſes. [5] Read. [6] Chronicle. [7] Long before. [8] Chriſtian. [9] There was. [10] Iſland. [11] Called. [12] Horſes. [13] There is not. [14] Any. [15] Damnable. [16] Covetouſneſs. [17] Nor leud Perſon. [18] Pretending Sanctity. [19] Silly. [20] Like. [21] Embroidered. [22] [23] The Bible. [24] A Jeſt. [25] Harlot.

Ne [25] Lemman vyle, miſhandlynge Youthe,
Ne women, [26] brutell ware in ſothe;
Ne Flatterer, Ne [27] unlettred Clerke,
Who [29] richen hym, withouten [30] werke;
For Vice in thought, ne [31] als in [32] dede,
Was never none in Londe of [33] Stede.

CHAUCER.

From this remarkable Paſſage it is evident, that the Nation of the *Houyhnhms* was commonly known to the antient Inhabitants of this Iſland, by the Name of *Stedlonde*, or *Steedland*; and that their Manners, which are indeed more copiouſly treated of by the Traveller, are yet deſcribed with great Strength and Beauty by the Poet.

It will be urged, perhaps, that *Chaucer* might have intended thoſe Lines as a Deſcription of ſome *European* Nation. To which I ſhall only anſwer; that *Hiſtory* affords us too large a Detail of the Vices and Corruptions of other Countries to leave us the leaſt Room to apply it to any Kingdom *abroad*; and, I believe, upon Enquiry it will appear full as unapplicable to our *own*.

But to proceed. Among the moſt celebrated Writers of antient *Rome*, we find that the *Houyhnhms* were held in the higheſt Eſteem and Veneration, both for their Wiſdom and their Virtue, and of this *Suetonius* gives us a convincing Inſtance.

From the Time of *Auguſtus Cæſar*, *Rome* was evidently in a declining Condition. The Number of her *Patriots* was very ſmall, and the Wiſdom of her Senate extreamly decreaſed. Her *Conſuls* were more re-

[25] Harlot. [26] Brittle Ware. [27] Truly. [28] Illiterate Paſſon. [29] Enriching himſelf. [30] Labour. [31] Elſe. [32] Deed or Action. [33] Stede Land, or Houyhnhm Land.

remarkable for Intemperance, Oppreſſion, and Avarice, than for military Virtue abroad, or an exact Diſtribution of Juſtice at home.

In this critical Emergency there happened to be a *Houyhnhm* reſident at *Rome*, I ſuppoſe as an *Ambaſſador*; for the Hiſtorian tells us, that he had a * Marble *Stable* built by the Emperor, which was elegantly furniſhed with an Ivory *Manger*, and every Thing ſplendid or magnificent: That his Robes were of the richeſt Purple, that he had a particular Houſhold and Retinue, maintained at the Emperor's Expence as the *Indian* Kings and Ambaſſadors have with us.

Out of a moſt unuſual Deference, therefore, to the ſuperior Abilities of this noble *Houyhnhm*, he was nominated to the Conſulſhip: Becauſe, by his Conduct, Advice, and Example, it was expected, that the antient Glory of *Rome* would be revived, and that he would make her once more the *Miſtreſs* of the World.

Nor can I diſcover from the † *Annals* of thoſe Times, that even the beſt *Roman Yahoos* (Conſuls I mean) had for many Generations made an equal Figure in that high Employment, or diſcharged it with Half ſo little Imputation of *Avarice*, *Injuſtice*, *Oppreſſion*, *Inſolence*, or *Tyranny*. How far our modern Magiſtrates, and *Middleſex Juſtices* might be profited by ſuch an Example, may be a Subject worthy of our Speculation; but that being a little foreign to my preſent Purpoſe, I muſt decline it.

Caligula, as we are told by *Dion Caſſius*, frequently invited his Conſular *Houyhnhm* (whoſe real Name was

* Equile marmoreum, & præſepe eburneum. & purpurea tegumenta, ac monile e gemmis, domum etiam, & familiam, & ſupellectilem dedit, quo lautius nomine, ejus invitati, acciperentur. *Sueton. Cal. Sec.* 55. *& vid. Dio. Caſſ. in Caligul.*

† Vide Ann. Ital. Caſp. Sl, Barth. Cap. 17. Sec. 84.

was *Lunhuyhnhay*, but in *Latin Incitatus*) to * Supper, and treated him with more Ceremony and Veneration than he did the nobleſt Families of *Rome*. He had *Oats* ſerved up in Gold Plate, and Wine in Golden Veſſels; and the King himſelf ſwore by no greater Oath than the Health and Fortune of that *Honourable Creature*; which was as high a Degree of Reſpect as he could pay even to the *Father* of the *Gods*.

It is to be wondered at, indeed, that *Caligula* profited ſo little by thoſe inſtructive Conferences which he held ſo often with that *wiſe Ambaſſador*; but we all experimentally know that nothing is ſo difficult as to mend a bad Nature; and it is demonſtrated in the Conduct of *Nero*, who imbibed but little Morality and Virtue from the Wiſdom of his Preceptor *Seneca*.

The ſame † Hiſtorian, whoſe Writings are of unqueſtionable Authority among the Learned, tells us further that *Caligula* aſſumed the Title of *High-Prieſt* ‖ of *Jupiter*, and having choſe ſome of the wealthieſt Families in his Kingdom to officiate at the Altar, he conſtituted a *Houyhnhm* to be his *Colleague* in the *Prieſthood*, as well to aſſiſt him in that Station, as to excite a greater Degree of Veneration to the Office, by the known Merit and Excellence of this *Partner*.

* Ἵππον γὰρ ὃν Ἰσκίτατον ὠνόμαζε, ἐπὶ δεῖπτον ἐκάλει, χρυσᾶς τι αὐτῷ κριθὰς παρέβαλλε, καὶ οἶνον ἐν χρυσοῖς ἐκπώμασι πρῶπινε. Xeph. D. Caſſ. Edit. a R. Steph. pag. 126.

Caneret in Stabulo aſſidue, & Maneret. *Sueton.*

† D. Caſſius, in Vit. Calig.

‖ Διάλιόν τε αὐτὸν ὀνομάσας, ἄλλοις τε πλουσιωτάτοις, Ἱερέας προσέθετο, καὶ αὐτὸς ἑαυτῷ ἱερᾶτας τόν τε Ἵππον συνιερέα ὠπέφηνε. D. Caſſ. Edit. a R. Steph. pag. 135.

In Imitation of this memorable Action, it hath been attempted in ſome Nations to introduce *Aſſes* into Offices of a like Nature; and, indeed, with tolerable Succeſs and Advantage to thoſe worthleſs Animals; although not extreamly to the Reputation of the Contrivers. But it is the peculiar Felicity of *this Nation*, that ſuch an Experiment was never known to be made among us by the Directors of the *Prieſthood*.

Our next Teſtimonies are from the Writings of the divine *Virgil*.

That celebrated *Poet* having beautifully deſcribed the funeral Pomp which attended the Body of *Pallas*, the Son of *Evander*, who was killed by *Turnus*, introduces a *Houyhnhm* as chief * Mourner; and to raiſe the Character of this generous Creature, who it may be ſuppoſed was the favourite Companion of the deceaſed Hero, the Behaviour of *Acœtes* is painted by way of *Contraſt*.

The *Man* is repreſented as † *led* forcibly along, but the *Houyhnhm walks* lonely and diſconſolate, with a Gait expreſſing a ſolemn, but a noble Concern: *Poſitis inſignibus*, it *lachrymans*. The *Man*, by Turns beats his Breaſt, disfigures his Face with his Nails, and proſtrates his Body on the Earth; *pectora nunc fœdans pugnis*, &c. while the *Houyhnhm* preſerves a becoming Dignity and Majeſty in Grief; the large Drops roll ſilently down his Cheeks, but he is guilty of no extravagant Signs of Sorrow, knowing them to

* Poſt, Bellator *Equus*, poſitis inſignibus, Æthon,
It Lachrymans, Guttiſque humectat grandibus ora.
Virg. *Æn.* XI. *lin.* 89.

† Ducitur infelix, ævo confectus Acœtes,
Pectora nunc fœdans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora:
Sternitur, & toto projectus corpore terræ.
Virg. *Æn.* XI. *lin.* 85.

be

be as unprofitable to the *Dead*, as unworthy of the *Living*.

The learned *Servius*, on this Paſſage, obſerves the judicious Conduct of the *Poet* in this Particular, who, by applying the Word * *Ducere* to *Acœtes*, and *Ire* to the *Houyhnhm*, manifeſtly exalts the Character of the *Horſe* at the Expence of that of the old Warrior.

This inimitable † Author in the Sixth *Æneid* gives us ſtill a ſtronger Evidence of the Virtue and Piety of the *Houyhnhms*, by allowing them a Place even in ‖ *Elyſium* among the Souls of illuſtrious Men: Nay he ſeems to hint, that the moſt perfect Degree of Happineſs, and the moſt honourable Employment of the Heroes in *Elyſium* was, the being a Kind of Attendants or ‡ *Grooms* to the nobler *Houyhnhms*. *Iſocrates* aſſerts, that to § ſerve and wait on the *Houyhnhyms* is the moſt pleaſing Office in this World; no wonder therefore that the Poet ſhould deſcribe it as the ſupremeſt Felicity in others.

Nor was this a ſingular Opinion of that Author; for *Auſonius* the *Poet*, Præceptor to the Emperor *Gratian*, affirms it to be an univerſal Belief, that the the Souls of *Houyhnhms* were never denied Admittance into *Elyſium* among the Heroes and Philoſophers;

* *Equus* Lachrymabat, & *ſponte* ſequebatur
Cadaver: & bene, cum hominis ſit *Ire*, equi, *Ducere*, Poeta elegantiſſime hominem *duci*
Ait, de *equo*, *it* Lachrymans.
Serv. *ad. lin.* 851.

† Virgil.
‖ ——————Paſſimque ſoluti
Per campos paſcuntur *Equi*. Lin. 652.
‡ ——————Cura, nitentes.
Paſcere equos,——ſequitur tellure repoſtos.
Æn. VI. *Lin.* 654.

§ Ἱππολοφεῖν τῶν εὐδαίμονεςάτων ἔργων εἶναι.
Iſoc. περὶ ζυγης.

which was much more than they believed, or had Reaſon to believe of their own Species. And this is manifeſt from an Epitaph wrote by this great *Poet* on a *Houyhnhm*, who, while he lived, preſerved the higheſt Place in the Eſteem of the Emperor; and it is placed by *Auſonius* among his Epitaphs of the Heroes.

* *Go, and be bleſs'd where endleſs Rapture reigns,*
With Steeds *immortal on* Elyſian *Plains.*

It is no eaſy Matter to diſcover, whence the *Houyhnhm* Nation derive their Original.

Statius, in his † *Thebais*, ſeems to be in ſome Difficulty how to determine it. He mentions two of eminent Birth: ‖ *Arion*, whom he calls the Son of *Neptune*; and ‡ *Chromis*, who is diſtinguiſhed as the Son of *Hercules*, and acknowledged to poſſeſs the whole ** Strength, Virtue, and Courage of his Father. However, in my Opinion, he ſeems to give the Preference to the firſt, although, without the leaſt Appearance of being poſitive. Nor can I find, that even Capt. *Gulliver* himſelf, who had certainly the beſt Opportunity to make the Enquiry, hath furniſhed us with any Authority to aſcertain it. A Loſs that can never be ſufficiently lamented!

Lucretius, an ancient *Poet* of great Fame, repreſents the *Houyhnhms* of ſo excellent a Nature, as to be inſpired with the moſt tender Paſſions, and wounded

* ——————— ſolatia ſume ſepulchri,
Et gradere *Elyſios*, præpes ad *Alipedes*.
† Lib. VI.
‖ ———Neptunus (& certa priorum fama) *Pater*.
Stat. Theb. Lib. VI.
‡ *Chromis*, fatus Hercule magno. Stat. ibid.
** ——————————inſignis
Viribus Herculeis, & toto robore *Patris*.
Stat. ibid.

with the ſame irreſiſtible * *Darts* of *Cupid* as ourſelves, which Deſcription would appear abſurd and unapplicable, if thoſe Creatures were not as admirably qualified as the modern *Traveller* affirms them to be.

Beſides, he compliments them for their *Underſtanding*, and honours a *Colt*, which I ſuppoſe he familiarly converſed with, and found of a promiſing *Genius*, with the Title of † *Learned*. The Beauty of this Author's Epithets, are what diſtinguiſh and recommend his Compoſitions: Nor can we juſtly imagine him capable of ſo great an Indiſcretion, as to aſcribe Learning to Creatures who had not the leaſt Pretenſion to it; although that may be a prevailing Cuſtom with modern Authors of all other *European* Kingdoms, as well as our own.

Yet, leſt any thing ſhould be wanting to juſtify the *Poet's* Expreſſion, or ſtrengthen his Authority, ‖ *Solinus Polyhiſtor* declares, that the *Houyhnhms* have both *Diſcretion* and *Judgment*. And with this the Teſtimony of ‡ *Pliny* agrees; that the Wiſdom and Art of human Creatures are far ſurpaſſed by the § inexpreſſible Capacity of the *Houyhnhms*.

I have Reaſon to imagine, that they were not only *qualified* to excel, but that they actually excelled in all Arts and Sciences: For what can ſeem ſo entirely unadapted for *Dancing* as the *Houyhnhms* natural Form, and the Diſpoſition of their Limbs? And yet

* ——————Equus florenti ætate Juvencus
Pinnigeri ſævit calcaribus ictus amoris.
Luc. Lib. V. Lin. 1074.

† —————— Doctus equæ *Pullus*.
Luc. Lib. III. Lin. 764.

‖ Equis ineſſe diſcretionem & judicium conſtat.
Cap. 47. Edit. H. Steph. in Not.

‡ Artes hominum ab *Equis* victas.
Plin. Lib. VIII. Cap. 42.

§ Equorum inenarrabilia *Ingenia*. *Plin. ibid.*

† *Angelus Politianus* cites a Paſſage from ‖ *Aphricanus*, which intimates, that they were abſolute Maſters of that *Art*: The *Sybarites* (ſaith he) uſed to introduce *Houyhnhms* at their moſt ſplendid Entertainments, who, to the ſound of an Inſtrument, would raiſe themſelves erect, and dance in a moſt graceful Manner, moving their Forefeet with the politeſt Geſture, obſerving exactly the Time of the Muſic, and ſuiting the Motions of their Body to all the Variety of the Notes.

France, having little elſe to boaſt of, may glory in the Activity of her Natives; yet, even in that Particular, we ſee *Horſes* have arrived at as great a Perfection.

It muſt have been for ſome very extraordinary Merit, that the *Houyhnhms* were treated with ſuch remarkable Honours by all the Monarchs of the known World. *Atheas*, a King of *Scythia*, contracted ſo intimate a Friendſhip with one, that he permitted ‡ no Hand but his own to dreſs and adorn him. A noble *Houyhnhm*, who lived in the Court of the Emperor *Verus* (but in what Station indeed I cannot poſitively affirm) * was fed with Raiſins dried in the Sun, inſtead of *Oats*; and happening to die in *Rome*, he was interred in the *Vatican* with great Solemnity. To another, *Adrian* erected a Monument in Form of a † Pillar,

† In Lib. Miſcellan.

‖ Sybaritæ, *Equos* in convivia introduxere, qui, audito Tibiæ Cantu, ſtatim ſe tollerent arrectos, & pedibus ipſis prioribus, vice manuum, geſtus quoſdam Chironomiæ, motuſque ederent ad numerum Saltatorios. *Aphr.* in Ceſtis.

‡ Atheas Rex Scytharum, equum ipſe pexuit, & manibus ſuis ornavit. *Alex.* ab *Alex.* Lib. VI. Cap. 8.

* Equo paſſas uvas, & nucleos, in vicem hordei, in præſepe ponebat, cui mortuo ſepulchrum in Vaticano fecit. *Jul.* Capit. in Vit. Veri.

† Ἀποθανόντι γὰρ αὐτῳ, δι' τάφον κατεσκεύασε, καὶ στήλην ἔστησε, καὶ ἐπιγράμματα ἐπέγραψεν.

D. Caſſ. Xiph. Edit. a R. Steph. pag: 247.

Vide

Pillar, on which he cauſed an Inſcription and Epitaph to be engraved.

Another, was reſident in *Rome* in the Time of *Julius Cæſar*, whoſe Hoofs were of a very uncommon Form ‖, reſembling the Toes of a human Foot. He was thought to be of ſo much Conſequence at that Time, that the *Empire* of the *whole World* depended upon him.

Univerſal Dominion being promiſed to him who ſhould be Maſter of the *Houyhnhm*'s Perſon, *Cæſar* took Care never to part from him, and the Succeſs anſwered the Prediction.

It may be objected, perhaps, that he acted unworthily when he permitted *Cæſar* to ride him: I will not pretend entirely to juſtify his Conduct; but what he did, was no more than what *Rome* herſelf, and all the World beſide ſubmitted to, as well as the *Houyhnhm*.

I cannot leave this Subject without taking Notice of a Story related by *Aulus Gellius*; becauſe I think it both very pertinent to our preſent Subject, and worthy of the Obſervation of the Curious.

Bucephalus, who was certainly a captive *Houyhnhm*, * brought into *Macedon*, would permit no Perſon to mount him but *Alexander*; whom however he condeſcended to carry, more as his *Companion* than his *Maſter*. His martial Spirit and generous Friendſhip

Vide etiam, Ælius Spart. in Vit. Adriani. Et Alex. ab Alex.

‖ Utebatur *Equo inſigni*, pedibus prope humanis, & in morem digitorum fiſſis ungulis. Cum Haruſpices *Imperium Orbis* terræ Domino pronuntiaſſent, magna cura aluit, nec patientem Seſſoris alterius *primus* aſcendit.

Suet. in Jul. Sec. 61.

* *By* Philonicus a Theſſalian, *and ſold for Thirteen Talents.*

PLUT. in Vit. Alex.

were ſhewn upon many Occaſions, but they were ſignalized in this one.

When *Alexander* was engaged againſt *Porus*, and too warm in the Purſuit of Victory, the noble *Houyhnhm*, conſcious of the Danger of his Friend (for I could not with any *Claſſical* Propriety call him his *Maſter*) and † half-expiring with the Wounds he had received, ruſhed impetuouſly through the thickeſt Ranks of the Enemy, conveyed his Friend beyond the Reach of the Arrows, and then expired with all the Pleaſure and Conſtancy of a *Hero*. In Honour of which generous Behaviour, and to perpetuate the Memory of it, we are told by *Strabo*, and *Ptolemy*, that *Alexander* having obtained a complete Victory, built a City, and called it ‡ *Bucephale*.

Agreeable to this Notion of the diſintereſted Friendſhip of the *Houyhnhms*, is a Paſſage in * *Oppian*, where, enumerating their various Virtues, he ſays,

True to their Friend, by Love of Virtue led,
Alive, they guard *him, and* lament *him dead.*

And alſo in † another Place,

Unerring Nature, on the Houyhnhm *Kind,*
Conferred a human Heart, and reaſoning Mind.

† Moribundus tamen, ac prope jam exſanguis *Equus*, è mediis hoſtibus regem, vivaciſſime curſu retulit, atque ubi cum extra tela extulerat, illico concidit; & Domini ſuperſtitis ſecurus, cum ſenſus humani ſolatio, animam expiravit. A. Gellius. Lib. V. Cap 2.

‡ *By ſome Geographers it is called* Bucephalon, *and by others* Bucephala.

* Καὶ πολεμοισι πεσόντα μέγα ϛενάχȣσιν ἑταῖρον.
Oppian. de Ven. Lib. I. ver. 227.

† Ἵπποις μὲν περίαλλα φύσις πόρε τεχνήσσα,
Ἡμέριων κραδίην. καὶ ϛήθεσιν αἰολόν ἦτορ, &c.
Ibid. Lib. 223.

Which

Which, to me, seem a sufficient Acknowledgment of the high Opinion which the *antient Greeks* conceived of the Virtue and Wisdom of the whole *Houyhnhm* Race.

Captain *Gulliver* mentions the exalted Chastity of both Sexes with high Encomiums. ‡ *The Violation of Marriage* (saith he) *or any Unchastity was never heard of.* This singular Perfection sufficiently distinguishes them from human Creatures; and plainly evinces, that the Descriptions given of this Nation in the antient Authors cannot possibly be applied, with the least Shew of Justice, to any other People whatsoever.

I might produce many Passages from the wisest *Greeks* and *Latins*, to confirm the Traveller's Testimony, and to prove that it was the received Opinion of the World, many Ages before he happened to live among that chaste and virtuous People: But I shall only refer to one *Writer*, whose Authority is unquestionable, and whose Judgement must be of great Weight with many learned Readers.

This excellent Author is *Oppian*, who celebrates the *Houyhnhm*'s Chastity with as much Zeal as *Gulliver* himself. And in his * first Book, speaking of their Manners, he hath these remarkable † Lines, thus, almost literally translated;

Pure from the Vice of ev'ry human *Brute*,
Their Guide is Nature; Virtue *their Pursuit*;

‡ Chap. 8. Pag. 350. Dub. Edit. 1735.
* De Venatione.
† Ἔξοχα δ' αὖ τίουσι φύσιν, τόδε πάμπαν ἄπιστον
Ἐς φιλότητα μολεῖν, τὴν ἐ θέμις, ἄλλα μενουσιν
Αχραντοι μῦσων, καθάρης δὲ ἐράουσι κυθήρης, &c.
OPPIAN. Lib. I. ver. 239.

Thoſe leud Delights, by Men *ſo highly priz'd,*
To them *diſguſtful, are by* them *deſpis'd;*
To Hymen's *Rites none* faithleſs, *or unjuſt,*
None pine diſeas'd by Luxury *or* Luſt;
Pure are their Pleaſures, as their Paſſions chaſte,
Their Study, Health; *and* Temperance, *their* Feaſt.

Clemens Alexandrinus contributes greatly to confirm this Deſcription of the *Poet*; for he ſays, the ‡ *Egyptians* expreſs *Generoſity* of Mind, *Chaſtity*, and the Spirit of *Honour*, by the Hieroglyphic of an *Horſe*.

The laſt Authority I ſhall produce, to ſupport my Opinion, is *Homer*, who introduce a *Houyhnhm* ‖ ſharing the Affliction of *Achilles* for his Friend's Misfortune, and with a Spirit of Divination preſaging the Death of the *Grecian* Hero.

Mean Time, at Diſtance from the Scene of Blood,
The penſive Steeds *of great* Achilles *ſtood,*
Their Godlike Maſter ſlain before their Eyes,
They wept, and ſhar'd in human Miſeries.
——————— *Along their Face.*
The big round Drop cours'd down with ſilent Pace.

And as to their * prophetick Capacity, he ſays,

‡ Αιγύπτιοις ἀνδρείας τε, καὶ παῤῥησίας σύμβολον, ὁ Ἵππος. Cl. Alex. Strom. L. 6.

‖ Ἵπποι δ' Αἰακίδαο, μάχης ἀπάνευθεν ἐοντες,
Κλαῖον, &c. - - - - - - -
——————δάκρυα δέ σφιν
Θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χάμαδις ῥέε, &c.
Hom. Il. xvii. Lin. 437.

* ——————Ἀλλά, σόι αὐτῷ
Μόρσιμόν ἐστι, θεῷ τε καὶ ἀνέρι ἴφι δαμῆναι.
Hom. Il. xix. Lin. 417.

The

The gen'rous Xanthus *firſt* ——————
Seem'd ſenſible of Woe, and droop'd his Head,
Then thus he ſpake: The Fates *thy Death demand,*
Due to a mortal, and immortal Hand.

Pope's Homer.

Beſides theſe convincing Authorities from *Homer*, *Calaber Quintus* † draws ſo lively a Picture of the Tenderneſs and Friendſhip of the *Houyhnhms*, as entirely determines the Argument in their Favour.

I think *Homer* too wiſe an Author to write any thing abſurd or ridiculous: and therefore, if he had not known it agreeable to *Reaſon* and Experience, that a *Houyhnhm* ſhould have more Diſcretion and Inſpiration than the Hero of his *Poem*, he certainly would not have left us ſuch a Deſcription of the precipitate Fury of the *one*, and generous Sorrow and Sagacity of the *other*.

Beſides, what can be more evident than that the *Houyhnhm* Language was perfectly underſtood by the antient *Greeks*, as the *Iriſh* (which hath the neareſt Similitude of Sound and Pronounciation to that Language) is intelligible to many curious Perſons at preſent. And, if *Achilles* had not been intimately acquainted with the *Houyhnhm* Dialect from his Education under CHIRON the *Centaur*, I am confident he would have found much more Difficulty to interpret the *Courſer*'s Prophecy, than the celebrated *Poet* ſeems to allow.

And this I think a *new Diſcovery*, which the learned World, at leaſt, ſhould gratefully acknowledge. For even the beſt Commentators upon *Homer*, *Euſtathius*, *Pope*, *Didymus*, and *Spondanus*,

† Οὐδὲ μεν ἄμβροτοι Ἵπποι ἀτάρβεϊ Αἰακίδαο
Μίμνον ἀδάκρυτοι παρὰ νήεσι. Lib. III.

have never been able to aſſign a proper Reaſon for the Education of *Achilles* under *Chiron*: But, like all other Illuſtrators, they diligently avoided what required great Labour and Learning to explain.

Whereas it is now demonſtrable, that, as our *Engliſh* Nobility intruſt the Education of their Sons to *French Preceptors*, who are capable of inſtilling no other Sort of Knowledge into their Pupils, but *that* of a foreign Language; ſo the only Deſign of Antiquity, in having *Achilles* educated by a *Centaur*, was to make him a Maſter of the *Houyhnhm* Language, in which his Death was to be foretold to him; and, without this Precaution, the Courage of the *Hero* in deſpiſing the Danger which impended, the Strength of the *Honyhnhm*'s Prediction, and the Poet's beautiful Deſcription of both, had been conſiderably diminiſhed and impaired.

It may be objected to the generous Notions of thoſe Creatures, that they diſhonourably ſubmitted to be *harneſſed* to a *Chariot*,

To which I ſhall only anſwer, that unjuſt or tyrannic Uſage is a much greater Reproach to thoſe who offer, than to thoſe who endure it. And, as we have Reaſon to conclude thoſe *Houyhnhms* to be *Captives*, we cannot wonder they were put to the moſt ſlaviſh Employments.

The Antients were expert at contriving diſagreeable Offices for their Captives: * Some were condemned to draw Chariots; and † ſome to attend, while their Maſters repeated *dull Verſes*, and other execrable Compoſitions. So that, probably, thoſe *Houyhnhms* of *Achilles* had their Choice of both Puniſhments, and with great Wiſdom endured *bodily* Fatigue rather than the Torment of diſguſting their

* Captivus ut duceret currus. I.

† Porrecto Jugulo, Hiſtorias, Captivus, ut audit.
Hor. Sat. III.

Under-

Underſtanding and *Taſte*. And it may ſtill leſſen their Diſhonour, if we recollect, that ‖ *Seſoſtris* had even *Kings*, who were his *Tributaries*, annually harneſſed to his Chariot; and a ‡ *Monarch* of our own Nation employed *Kings* as *Watermen* to row his State-Barge.

Thus have I, by the beſt Claſſical Authority, demonſtrated my Aſſertion, that the Nation of *Houyhnhms* was well known to the Antients of *Greece*, *Italy*, and *England*; that their Virtues were univerſally known and admired; and that the moſt potent Princes of the Earth have been proud of their Friendſhip. So that the *Great Modern Traveller* need be under no Manner of Uneaſineſs at the Cenſures of the World; ſince the learned Part of Mankind muſt, from theſe Authorities, be effectually convinced that he might have been actually an *Eye-witneſs* of all he hath atteſted.

I know many who believed his Account of the *Houyhnhms* to be merely fabulous, and who extolled his Invention, as ſuppoſing ſuch a Nation to exiſt only in his own Brain. And how far he might be pleaſed to have his *Imagination* commended at the Expence of his *Veracity*, I will not determine: But, I think, in Juſtice to the World, as well as himſelf, he he ought to have prevented this *Criticiſm*, and frankly acknowledged the *Truth* of his Narration, although it might have ſomewhat leſſened his Reputation as an Author.

I do not doubt but this will clear *Gulliver* from another ſevere Imputation, which he lay under, for debaſing Human Nature by making *Men* inferior to *Horſes*; becauſe, in the Treatiſe, it is ſo plain, that *Antiquity* profeſſed to be of a very different Opinion,

‖ Alex. ab Alexandro Dier. Gen. Lib. VI.

‡ Edgar *the Peaceable*. *Vide* Malmſbur. S. Dunelm. Randulphus, Hoved. *and* Rapin, *F. Ed.* 106.

and

and it is ſo manifeſt, that the whole Hiſtory is a *Fact* and not a *Fiction*, that if we think Mankind diſgraced by the Compariſon, it is to their own *Vices*, and not to the Traveller's *Relation* we ought to impute it.

I hope, and expect, that all future Commentators will copy the Example I have given them in this *Critical Eſſay*; and that hereafter they will be at leaſt as ſtudious to ſhew their own Learning, as to illuſtrate their Author.

I am pretty well aſſured that the Judicious will readily join with me in Opinion; and I muſt own, that I account it the higheſt Honour to the *Critic*, and the ſureſt Teſt of his *Genius*, to demonſtrate the *Truth* and Exiſtence of thoſe Things, which the whole World beſide determine to be *falſe* and *fictitious*.

Cambridge, Jan. 26.
1734-5.

An Account of the

STATE OF LEARNING

IN THE

EMPIRE OF LILLIPUT;

Together with the

HISTORY and CHARACTER

OF

BULLUM the Emperor's Library-keeper.

Faithfully tranſcribed out of Captain Lemuel Gulliver's *General Deſcription of* Lilliput, *mentioned in the 69th Page of the Firſt Volume of his Travels.*

AS I always had a ſtrong Inclination to Reading from the Time I firſt went to *Emanuel* College in *Cambridge*, and had gone through the moſt valuable ancient Writers; during my ſtay in *Lilliput*, I was very inquiſitive about the State of Learning in that Nation, and received the following Information upon that ſubject.

In

In former Ages, the Government of the Iſland *Blefuſcu* was, in many Reſpects, like what we call a Commonwealth, and for a long Time flouriſhed both in Arms and Learning, whilſt the *Lilliputians* were a barbarous People; at this Time many excellent Books were wrote in Oratory, Poetry, Hiſtory, and Philoſophy, but the *Blefuſcudians* having at length loſt their Liberties and Form of Government, which was changed into an Empire, Learning decayed amongſt them very faſt; the faſter by reaſon of hot Diſputes which aroſe concerning the proper Manner of dreſſing and eating Eggs; and in theſe the whole Studies of all the learned Men of that Age were conſumed.

The firſt Emperor of *Blefuſcu*, that he might ingratiate himſelf with his People, whom he had enſlaved, undertook an Expedition againſt the Iſland of *Lilliput*, which being then governed by ſeveral petty Kings, ignorant of the Arts of War, was by Degrees ſubdued to the Empire of *Blefuſcu*. During this Intercourſe between the two Nations, the *Blefuſcudian* Language was very much changed by the Mixture of the *Lilliputian*; and thoſe Authors who wrote in the old Language were neglected, and underſtood by very few.

In proceſs of Time the *Lilliputians* grew weary of Subjection, flung off the foreign Yoke, ſet up an Emperor of their own with great Succeſs, and ever ſince have been a diſtinct Empire from that of *Blefuſcu*.

As they were an ingenious People, and bleſſed with a Race of good Emperors, they ſoon excelled their Neighbours in Learning and Arms; they got together all the old *Blefuſcudian* Books, their Emperor founded a *Gomflaſtru*, or Seminary, with different Schools, to inſtruct their Youth in the old

Ble-

Blefuſcudian Language and Learning; and from thence choſe their *Nardacs*, *Glumglums*, and *Hurgos*, and the Emperors had themſelves a large Collection of theſe Books in a Library belonging to the Palace.

Thus the *Lilliputians* flouriſhed in Politeneſs and Literature for ſome Ages; till at length, by the Plenty of a long Peace, they alſo grew corrupt, gave themſelves up to Idleneſs, Luxury, and Intriguing, and fell into Controverſies about breaking their Eggs; the old *Blefuſcudian* Books were laid aſide, and nothing regarded but Eggs and Politicks. The *Gomflaſtru* indeed continued, each School had its *Mulro*, or Governor and Scholars; but the Taſte of the Age being changed, they only turned over the old Authors to amuſe themſelves, and enjoyed the moderate Revenues bequeathed to them by former Emperors. The preſent Emperor indeed had endeavoured to bring them into Eſteem again; he increaſed their Poſſeſſions, and gave a noble Preſent of Books to the *Gomflaſtru*; but having a debauched inconſtant People to rule over, and being kept in continual Alarms of Wars by his Neighbours, he had not Leiſure to perfect his good Intentions.

I was at this Time in his Favour, and when he heard that I had been inquiſitive about theſe Affairs, he very graciouſly deſired me to look into his Library, and ſent Orders to the Keeper of it to uſe me with great Reſpect, and to preſent me with Five hundred Books, ſuch as I ſhould chooſe.

Accordingly, upon a Day appointed, I went to the Library, which I took a View of in the ſame Manner as I had done of the Reſt of the Palace, by lying down and looking in at the Window: The Building was ruinous, the Inſide duſty, the Books many in Number, but ſcattered about in great Diſorder; the Library-

Library-keeper, whoſe Name is *Bullum*, was alone ſtalking amidſt the Rubbiſh. As ſoon as he ſaw my Face at the Window, he made his beſt Bow, and began his Speech to me, which, as I was afterwards informed, he had taken a great deal of Pains about, knowing me to be in the Emperor's good Graces. Moſt Part of what he ſpoke was unintelligible to me, by a ridiculous Mixture of the *Blefuſcudian* Language; and what I did underſtand was fulſome Flattery, and Compliments that nothing mortal could deſerve.

This was very dull Entertainment to a Man of my Modeſty, and thereupon finding his Speech would be long, and that he was forced to ſtrain his Voice to make me hear at that Diſtance; I thought it would be a Kindneſs to us both to put a ſtop to him, which I did, returning him Thanks, in few Words, for his great Opinion of me, and deſired to ſee him next Day, that I might chooſe out the Five hundred Books which the Emperor had given me.

Bullum, as I heard afterwards, was in great Wrath, and loaded me with many opprobrious Names for refuſing to hear his Speech out, and daring to treat a Man of his Learning with ſo little Reſpect. However, he ſtifled his Reſentment a little for the preſent, and came to me at the Time appointed.

I deſired him to ſhew me a Catalogue of the Books, and to give ſome Account of what they treated of, that I might be able to make a Choice. He replied, that he had not troubled himſelf to bring a written Catalogue, but that he had one in his Memory, and immediately he repeated to me the Titles of a vaſt Number of old *Blefuſcudian* Books, and run on with a great Fluency of Speech, until he was out of Breath.

It was a Pain to me to forbear Laughing, to hear *Bullum* ſputter out ſo much Jargon; at laſt I told him,

him, that I was not in the leaſt wiſer for what he had ſaid, becauſe I underſtand not a Syllable of the Language he ſpoke: At that, as he ſtood on the Table before me, he put out his Under-Lip, and ſtaring me full in the Face, ſaid, with a great deal of Contempt, *Not underſtand* Blefuſcudian! *What do you underſtand?*

I was a little diſcompoſed at this Treatment; but not knowing then what Intereſt he had at Court, I reſolved to uſe him civilly; and replied, that I underſtood eight or nine Languages, if there was any Merit in that; but that none of the Books in his Library would be of any Uſe to me, that were not written in *Lilliputian*. *Lilliputian!* ſays he, *I cannot repeat the Titles of many of them, but I will ſend you Five hundred in a few Days:* And thus he left me.

I was very impatient to receive this curious Preſent; but *Bullum* broke his Word; for about this Time my Intereſt at Court began to decline. I could not prevail upon him to deliver the Books to me: At laſt, after much Importunity, he came to me himſelf, attended by a Servant, with only Five Books.

I was ſurprized at this, and aſked, if the Reſt were upon the Road: He anſwered, that ſince he had ſeen me laſt, he had ſpent ſome Days in carefully peruſing the Emperor's Orders; that he had diſcovered the Word *Hundred* to be an Interpolation, and that the true Reading was *Five* Books, which, in Obedience to the Emperor, he had brought me.

I had indeed been put off ſo long, that I ſuſpected I ſhould have had none, and therefore agreed to have the Five Books, deſigning to have made my Complaint afterwards, but *Bullum* had another Trick to play me. It was the Cuſtom he ſaid, for all Strangers to make him a Compliment in Writing, which he deſired me to comply with, and then he would deliver the

the Books to me. He had brought the Form, which I was to tranſcribe and ſign with my own Name. The Words were theſe:

" Be it known to all Men, That *Bullum* the Great Library-keeper to the Emperor of *Lilliput*, and *Mulro* in the *Gomflaſtru*, is a Man of vaſt Erudition and Learning; all Parts of the World ring with his Praiſes; and whilſt I was honoured with his Acquaintance, he uſed me with ſingular Humanity." *Quinbus Fleſtrin.*

Out of an earneſt Deſire to get Poſſeſſion of the Books, I ſubmitted even to this Demand of *Bullum*, who then ordering them to be flung down before me, turned nimbly upon his Heel and left me. He had picked out for me the Five worſt Books in the Library, according to his Judgment; but when I came to peruſe them with a Microſcope, (the biggeſt being a Folio about Half an Inch long) I found they were curious in their Kind, but treating of Subjects that *Bullum* was not converſant in. There was,

1. A Collection of Poetry.

2. An Eſſay on Humility; neceſſary for all *Lilliputians*, who are very much inclined to think well of themſelves, and meanly of others.

3. A Diſſertation upon *Tramecſans* and *Slamecſans*, or High-heel'd and Low-heel'd Shoes.

4. A Bundle of Controverſies concerning the primitive Way of breaking Eggs.

5. The *Blundecral*, or *Alcoran*.

Theſe Books I brought ſafe with me to *England*, and deſign either to publiſh them, or elſe to preſent them to the Univerſity which I had once the Honour to be a Member of.

But

But to return to *Bullum*. I was amazed at his Behaviour towards me, eſpecially conſidering I was a *Nardac*, to which title he generally paid a profound Reſpect. This made me deſirous of getting an Account of his Hiſtory and Character, which, having ſomething extraordinary in them, I ſhall lay before my Reader.

Bullum is a tall raw-bon'd Man, I believe near ſix Inches and an Half High; from his Infancy he applied himſelf, with great Induſtry, to the old *Blefuſcudian* Language, in which he made ſuch a Progreſs, that he almoſt forgot his native *Lilliputian*; and at this Time he can neither write nor ſpeak two Sentences without a Mixture of old *Blefuſcudian*. Theſe Qualifications, joined to an undaunted forward Spirit, and a few good Friends, prevailed with the Emperor's Grandfather to make him Keeper of his Library, and a *Mulro* in the *Gomflaſtru*; though moſt Men thought him fitter to be one of the Royal Guards. Theſe Places ſoon helped him to Riches, and upon the Strength of them he ſoon began to deſpiſe every Body, and to be deſpiſed by every Body. This engaged him in many Quarrels, which he managed in a very odd Manner; whenever he thought himſelf affronted, he immediately flung a great Book at his Adverſary, and if he could, felled him to the Earth; but if his Adverſary ſtood his Ground and flung another Book at him, which was ſometimes done with great Violence, then he complained to the Grand Juſticiary, that theſe Affronts were deſigned to the Emperor, and that he was ſingled out only as being the Emperor's Servant. By this Trick he got that great Officer to favour him, which made his Enemies cautious, and him inſolent.

Bullum

Bullum attended the Court ſome Years, but could not get into an higher Poſt; for though he conſtantly wore the Heels of his Shoes High or Low, as the Faſhion was, yet having a long Back and a ſtiff Neck, he never could with any Dexterity creep under the Stick which the Emperor or the Chief Miniſter held. As to his dancing on the Rope, I ſhall ſpeak of it preſently; but the greateſt Skill in that Art will not procure a Man a Place at Court, without ſome Agility at the Stick.

Bullum, vexed at theſe Diſappointments, withdrew from Court, and only appeared there upon extraordinary Occaſions, at other Times he retired to his Poſt of *Mulro* in the *Gomflaſtru*, there he led a gloomy ſolitary Life, heaped up Wealth, and pored upon the old *Blefuſcudian* Books. It might have been expected, that from ſo long an Acquaintance with thoſe admirable Writers he ſhould have grown more polite and humane; but his Manner was never to regard the Senſe or Subject of the Author, but only the Shape of Letters, in which he arrived to ſuch Perfection, that, as I have been aſſured, he could tell, very near, in what Year of the *Blefuſcudian* Commonwealth any Book was written; and to this, and to reſtoring the old Characters that were effaced, all his Labour was confined.

Upon theſe Points he had wrote ſeveral Books, ſome in the *Blefuſcudian*, and ſome in the mixed Language; and whenever he had finiſhed a Book, he preſented it to ſome great Man at Court, with a panegyrical Oration; ſo contrived that it would fit any Man in a great Poſt; and the higheſt Bidder had it.

Whilſt I was in *Lilliput*, he propoſed to publiſh a new *Blundecral* or *Alcoran*; and, that he might do ſomething uncommon, he began at the End, and deſigned

deſigned to have wrote backwards; but the *Lilliputians*, ſome liking the old *Blundecral*, others not caring for any, gave him no Encouragement; and therefore he deſiſted from that Project.

As this Nation was very much divided about breaking their Eggs, which they generally eat in publick once a Day, or at leaſt once in ſeven Days, I deſired to know how *Bullum* behaved himſelf in this Particular; and was told, that he was thought to have an Averſion to Eggs, for he was never ſeen to eat any in publick, but Once or Twice in a Year, when his Poſt obliged him to it: At thoſe Times he gave Orders to have them ſerved up to him ready dreſſed, and the Shells and Whites being carefully taken off, he gulped up the Yolks in a very indecent Manner, and immediately drank a Bumper of ſtrong Liquor after them to waſh the Taſte out of his Mouth, and promote the Digeſtion of them.

When any one repreſented to him the ill Example of this Practice, his Anſwer was, That this Modeſty would not let him devour Eggs in publick, when he had ſo many Eyes upon him; That he was not yet determined at which End he ought to break them; That the Shells and Whites were inſipid, and only fit for Children: But for the Eggs themſelves, he was ſo far from hating them, that he had a Diſh at his own Table every Day. But whether this was Truth, or if they were at his Table, whether he eat of them or not, I could never learn.

Bullum was always of an haughty Mind, and, in his own School, took a great deal of Pleaſure in mimicking the Actions of the Emperor. Thus, he got a little Stick, and uſed to divert himſelf in ſeeing his Scholars leap over and creep under it, as he held it between his Hands. Thoſe who performed beſt were rewarded, ſometimes, with a pompous Title

Title in the old *Blefuſcudian* Language, ſignifying MOST LEARNED, MOST FAMOUS, MOST ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH, or the like: Sometimes with little Sugar-Plums; and ſometimes only with the Promiſe of them.

In Dancing on the Rope he took great Delight himſelf; and this was the only bodily Exerciſe he uſed. Thoſe who had been Eye-witneſſes, informed me, that he could cut a Caper very high, but that he did it in a clumſy Manner, and with little Delight to the Spectators, who were in continual Apprehenſions of his falling, which ſometimes he did very dangerouſly.

It was obſerved, that he danced beſt in his own Houſe, but that he never danced before the *Gomflaſtru* with Succeſs. When he firſt came to his Place of *Mulro*, he did nothing but dance and cut Capers on the Ropes for a Year together: As this was a new Sport in this Part of the Iſland, he got a great deal of Money by it; but ſtriving to leap higher than ordinary, he fell off from the Rope, broke his Head, and diſordered his Brain ſo much, that moſt People thought it would incapacitate him for his Poſt of *Mulro*: However, at length, he pretty well recovered; he himſelf ſays, he is as well, or better, than he was before his Fall: But his Enemies think his Brain is ſtill affected by it.

Some Years after, the preſent Emperor, in a Progreſs through his Dominions, came to the *Gomflaſtru*; and *Bullum*, without being aſked, was reſolved to divert his Majeſty with his Performance on the Strait Rope; up he mounts, and Capers bravely for ſome Time; at laſt, endeavouring to ſhew the utmoſt of his Skill, in the Midſt of an high Caper, he reached out his Right-Hand too far, which gave him a terrible Fall.

Moſt

Moſt People imputed it to his over-reaching himſelf; but he laid the Fault partly upon the Robes he was obliged to wear before the Emperor, which, as he ſaid, entangled his Feet; and partly upon the Maliciouſneſs of a By-ſtander, whom he accuſed of pulling the Rope aſide, as he was in the Midſt of his Caper: However that was, poor *Bullum* broke his Leg, and was carried to his own Houſe, where he continued lame about Two Years, not being able to ſhew himſelf in Publick all that Time; and it was thought he would never have recovered, if the Emperor at laſt had not taken pity on him, and ſent one of his own Surgeons to him, who cured him immediately.

After all theſe Misfortunes *Bullum* could not forſake his beloved Diverſion; but, as ſoon as he was recovered, he forgot all that was paſt, and danced again in his own School every Day; where, by his frequent Falls he ſo bruiſed himſelf, that it was believed they would come to a Mortification; Beſides, he dances ſo long upon the ſame Rope, that through Age and Rottenneſs, and his great Weight, it muſt break at laſt; and the Emperor would ſcarce lend him a Surgeon a ſecond Time; which indeed would be in vain, for he can never leave off the Sport, though he performs worſe and worſe every Day; ſo that in all Probability he will break his Neck for a Concluſion.

THE

STATE QUACKS,

OR THE

POLITICAL BOTCHERS;

Being a Deſcription of the

STRANGE OCCURRENCES

OF THE

PRESENT TIMES.

IF ever *any* Year might juſtly be called a Year of WONDERS, this ſeems with the greateſt Reaſon and Authority to lay Claim to the Appellation, and ſuperſede the Titles of all that have gone before it: The ſurprizing Revolutions and Events; the Advancement of ſome, and Cataſtrophe of others: Theſe raiſed to the higheſt Pitch

Pitch of Honour, whilſt others, humbled from the very Height of Power as well as Grandeur are ſunk into the loweſt Abyſs of Contempt and Scorn, look ſo like Paradoxes, that Poſterity will ſcarcely credit the Report, and Futurity will believe the Hiſtory to be nothing but a *mere Romance*.

Could Antiquity retrieve, or ſucceeding Ages anticipate their Fate, could our Anceſtors throw off the Chains of Corruption, break open the Priſons of their Graves, bid Defiance to the univerſal Conqueror of Mankind; again converſe with Matter, and take Cognizance of Human Affairs; or could the Children that are yet unborn, the Progeny of yet unbegotten Ages, reverſe the Order of Nature, and be indulged with a Perſonal Knowledge and Information of the Tranſactions and Occurrences of this preſent Age; how would they be confounded with Admiration, and ſcarce give Credit to themſelves! Nothing that is already paſt, would ſeem wonderful to the former, nor would any Thing, that the Womb of Futurity can produce, be ſurprizing to the other.

But yet the moſt unaccountable of all is this, that Men, not Things, are principally affected with theſe Occurrences, and though a general Transformation has paſſed upon moſt, if not all, yet few or none are ſenſible of the *Metamorphoſis*; Nor has the Contagion ſpread itſelf only amongſt Men, but the ſofter Sex are infected; neither is this or that Order of Rank of People, but Clergy and Laity, High and Low, Rich and Poor, Wiſe and Fooliſh, Old and Young; in a Word, the Diſtemper is become Epidemical and Univerſal; and even I myſelf, whilſt I am writing muſt acknowledge, that I am tainted with it, and that this very Piece, like Cauſe

and Conſequence, is the genuine Product of the ſame Original.

It is true, all Perſons are not alike infected, nor is the Transformation ſo complete in ſome, as others; but, like the Production of Animals after the univerſal Deluge, ſo ingeniouſly deſcribed by *Ovid*, that great Maſter of Poetry and Invention; when the Mud, being impregnated by the Warmth of the Sun, brought forth living Creatures of various Kinds and Forms; he is pleaſed to tell us, that whilſt ſome Part of the ſame Creatures remained undigeſted Clay, the other was endowed with Life and Motion; others were only formed, but were not quickened or enlivened in any Part, whilſt ſome again were complete and perfect in both Reſpects.

Whether the *Metamorphoſis*, written by the celebrated Author, were merely the fictitious Product of a fruitful Brain, contrived only for Amuſement and Diverſion, or whether they were allegorical, pointing out the Manners and Behaviour of Men, matters not; it is ſufficient nothing in them is more incredible, or affords more proper Subjects for Speculation, than the preſent Treatiſe, and yet not a Syllable is to be found herein, which will not ſtand the Teſt of Reaſon, and comes no way ſhort of a Demonſtration.

For though theſe Changes and Transformations are not Corporal, and on the Bodies of Perſons, but on their Minds, yet are they real and ſelf-evident in Converſation; and what renders them the more ſurprizing in themſelves (I mean the Frequency of Examples) does yet in Practice abate the Wonder and diverts our Obſervation.

What is more common, and yet what can be more amazing in itſelf, than to ſee the Tribe of *Levi* forgetting their Duty of Goſpel-Teachers, even

even in their Pulpits, raiſing a Diſcourſe of Politicks from a Text of Scripture that means nothing of it? And on the contrary, to find a Cobler in his Stall, or a Taylor on his Shop board, encroaching on the Sacerdotal Office? And what a diverting Spectacle is it, to ſee a Prieſt in his Canonical Habit, transformed into a Peripatetick *Bibliopola*, or into a *Mercury*, hurrying, with his Gown-ſleeves ſtuffed with Pamphlets, from one Bookſeller's Shop to another's, laying down his Sixpenny Packets and accademical Nonſenſe to be expoſed to Sale?

What a pleaſant Sight is it to ſee ſuch a One purſuing the Hawkers and Halfpenny Pamphleteers from one End of the Town to another, hunting them through all their Holes and Corners; and not content with this, betraying his Friends and Acquaintance, that he may acquire the honourable Character and Title, as well as Office, of *Informer-General*; raiſing the Trophies of his Victories on the Ruins of the Tribe of Half-crown Scriblers and Authors, whilſt his own elaborate Performances cannot find a Chapman, but muſt be printed for the Author, and the very firſt Edition diſpoſed of in a Lump, after indefatigable Pains, to furniſh waſte Paper to a Chandler's Shop?

What glorious Triumphs are theſe, that though he cannot, as a Miniſter of the Goſpel, beat down the Kingdom of Satan in the World, nor expel Sin out of the Souls of Sinners, yet he can drive the ſcurvy Authors out of their Holes, forcing them to flee for Shelter from one Garret to another, whilſt the bawling Promoters of low-prized Nonſenſe feel the Weight of his informing Vengeance, and may read their Indictments written on their Backs in ſanguine Characters, by the unmerciful Hands of an inſulting Beadle? What Tranſports muſt it raiſe in

ſuch a Soul to hear his miſerable Captives groan in ſecret Dungeons? And what exalted Joys muſt this afford, to think that their Voices muſt be no more heard in our Streets?

How ſurprizing is it to ſee one Man ſtepping out from behind his Counter, putting himſelf at the Head of 100,000 Men, and over a Diſh of Coffee engage the *French* and *Spaniards*, giving them a total Rout, killing 50 or 60,000 in the Field, and puſhing the reſt into a River; ſitting down before the Gates of *Paris*, or carrying it Sword in Hand; entering *Madrid* in Triumph, raviſhing the Golden Treaſures of *Peru*, and then return home laden with Spoils and Honours.?

How diverting is it to ſee a poor Botcher, who was ſcarce ever ſo happy as to ſee Twenty Shillings of his own Money, and it may be knows not how to make Uſe of ſo many Pence to the beſt Advantage, managing the vaſt Treaſure of the Nation, and from an humble Stall, where his Employment was, to refit thoſe Veſtments which old Age had impaired, and to patch up thoſe Dilacerations, which were below the Dignity of a Taylor to concern himſelf about, put on the Stile and Office of Lord-Treaſurer of *Great-Britain*, reforming the Abuſe of the Treaſury, and botch up all the Miſmanagements of the publick Caſh?

What Merriment muſt it afford, to ſee the Ladies handling Politicks with the ſame Nicety as they do their Snuff-boxes, or inſpect Affairs of ſtate with as much Concern as they do their Looking-Glaſſes, to regulate a miſplaced Patch, or recompoſe a diſordered Curl?

Words are nothing but Wind, and therefore I ſhall leave theſe Talkers to the Care of our Aſtrological Doctors, who may, at their Leiſure, reſolve theſe

theſe following lawful Queſtions by their noble Art and Skill, *viz.*

Whether this Diſtemper be not the Cholick of the Brain? Whether it is likely to prove mortal or not? Whether it proceeds from ſome malevolent Aſpects and Conjunctions of the Planets? Whether it is convenient for Perſons ſo infected to go into Converſation, and theſe, contrary to the Rules of good Manners, to belch and break Wind in the Faces of the Company?

I ſhall now proceed to ſuch as have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their Labours; and as it is impoſſible to enumerate all, ſo I ſhall confine myſelf to ſuch who are moſt popular, as being agreeable to my firſt Intention. And here, not to break in upon the Rules of good Manners, or invert the Order of Precedency, which by immemorial Cuſtom, as well as Claim, belongs to the Tribe of the Scaramouches, as being the Deſcendants of a very ancient and noble Family; for, as they aſſert, the firſt Founder was no leſs Perſon than one of the Twelve Patriarchs, noted for ſome Quality, which was none of the beſt, and which ſeem almoſt inſeparable from their Tribe; and to prevent farther Clamours, I ſhall begin with them. Now though it ſeems difficult to aſſign the Poſt of Honour to any particular Perſon amongſt them without diſguſting others, yet I ſhall adventure to begin with the Leader of their forlorn Hope, who had ſufficient Courage, or rather *Aſſurance*, to bid Defiance to a Kingdom.

Don Henrico Furioſo, de Monte Igna Vomante, and One of the Fathers of the Inquiſition, Prieſt of the Order, *&c.* a moſt celebrated Author. No ſooner can you lay your Finger on One of his Performances, but the Lightning flaſhes in your Face; for, like *Jaſon*'s Bulls, which fed on nothing but Salt-petre,

Sulphur, and broken Thunder-bolts, and breathed Fire and Death, ſo theſe are full charged with Anathema's, the dreadful Curſes and Imprecations from the infernal Regions. The very Titles are big with rolling Thunder, and ſtrike the Reader with Horror and Amazement. And as thoſe Bodies which are hurried with Violence and Impetuoſity ſeldom keep a regular Motion, ſo you will find him to be excentrick in all his Writings, Rage breaking through the Bounds of Modeſty and forcing Grammar, Idiom, and Chriſtianity itſelf to flee before it. This is the mighty He, who is a Match for a *Sanhedrin*, and whoſe Picture does adorn the *Roman* Palaces; who can open the Eyes of Thouſands, and make them plainly perceive the *Church's non-exiſtent Danger*; this is the mighty *Atlas* to ſupport her Weight, the invaluable *Achilles*, whoſe ſingle Arm is ſelf-ſufficient to protect her from, and defend her againſt the moſt violent Attacks of ſchiſmatick Enemies; the crafty *Ulyſſes*, whoſe Policy alone can diſcover all the chimerical Plots that are contrived againſt her, and whoſe Eloquence can maintain her Cauſe againſt all Opponents who are *in nubibus*, with the utmoſt Strength of argumentative Raillery and the Rhetorick of *Porta Billingſgenſis*.

This is that learned He, who ſcorns to be confined to antiquated *Priſcian*'s Directions, or *Lilly*'s duller Rules; but with a magiſterial Authority refines the Idiom of his Mother-tongue, enlarging its former Bounds, by giving uncontrouled Liberty to Speech and authorizing genuine Nonſenſe, to trample down the Fences that have been made againſt it, that ſo his Language may run parallel with his exalted Notions, and both keep equal Pace with his extenſive Learning; which, rather than want a Quotation from a *Roman* Author to maintain his Hypotheſis,

Hypotheſis, can forge it upon the Anvil of his own fruitful Invention, and produce it without a Bluſh.

This is He, whoſe extenſive Charity for the Preſervation of the Being and Oeconomy of the Church-militant whilſt on Earth, and her Tranquillity and Repoſe when triumphant in Heaven, has paſſed a damnatory Sentence on all ſchiſmatick Rebels and falſe Brethren; leaving them to the Direction of the Devil and his Angels.

This is that *Oedipus*, whoſe Wiſdom can reconcile inconſiſtent Oppoſites, and teach Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtant Principles to deſpiſe Government, and fly in the Face of ſovereign Authority, with this Proviſo, that thoſe who put this in Practice are true Sons of *High-Church*, and have Wit enough, like himſelf, not to diſcover what that *High-Church* is, till a favourable Opportunity preſents. Their late Diſappointment has left this as yet a Myſtery; but we need not doubt, had *Perkin* gotten the Aſcendant, we had by this Time been informed at the Expence of our Brains, and *High-Church French* Dragoons had inſtructed us in the Articles of their Faith by *Apoſtolick Blows and Knocks*.

Segnior Luca Hot Spurri di Monte Capitoline, may juſtly challenge the ſecond Place; an incomprehenſible Author, who for many Years ſucceſſively hath ſent forth his annual Syſtems of High-Church Divinity to the no ſmall Edifications of the judicious Rabble: This is that experienced Champion, who taking his Advantage of the Time, in the coldeſt Seaſon of the Year puts the Trumpet to his Mouth, ſounds an Alarm, and calls the Sons of High-Church to their Arms; and though he never fails to lay hold of every Opportunity to beat up the Quarters of ſchiſmatic Enemies, or to fall upon their advanced Parties, when or wherever he meets with them, yet

then eſpecially they feel the powerful Efforts of his victorious Invectives, and his vigorous Attacks oblige the weaker Forces of his Adverſaries to flee before the invincible Squadrons of triumphant Raillery and incorrigible Scurrility.

Whilſt other Authors clog the weary Preſs with unwieldly Volumes, the painful Labours of Retirement, and immenſe Products of forty or fifty Years, exhauſted by nocturnal Lucubrations, which at laſt, notwithſtanding all the Embelliſhments of Learning and Philoſophy are loſt to the major Part of Mankind, his incomparable Tracts are comprized in a little Bulk; and Phyſicians Itinerant, notwithſtanding their ſpecious Pretences of Charity for the Poor, fall vaſtly ſhort in that excellent Diſpoſition, and of our unparallelled *Italian* Doctor's Perfections on that Reſpect: for although they may now and then give a ſingle Remedy out of Oſtentation and Policy, to promote a Trade, yet the Packet is never ſold under Two-pence, and if diſeaſed Perſons want that Sum they muſt want the Cure alſo; but he, good Man, willing that all ſhould partake of the Fruits of his indefatigable Labours, and moſt profound Skill, deſires, like the Succeſſors of St. *Peter*, no more than a ſingle Penny; and beſides what his Charity prevails upon him to beſtow *gratis* in indigent Patients, who cannot reach that Price, to ſtir up Charity alſo in other well affected Perſons to beſtow their Benevolence this Way, he ſells his Divinity-packets by the Dozen for a ſmaller Price.

Theſe are the dull Productions of Midnight Studies, when the melancholy Hours paſs heavily away, and the Brains are ſtupefied with a Surcharge of extended Thoughts; and every Sentence is forged with Pain and Difficulty; the Vivacity of the

Animal

Animal Spirits being mortifyed by the inſufferable Drudgery of unſupportable Cogitation.

Theſe were not the jejune Performances of an empty Stomach and a Body macerated with uninterrupted and corroding Meditation, or debilitated by too frequent and almoſt quotidian Abſtinence; theſe are not the Offspring of a Brain diſturbed, and perhaps almoſt diſtracted with Thoughts and Care, for an half-ſtarved Caſtaſe, and a numerous craving Family, where Want and Penury appear in every dreadful Form that Neceſſity can ſuppoſe; and every Object fills the diſmal Scenes of Ruin with additional Horror, and heap Vexation on the deſponding Wretch.

But theſe are the vigorous Reſults of ſublime Proſperity (exalted above the Reach of injurious Fortune) and a Mind freed entirely from anxious Care, elevated to the higheſt Pitch of Vivacity, and ſupported by the generous Influence of the nobleſt Wines. Theſe are not the dull phlegmatick Efforts of drowſy Hours and tortured Nights, wire-drawn with Violence and Fatigue from a Genius ſpent and enervated by a Surpluſage of Toil and Miſery; but the Rhapſodies of the brighteſt Hours and the cleareſt Thoughts, the Ecſtaſies or Raptures of an exalted Soul, carried beyond the Abilities of Nature, the Flights of unreſtrained Zeal, and the Efforts of High-Church Charity.

Charity, did I ſay? It deſerves a more refined Character, which will permit not one ſuppoſed *Republican Antimonarchical* Sinner to have a Reſidence in the Boſom of the Church, or to be within a Poſſibility of Salvation, till he recants his Errors, and avows his High-Church Principles; nay, which will not allow the leaſt Corner in Heaven to thoſe, who are not full Conformiſts to their Notions, but-

ſends the *Non-Cons* in a Lump, though his Father was in that Number, to the Pit of eternal Perdition and endleſs Miſery.

Don———*Pictorio di albo Sacello*, muſt be acknowledged an Author no ways inferior in Zeal and Courage to the former, but ſuperior in the abſolutely neceſſary Talent of Aſſurance: I am not ignorant that amongſt the Men of Modeſty and Moderation, as they call themſelves, this is thought to be nothing leſs than Impudence and a brazen Front; but allowing what the ſheepiſh Pretenders to Modeſty aſſert is Truth, yet in ſome Caſes Men muſt be allowed to make a Virtue of Neceſſity; and even that muſt be confeſſed to be no mean Acquirement.

Whatever is attempted by this Author, is certainly performed with an Air of Bravery and Reſolution above his Fellows; Who is that hardy He, who like him, durſt ſet himſelf in Oppoſition, and bid open Defiance to Law and Supreme Authority? Whatever ſome Perſons may account him, and endeavour to blacken his Character, as though he were too well affected to the *Romiſh* Church, I think it is falſe, paſt Contradiction, for the following Reaſons, *viz.* It is plain he is not for Works of Supererogation, for if ſo, he would not have kept ſo cloſe to the Book of Canons, and have took his Audience to Witneſs, *that he had done all that was enjoined him*, as he thought, though ſome were of Opinion, and believed, that He *had left undone thoſe Things that he ought to have done*, as well as *done thoſe Things which he ought not to have done*. Nor is he, in the next Place, for the Doctrine of Merit, leſt they ſhould carry him where they would not, and make him an Antipendium to the Triple Tree.

The Performance of this Author, if they fall ſhort in Eloquence and polite Language of ſome

others

others of that Tribe, they certainly make Amends for it in their Warmth and Vigour. Not a Sentence, nay, ſcarce a Word can drop from his Pen, but what is armed with Death, and every Paragraph carries Hell and Damnation with it.

This is He, who like a certain Aſtrological Conjurer, that lives in a Blind Alley, dares take upon him to be a Counſellor of Counſellors to Kings and Princes: But his principal Talent lies another Way, *viz.* Inflaming the Populace from Principles of *Paſſive Obedience*, and making *Non-reſiſtance* break forth into Outrages, Riots, and Diſorder.

This is He, who can reconcile flat Contradictions to a Miracle, and whoſe Pupils are ſo well inſtructed, that they can tell a *Whig* by the Make of his Peruke, or the Sitting of his Band, and are ſo zealous for the above-cited Doctrines, the Traditions of theſe Fathers, that in Compliance with, and Practice of them, no Authority is ſufficient, no Place or Time ſacred enough to reſtrain the Emotions and Violence of their intemperate Zeal and headſtrong Paſſions.

Satire was always by the Ancients held in great Veneration; but the Manner of its Performance has been various, according to the prevailing Humours of the ſeveral Ages, or the Inclinations and natural Bias of the Authors; and at this Day it is not leſs practiſed than in any preceeding Times, but with this Difference, that as in every foregoing Age ſome one particular Method of ſatyrizing was generally in Repute and Practice, whilſt the others were diſregarded, now every Sort prevails, and ſeems to ſtand upon an equal Foot.

Some purſue the plain and open Method of expoſing Perſons as well as Things; but yet keeping within the Bounds of Truth: This Sort, however,

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is not in Eſteem with high Tantivee Scaramouches, who reject it as fit for none but Pedants, Puritans, and Fanaticks; but make Choice of that which is ſet off with all the Rhetorick of Slander, Calumny and Detraction, invidious and falſe Reflections, groundleſs Jealouſies and Surmiſes, with Names of Odium and Diſtinction, and a vaſt Heap of Epithets, as unintelligible to moſt Part of their Readers, as impertinent to their Purpoſe, and as falſe in Fact as they are ſcandalous and injurious to the Perſons againſt whom they are directed; but to manage this Sort rightly, it is neceſſary that the Words themſelves naturally fall into an harſh, ſtrong, and violent Sound, which, as they are confuſedly thrown together, may not only ſtrike the Ear like Thunder, but raiſe the Paſſions, and hurry the rational Faculties into Confuſion; of this Sort, none is a greater Maſter than *Don Pictorio*, nor is there any that has equal Felicity of Genius this Way with himſelf, every Sentence throughout his Performances abounds with hyperbolical Examples of it.

Another Sort, which indeed in all Ages has been admired, but few has had Ability to practiſe, and not many more to underſtand, is that, which carries in it a ſharp and pungent, but cloſe, and, to vulgar Perſons, unperceivable Cenſure and Reproof; that is, in reality, the moſt refined and genuine Sort of a Satire, but beyond the Capacity of moſt Men, and allowed to none, but thoſe of exalted Reach and Judgment.

A Fourth, much in Vogue in a neighbouring Country, and of which we very ſeldom ſee an Example here, is done by Painting. *Don Pictorio* has given us the nobleſt Inſtance of this Kind, without which the World had never known, *What*, or *Who Judas* was. I know, ſome have cenſured him herein,

as

as though he had embraced the *Pythagorean* Philoſophy, and held the Tranſmigration of Souls; but ſuch abſtruſe Points being too ſublime for my meaner Abilities and Comprehenſion, I muſt refer it to the Learned to diſcuſs; with this one Remark, that this is the only Time, within the Sphere of my Knowledge, that *Judas* was repreſented as a dignified Clergyman of the Church of *England.*

These forementioned Gentlemen having, for ſeveral Years, made it their principal Buſineſs to mend the State; I refer it to the Reader's Judgment, when he ſhall have impartially examined their Productions, how well they have performed their Taſk; or whether they have not been excentrick in this Affair, with reſpect to their Office, as well as miſtaken in their Politicks; and have, inſtead of mending the State, kindled thoſe Animoſities amongſt the People which will not be eaſily extinguiſhed.

Monſieur *Richardo Index Expurgatorio* may here juſtly challenge a Place: a pretty pert Boy, who though he has not yet left off his white Frock, nor got out of his Primmer, may, in Time, come to be ſomething more than ordinary; he can already go on an Errand; fetch and carry as well as a Spaniel; can watch his bigger School-fellows; tell when they play Truant, or game for more than Farthings; if they ſteal their Exerciſe, or get any one elſe to write it for them; inform againſt them if they tell naughty Stories, or find Fault with the Rules of the Schools, or the Behaviour of the Uſhers: If they have any naughty Books or Ballads, or offer to ſell them to others.

His Diligence is very remarkable, having cauſed ſeveral, in the Petty-form, to be ſeverely whipped for this Practice, and, to put it paſt Contradiction, laid out the Farthings which were allowed him to

buy

buy his Breakfaſt, and now and then a few Apples; in Half-penny Pamphlets, and then told One of the principal Uſhers of the School; ſo that playing at Pitch and Huſtle, and trading in Half-penny Books and Ballads, is quite and clean ruined in the lower School, where it was only practiſed.

Nay, he has ventured to accuſe ſome bigger Boys in the upper School, for talking againſt ſome of the Orders of the School, and inſtead of minding their Leſſons, or making their own Exerciſes, writing of new Orders, and Reaſons for putting them in Practice; for which One of them was, by One of the head Uſhers, ordered to be tied faſt to the Block; that he might not ſtir Hand or Foot, till the Matter ſhould be thoroughly examined; he having ſuggeſted, that this was a Plot carried on by the great Boys of the School againſt ſome of the Uſhers, to turn them out of their Places.

His Attainments and Modeſty are no leſs remarkable than his natural Abilities; for though, as I told you before, he was not out of his Primmer; yet, in that, he can read as well as a Parſon; and by his Induſtry has made a Shift to learn to write, and his Modeſty is ſo great, that he would not inform his Maſter, by Word of Mouth, of theſe ill Practices amongſt his School-fellows, but wrote them in Two Letters, and got One of the Uſhers, with whom he could be free, to go with him to One of the head Uſhers and deliver them.

It muſt be allowed, that conſidering his Standing in the School, the Compoſure of theſe Letters are extraordinary; it is true there are ſome Places that are falſe Grammar, and others, where the Idiom may be ſometimes amiſs; ſome again are a little incoherent, and the Senſe ſomewhat obſcure, perhaps hardly Senſe; but the worſt of all is, that ſome

Things

Things are downright Fibs, which has ſpoiled a good old Proverb, That *Children and Fools tell Truth:* But what would you have of him, Gentlemen? He is but a Child, and when he grows bigger, or comes to be a Man, which will be *a long while firſt*, he will have more Wit, and leave off this naughty Trick of Fibbing, mend all his other little Faults, and write correctly; and as he deſigns to be a Parſon, for now and then he will be aiming at it and does it prettily, if he be encouraged, may, in Time, make an extraordinary Canon, for he is already a ſuper-excellent Blunderbuſs.

To conclude, if he be not taken off from his Book, he may in Forty Years more arrive to as great a Pitch of Learning as the famous *Shan ap Morgan*, and be able to write and ſpell his own Name with very little Help.

The next Author, Mr. *Buſy-Man*, is a Sort of amphibious Perſon, not eaſily to be placed in any Claſs, like ſome Creatures, that live both on Land and Water, and are ſo frequent on both, that it is hard to ſay which Element they more properly belong to.

At firſt, I was inclined to think him a *Spaniſh* Scaramouch, and that he was Preſident of the Fathers of the Inquiſition; but on ſecond Thoughts I was induced to alter that Opinion: Had he been a *Spaniſh* Scaramouch, and Head of the Inquiſition, or but an *Examiner* in that Office, he muſt have touched on nothing but religious Affairs, which is always the Pretence, whatever is the Cauſe of the Proſecution; and Hereſy is the Crime objected to the Priſoner, though his Money is his real Fault. But if he is a true blue Scaramouch, then *High-Church* is the Word, let the Cauſe be what it will; and it is for her Sake, that he intermeddles with Affairs of State,

State, and pretends to mend, or rather botch up, all the Miſmanagement thereof: But whether the Character of a Scaramouch will hold good with a weekly Scribler, is ſomewhat difficult to determine; and therefore I ſhall conclude he is a Sort of *Otter*, a ſtinking Creature, that lives either on Land or in the Water, either Church or State, uſed to neither, but pernicious to both.

Had he been an *Examiner* legally inſtituted, he muſt have been ſo in ſome particular Court, or Office; but he that thruſts himſelf in for a public *Examiner*, is a publick Nuiſance, and deſerves to be treated like a common *Pick-pocket*, or a *Buſy-body* in other Men's Matters, eſpecially by the State; which is examined into by this authoritive Interloper, by whom the Miniſtry is catechiſed, and before whom they ſtand corrected.

But for once, let us examine our *Examiner*, and enquire into his Merit and Ability, and I fear we ſhall find him *wanting*, and altogether unfit for ſuch an Office. His Front is always charged with a Scrap of *Latin*, which makes him paſs for an extraordinary Scholar with the Ignorant, who underſtand nothing of it; and ſometimes ſerves to puzzle the half-learned Scaramouches, and hackney Scriblers of the Town; this contains the moſt Part of his Learning, if not the Whole; and when you have read the *Motto*, you have all that is worth Notice. The Affronts and Indignities he offers *Priſcian* in every Paper, are too many to reckon up, unleſs the Author were better worth the Labour, and ſo obvious, that every Reader that is not ſupinely indolent, or ſtupendouſly ignorant, may remark them. Were a Jury of Criticks to ſit upon him, and bring in their Verdict, before an impartial Judge, the Conſequence would be dreadful; nor could he have

Recourſe

Recourſe to any Thing, but what his Clan, not many Years ſince, preſcribed to the Whigs, I mean *Prayers and Tears.*

His Religion and Manners are Two Twins, that go Hand in Hand, and in the Judgment of Charity muſt be allowed to be *none of the beſt.* He is very free with his Maker, and by his Practice one might be induced to believe, that either He never learned the third Commandment, or had gotten an Indulgence or Diſpenſation for the Breach thereof. For good Manners, it is queſtionable if he ever had any; but certainly, if he had, he left them behind him, when he was took from School, or loſt them at the Univerſity, together with the ſmall Stock of Learning that he carried thither. But if he has loſt Learning and good Manners, it muſt be allowed he has acquired other Accompliſhments which are more modiſh, *viz.* Raillery in the moſt virulent Manner, and Scurility in his Language to the laſt Degree: That Party muſt be brought to a low Ebb, that can find no better Patrons to defend them; but, I think, it is paſt Contradiction, that the Patron and Language are both as good as their Cauſe; and that Raillery and foul Language is all they have left to defend themſelves withal.

I ſhall take my Leave of this ſaucy, impertinent Author, only obſerving, that he is full of the *true Spirit of High-Church,* and can manage the argumentative Part as well as the beſt of them; which is, by impudently *denying* known Truths, and poſitively *aſſerting* known Lies! for it is no Sin, with ſuch Perſons, to ſpeak againſt their Conſcience.

And now *Don Quixot* comes upon the Stage of Action; a Man of ſingular Courage and Ability; had he not riſen in this Critical Juncture, for the Deliverance of the *Tories*, what had become of them,

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is more than I durſt take upon me to aſſert: Every Day that he comes forth is an Execution Day; he is ſingly more than a Match for the adverſe Party, and at every Stroke of his Paper-weapon lays Three or Four of the *Whig* Champions ſprawling at his Feet; every Day ſome or other of them are ſacrificed by his Hand to the infernal Lake, whilſt he, triumphant, bears down all before him.

It would be criminal to queſtion this doughty Hero's Learning; it is parallel to his Courage, and beyond the Capacity of *Whigiſh* Principles to comprehend. He never accoſts his Adverſaries, but with true and genuine *Roman* Language, which muſt ſtrike Terror into all Opponents. The Claſſicks are his Familiars, and at his Command obſequiouſly incorporate, and twiſt themſelves with his Diſcourſes; ſo that his Performances and Religion are undoubtedly of a Kind, and both allied to *Rome* by the ſtricteſt League and Covenant.

His Zeal is too ardent to be deſcribed by Words; and were it not engaged in ſuch a Cauſe, might ſtand in Need of ſome Correction and Reſtraint; it is undeniably ſomewhat immoderate, and to his Heat muſt be aſcribed thoſe Eſcapes, which *Whigiſh* Criticks may Cenſure as his Faults.

But conſider the wonderful Exploits he is engaged in; do Men in Paſſion and the Heat of Battle ſtand for polite Language, or correct Speech? How invidious is it to ſend the Gentleman, becauſe ſomewhat warm, back again to his Spelling book, or oblige him to conſult his Accidence, to make true Concord? Diſcord is what he is engaged in, and how oppoſite is this to Concord? What Buſineſs hath he with *Syntax*, who is ſo buſily employed in dividing between *Whig* and *Tory*, betwixt *High* and *Low-Church*; nay, dividing the *Whigs* from this World,

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and ſending them by wholeſale to another? Why ſhould he be ſtrictly tied up to Idiom, who cannot ſtrictly be called a *Briton?* It is but juſt, as well as generous, to make Allowance in theſe Reſpects to Foreigners. His Soul, his Religion is *Roman*; his Intereſt and Inclinations *French*; his Tongue is *Barleduck*; and, can you in Conſcience deſire a Gentleman, under theſe Diſadvantages, to write or ſpeak true *Engliſh?* Diſcourſe him in his Mother-tougue, and then ſee how he will manage you: As it is, he is more than a Match for the beſt of you, and every Day one or more of your Number falls before him; and without Controul, he rides Lord Paramount, and *Controller* over all.

And now it is high Time to draw towards a Concluſion; Multitudes might have been added to theſe wonderful Perſons already named, to whoſe indefatigable Pains in correcting the State, how much the Publick is indebted, is beyond my Capacity to determine: But, whatever former Ages may boaſt as to the Number and Capacity of Stateſmen, this may, undoubtedly, claim the Preference in both Reſpects; for never were there, as is manifeſted from the few foregoing Inſtances in this Kingdom, at one Time, *ſo many, and ſo accompliſhed Politicians.*

AN

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SICKNESS and DEATH OF DR. W--D W--RD;

As alſo of what appeared upon opening his Body.

In a Letter to a Friend in the Country.

By Dr. TECHNICUM.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata ſub umbras.

I Heartily condole with you and the Reſt of the *Literati*, on the Death of our dear Friend Dr. *W--dw-rd*, and have tranſmitted, according to your Deſire, a brief Account of his Illneſs and Behaviour before he died, and the moſt remarkable Phœnomena upon Diſſection: When he firſt publiſhed his *State of Phyſick*, &c. no Man was more vivacious and

and alert, from a keen Appetite and a good Digeſtion, he entertained the Hopes of a long Life, and promiſed himſelf that his *Lacteals* were very numerous. On the other Hand he was ſatisfied, from the Redundancy of his Diſcoveries, that he was the *Columbus* of the Faculty, and the greateſt Genius that ever appeared in it; that he ſhould have Statues erected to him, and his Works be tranſlated into all Languages. But when he found, poor Gentleman, his Miſtake, that his Writings were the Jeſt of the Town and Country, and admitted even into the Farce of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouch*, he began to loſe, in ſome Meaſure, his indelible Sort of Kindneſs for the Children of his Brain, and to lament the Unhappineſs of diſtreſſed Merit. I obſerved, that *Garth*'s Diſpenſary, which he quoted at Random in his Illneſs, was of mighty Conſolation to him, not upon the Account of the Morality of the Piece, but becauſe it highly delighted him to conſider, that if a Satire was levelled againſt the whole Profeſſion, any ſingle Member might endure it with greater Patience and Reſignation. However, that the Doctor might not ſtand alone in Controverſy, he and I compoſed a little Tract, which we thought would have demoliſhed the Triumvirate: For though neither of us alone were able to encounter our Antagoniſts, yet the Cauſe muſt neceſſarily be ſucceſsful, from ſuch a formidable Confederacy of Wit, from the united Talents of a Mathematical Divine, and a Foſſiliſtical Practitioner.

But this Stratagem failing alſo, and the Pamphlet being returned on our Hands by the Bookſeller, the Doctor grew immediately chagrined and melancholy. I cannot ſay, indeed, but after the firſt Attack of his Diſeaſe, he would ſhew, at Intervals in Converſation, a Serenity of Temper entirely diſpaſſionate, which might be conſtrued by his Enemies perhaps the moſt conſumate

conſummate Impudence. In Company with his own Fraternity he carried on the ſame Air of Unconcern, took Place of his Juniors, as he has confeſſed, and ſeemed extravagantly full of Glee, that he was arrived in a Circle, as it were, to his old Station, and likely to rejoice again in the Capacity of a Foreman. But his Diſtemper grew upon him by Degrees, and began to be attended with Phœnomena that were not genuine and uſual. What to call it I could not learn from his Phyſicians, nor is it at all material; for all Diſeaſes ariſing from an Exuberance of the bilioſe Salts, there is no Occaſion for Diviſions; nor is there any Difference, according to the Notions of our departed Friend, between the Cauſe of an Apoplexy, or *Furor Uterinus*. It is plain that, by his over-great Solicitude and Grief, the Salts, which ſerved for his Digeſtion, were otherwiſe employed; and the Phlegm becoming ſtagnate, the Salts increaſed in Number, and by the Steam of their Collections occaſioned an Inflation of the Stomach. According, therefore, as the Organs were incommoded and embaraſſed, he was affected with a Variety of Symptoms; ſometimes he would have a Faintneſs and Swooning on him, and be puſillanimous and dejected: I have ſeen him throw himſelf into a Difficulty of Breathing, by pouring forth a Torrent of rugged Epithets upon his Adverſaries; but upon an accidental Cloſure of the Upper Orifice of the Stomach, he would begin to whoop and hiccough, and be troubled with Choakings, Startings, and Strangulations. The Fur and Foulneſs of his Tongue were remarkable, and his Belchings were ſour, noiſome, and fœtid, though generally nothing elſe but Wind. His Aſpect was convulſed into a Grimace, yet the Heat and Fluſhing of his Face was never intenſe enough, as I perceived, to make him bluſh. The Salts indeed, being a little over-heated, excited ſomething

thing bordering upon that harſh, uneaſy, and offenſive Senſation called a Fever: And in fine, Sir, the Bile being highly vitiated, annoyed the Organs, indiſpoſed the Frame and made ſuch a Confuſion and Perturbation in his Brain, as to bring on Madneſs and Deliria. His Power of Thinking was ſo depraved, perverted, and confounded, that every Thing he uttered for the laſt Ten Days, was nothing elſe but the confuſed Images of Things and Perſons he had been engaged with. Laughing, Weeping, Anxiety, and Suſpicion, were the kindeſt Symptoms; for he would frequently foam at Mouth, bite and bark like a mad Dog.

Dr. *Byfield*, Dr. *Tripe*, *Elkanah Settle*, and my Lord *Peterborough*, were moſtly the Objects of his Rage; but if he ſpoke a Line of Senſe, he would run immediately into a Hotch-potch, as he uſed to call it, concerning *Graduates*, *Creeds*, *Proceſſions*, *Reliques*, *Extreme Unction*, *Gotham Correſpondence*, *Father Grueber*, *the Devil*, *and the Pretender*.

While he retained his Senſes he would be ſatisfied with nothing but his own Method, and he had, every Day, for above Twenty Days together, a Clyſter, a Purge, and a Quart or Two of Oil. His Phyſicians, as he approached his latter End, directed him ſome other Medicines, which he ſometimes took, but even in his Ravings would call aloud for an Emetic, and be impatiently craving after Oil.

He took a Vomit the very Day he died, nay, almoſt the very Minute; and, as he was expiring, let fall the large Cockle-ſhell of Sack-whey out of which he uſed to drink.

I have been, Sir, more particular in this Relation, to obviate the Miſrepreſentations of Two different Sorts of People. Some there are, who have had the Folly to declare that the Doctor died immediately of a Fright at the Appearance of the late Meteor;

others again, with an Impudence never to be paralleled, affirm him now to be alive. To the Firſt I anſwer, that it is irrational to ſuppoſe ſuch a Phænomenon could be terrible to one who has been always prying into Grottos and Vulcanos, and the Wonders of the Creation. It is true he ſaw it, but at that Time was incapable of giving any tolerable Account of it. In ſhort, he was out of our Order long before, and departed this Life on the firſt Inſtant, which, whether ominous or not, I ſhall not take upon me to determine.

To the Second there is nothing ſcarcely can be ſaid; for a Man muſt be loſt to all Modeſty and common Senſe, who will affirm a Thing, which, if he will but go to *Greſham*, is in his Power to contradict. With theſe very Eyes, I declare to you, I ſaw him make his *Exit*, which I will atteſt upon Oath, if required: But I need not, Sir, be at the Pains to convince you, or any Man, who is acquainted with my Character, and knows what Regard the Court of Equity has for my Veracity. I ſpeak this with the more Warmth, becauſe I am ſatisfied, notwithſtanding our *Verbum Sacerdotis* is pawned for it, that there are ſome who will ſtill inſiſt upon his being now living; and I deſign to caution a certain Bookſeiler near *St. Paul*'s, who, I hear, has more than once reported it; for as I am his Executor, I am told it will bear an Action. What will ſtill indeed confirm the World in this Notion, is, that ſome about him, who thought every Thing he ſaid muſt neceſſarily be good, have already printed all the Rhapſody of his Deliria. This, however, is my Comfort, though I ſhall ſee him perſonated, and ſeveral Pieces publiſhed under his Name, yet as his Language and Ideas are inimitable, the wiſer Part of Mankind muſt diſcover the Impoſture.

I ſhall

I ſhall give you a full Account of his Works in a little Time; I am ſcarce, as yet, Maſter enough of his Phyſick, in which he moſtly followed the *Germans*: This I am ſure, he was a good Naturaliſt, and very communicative of his Foſſils: In his Religion I had, you know, well grounded him, and he ſeemed to exceed myſelf in the Belief of thoſe Principles I had inſtilled.

He was a true Philoſopher in Temper, and as he deſired not to want, ſo he never abounded in his Circumſtances. I ſhall get but a very Trifle by his Kindneſs to me; I believe his *Knicknackatory* may defray the Expences of his Funeral, and pay the Druggiſt for Ipecacuanha; and I hope the Chariot and Horſes will diſcharge the other leſſer Matters. His Oilman (for an Apothecary he ſeldom uſed) ought to be very reaſonable in his Bill, conſidering what Advantages accrued to him from his Recommendation. I heard him ſay not long ago (and no Man was more punctual in his Arithmetick) that in the Courſe of his Practice he had adminiſtered 20,473 Vomits, 756 Hogſheads, 4 Gallons, and a Pint of Sack-whey, and above 50 Ton of Oil.

But before I take Leave, it will be expected I ſhould ſay ſomething for the Satisfaction of the Ladies, who will be inquiſitive of what Sex he died: The Account of his Diſſection will inform them in that Particular; and although from the Softneſs of his Voice ſomething may have been ſuggeſted to his Diſadvantage in their Eſteem, yet I know not whether that Conſtitution is not more eligible that inclines one to the Gout of *Italy* and *Spain*, and gives a Man a ſtronger Reliſh for the more manly Pleaſures of thoſe warmer Climates.

His Body purſuant to his own Deſire was opened by Mr. *Marten*, in the Preſence of three or four

foreign Virtuoſo's: The Complexion of the Skin was party-coloured, and had ſomething of the *Tarniſh and Sully* natural to a Jaundice. We firſt viewed the *Abdomen:* The *Muſculus Rectus* continued fleſhly to the very Middle of the *Sternum* before it began to be tendinous, as is obſerved in the *Simia*; (*a*) which Contrivance of Nature no Doubt facilitates the *rigling Motion* of that Animal. The *Omentum*, the main Fund of the Fat, which ſhould have been the Guard againſt the Attacks of the *Billoſe Salts*, was periſhed, diſſolved, and quite gone. The Stomach appeared extremely inflated, and plainly made ſuch a Preſſure upon the *Curb of the Aorta*, that there was ſcarce any Paſſage left through the deſcending Trunk. In the Cavity of the Stomach, as an ocular Proof of his Doctrine, preſented itſelf an incredible Quantity of *Bile* ſufficient to produce that *Modulation upon the Brain* which he gave the firſt Hint of to the World. The inner Surface was entirely ſmooth, not a Footſtep of the *Velvet Tunicle* remaining: This was perhaps from the conſtant Uſe of drinking Gallons of Sack-Whey with his Vomits. The Aperture of the *Pylorus* was very exrtaordinary, it was big enough to admit a Man's Thumb; and indeed while he continued ſenſible, he often ſaid, ſo it would be found upon Diſſection: For in all that Time he obſerved, that the *Pylorus* never would cloſe, ſo as to give him the Refreſhment even of a Slumber. Towards the *Pylorus* within the Stomach was placed a fleſhly Subſtance, reſembling, though ſet at a greater Diſtance, that in the *Hog-kind* (*b*); to which *Species*, eſpecially the *Tajacu* or *Opoſſum*,

(*a*) Blaſius de Anatom. Simiæ.

(*b*) Grew's Comparat. Anatom. Blaſius de Anatom. Porci.

(*c*) this

(*c*) this *Phænomenon* is ſo peculiar. Anatomiſts look upon this as a *Stopple*, which is of great Service in the Cloſure of the *Pylorus*. (*d*) Hence another Reaſon may be deduced for his Want of Sleep, this Inſtrument not being in him ſituated near enough to act a Part in this Affair.

Throughout the whole Tract of the Inteſtines there was nothing very remarkable, beſides an exceeding Flatulency, and great Gluts of *vitiated Bile*: There were alſo large Quantities of *Oil* floating about, undigeſted and unaltered. At the *Anus* was a *Ficus* of an uncommon Magnitude. To the *Rectum*, near the *Verge of the Cloaca*, adhered a Pouch full of a glanduluous Juice, much like what the Naturaliſts deſcribe in the *Hyæna Odorifera, the Rattle-Snake, and the Pole-Cat*; and which, no Doubt, imparted that Fragrancy he uſed to remark in his very Excrements: Though when the Diſcharge was more than uſual, this extraordinary Perfume might poſſibly turn to a common Stink, as has been obſerved in other Animals. (*e*) The *Cœcum*, as happens always in a certain *Race of Creatures*, was entirely wanting. (*f*) The Meſentery was very ſtrumoſe, and the Lacteals obſtructed to that Degree, as to be viſible: One of them, which ſeemed to be the laſt allotted for the Period of this great Man's Life, had it Oriſices impacted by three or four large Globules of the *Bilioſe Salts*.

The Liver was immenſely big, divided into ſeven Lobes and tinged with *Bile*; the Gall-Bladder was of a Size proportionable, indeed very near equalling

(*c*) Dr. Tyſon, Phil. Tranſact. n. 153.
(*d*) Dr. Tyſon, Phil. Tranſact. n. 153.
(*e*) Ibid. n. 144. 153. Blaſius Anatom. Brutor.
(*f*) Blaſius.

that of an Ox. From the *Ductus Chodelochus*, beſide the Branch that enters the *Duodenum*, we diſcovered upon a nicer Enquiry, another inſerted immediately into the Stomach itſelf. The Stomach was of a triangular figure, (*g*) large, tenſe, and in ſome Places ſchirroſe; abounding with a thick heavy *Atra Bilis*. The Urinary Organs were all ſound, and were ſo far from having any rank Smell in them, that the few Contents there were left in the Bladder, very near approached the Nature of *Oil*. I ſhall, out of Decency, omit any Deſcription of the Parts of Generation, only that the *Teſtes* were moſtly hid in the Groin (*h*).

In the *Thorax*, the *Thymus* was found to be as big as uſually it is in a *Calf*. The Heart was very flabby, and for the moſt Part unſound and rotten: Upon the left Ventricle appeared a very virulent Ulcer. The Lungs were *cramped*, *ſtreightened*, and much *incommoded* by the bearing up of the Diaphragm; occaſioned by the great Inflation of the Stomach. Upon the ſame Account, the Back, during the laſt Days of his Illneſs, was very much up, and appeared ſomewhat *gibboſe and humped*.

Upon opening the Brain, there were evident Marks of the cruel *Ravages and Depredations* of the *Biliоſe* Principles. The *Dura Mater* was fretted, and wholly unſtrung; the Circumvolutions in the *Cerebrum* all obliterated, and the Surface quite plain and even; which Doctor *Willis* has obſerved to be the Caſe of ſome *particular Perſons* (*i*). The *Vacuities* in his *Venter* were large to an uncommon Degree. The *Pineal Gland* was perfectly flaccid, ſo that it ſeemed to have been incapable for ſome Time of giving any proper Directions to the Will. However,

(*g*) Blaſius. (*h*) Ibid.
(*i*) Anat. Cereb. *c. x.*

the

the Nervous Syſtem was tenſe, and peculiarly adapted for *Vibration*.

I thought this Account would be acceptable to you, both as it might give ſome Light to Mankind into the Cauſes of Diſtempers, and more particularly likewiſe as it might be of great Uſe to confirm the *Doctrines* laid down by our late dear departed Friend.

April 4, 1719.

I am, Yours &c.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF *Don Bilioſo de* L'ESTOMAC:

Tranſlated from the Original *Spaniſh* into *French*; done from the *French* into *Engliſh*.

With a Letter to the College of *PHYSICIANS*.

I ſay, whatever you maintain
Of Alma *in the Heart or Brain,*
The plaineſt Man alive may tell ye,
Her Seat of Empire is the Belly;
From whence ſhe ſends out thoſe Supplies
Which make us either ſtout or wiſe.

Anno 1719.

To the College of Phyſicians *in* London.

Gentlemen, DUBLIN.

WE ſo ſeldom trouble you with any of our Writings from this Side of the Water, that I hope the preſent will be the eaſier excuſed; for as we live in an Iſland which has very little Share in the Management of the grand Affairs in the World, we have the leaſt Curioſity in prying into them; and this perhaps produces that Indolence of Temper in us, that we rarely make Noiſe enough to be heard by our neighbour Nations, and therefore ſcorn.

ſcorn to liſten to their Secrets; if by chance an Improvement of any of the Arts or Sciences (that has ſtood the Teſt of the *Engliſh* Criticks) appears here in publick, it is received with an entire Submiſſion, and we reckon it as binding on us, as your *Engliſh* Acts of Parliament: Indeed, if the Truth or Uſefulneſs of any ſuch Improvement be controverted among you, we generally take the ſtrongeſt Side, and ſo live in perfect Harmony and Peace among each other; whether it be that our Poſſeſſions being ſmall and pretty much on a Level, or whatever elſe may be the Reaſon, we religiouſly agree not to invade or diſturb each other's Property. Gentlemen, if ſome among you had followed theſe pacific Maxims, you had ſaved yourſelves the Trouble of this Epiſtle, and me the Expence and Trouble of buying and reading Dr. *W.*'s State of Phyſick.

The Beginning of this ingenious Performance put me in Mind of *Don Quixote*'s good Squire *Sancho*, whoſe favourite Maxim was, that the Belly kept up the Heart, and not the Heart the Belly. I will not ſay the Doctor ſtole this Notion from that merry Gentleman, becauſe I believe I ſhall prove preſently that the Author of *Don Quixote* was alſo the Author of the State of Phyſick; for upon dipping a little farther into the Book, I obſerved ſuch a romantick Air through the whole, and a Manner of Writing ſo different from any Phyſician I ever read, that I immediately concluded Dr. *W.* muſt be that young Phyſician, who, enquiring of Dr. *Sydenham* what was the beſt Book in Phyſick, was told *Don Quixote*. Upon theſe Reflections, and reading a little farther, I recalled to mind that I had read a great many Paſſages of this State of Phyſick in ſome Romance or other; and was ſo prepoſſeſſed of the Truth of it, that with infinite Labour, though with Pleaſure, I read over all

Don Quixote's Library; but to my great Grief in none of theſe could I trace the Doctor; at laſt, by pure Accident, I found an old *French* Manuſcript tranſlated from the *Spaniſh*; the Title is, *Les Aventures Don de Biliose de L'Eſtomac.* I was as proud of this Diſcovery as *Thales* or *Pythagoras* of theirs: I cried Εὕρηκα, and if I had not been a better Chriſtian than either of them, would have ſacrificed an Hecatomb. In ſhort, this is the very Book I ſought for, and upon Examination I found the State of Phyſick to be a mere Tranſcript from it, excepting that the Author has broke the Thread of the Hiſtory in ſeveral Places, and now and then miſtaken (for want of *Spaniſh*) the Senſe of the Author. When the Tranſports for my new Diſcovery were a little abated, I began to reflect with the deepeſt Melancholy on the deplorable Condition of the State of Phyſick (not the Doctor's State of Phyſick) in theſe Kingdoms, if ſuch Practices as theſe ſhall go unpuniſhed. What in the Name of Goodneſs could poſſeſs this Gentleman to endeavour to impoſe a Romance on us for a Treatiſe in Phyſick, unleſs he deſigned to baniſh this Science out of *England*, as *Cervantes* did Knight Errantry out of *Spain?* I have heard indeed that ſome Chymical Enthuſiaſts have maintained that *Homer's Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, nay the Bible itſelf, contained nothing but the Secret of making the Philoſopher's Stone, and the Grand Elixir: That *Homer's* Rules for Fighting, and the holy Precepts in the Scriptures for the Conduct of our Lives, were but ſo many Proceſſes for making theſe grand *Arcanums*; but ſure none of theſe Adepts were ſo mad to attempt making Gold by one or the other; and I am plaguily miſtaken if the Doctor makes any by my Manuſcript; yet after all I confeſs I pity this poor Gentleman's Caſe, he thirſting after Knowledge, and from his Youth upward ſolicitous for the publick Good, earneſtly

neſtly and gravely deſired *Sydenham*'s Advice; Read *Don Quixote*, ſays the jocoſe Doctor. The Bilioſe Salts being very predominant both in Quantity and Quality in this poor Gentleman's Conſtitution, and (unhappily for him) the Inſtruments of Cogitation ſo confounded the cogitative Faculty, that he did not diſtinguiſh Jeſt from Earneſt; and his Paſſion for his Author became ſo exorbitant (curſe on all Bilioſe Salts) that he neglected all other Books but Romances ever after. How theſe helliſh Salts impoſe on the Organs of Senſe, produce luſory Viſions, and repreſent Actions, Perſons, and Things, that no where exiſt but in theſe deluſive Operations and Impoſitions, this unfortunate Gentleman is a melancholy Inſtance.

But to return to my Manuſcript, I really have not Time to tranſcribe it, and am too fond of it to part with it; however, that you may not ſuſpect any Impoſition, I have here ſent you the Heads of the ſeveral Chapters, and refer you to the Pages in the State of Phyſick. The only Recompence I deſire of you, Gentlemen, is, that you will reimburſe me the Money I laid out in purchaſing the Doctor's Tranſlation, conſidering I have the original Manuſcript by me, and that the Money will be but a Trifle among you all; beſides, I hope I ſhall not diſoblige Dr. *W.* by thus publickly declaring the true Father of this Child, which has been ſo great a Reproach to him, ſince it will ſave him the Trouble of maintaining another Man's Brat; and I therefore expect he will ſend me all the Novels, and Romances of his writing, which (I don't queſtion) may be eaſily got.

The Life and Adventures of *Don Bilioſo de l'Eſtomac*, &c.

Chap. I. OF *Don Bilioſo*'s Birth. How when his Mother was with Child of him, contrary to other Women, ſhe grew big about the Shoulders, her *Sternum* became prominent, and her Back gibbous, her Belly all this while continuing as lank as a Virgin's. How ſhe died in Labour, and how *Don Bilioſo* was miraculouſly preſerved by being cut out of her Stomach. *Vide* State of Phyſick, *p.* 91, 92.

Chap. II. Concerning *Don Bilioſo*'s Education; how he was nurſed in a Coal-pit, and of his ſtrange Inclination of travelling under Ground; of his Converſation with Spirits, and how he ſtudied the *Black Art*. *Vide* Natural Hiſtory, *p.* 3, 4.

Chap. III. How *Don Bilioſo* raviſhed the incomparable and beautiful *Donna Phlegma*, and how they lived together like Dog and Cat, and ſhe bore him afterwards ſeveral very unlucky Children; *p.* 92. And of an ancient Prophecy of above Two thouſand Years, foretelling what great Miſchief he, his Wife, and Children, ſhould commit in the World, *p.* 90.

Chap. IV. How *Don Bilioſo*'s Children committed ſeveral mad Pranks, and how he reclaimed them by gentle and ſoft Means, oiling their Sides very well, and liquoring their Boots, *p.* 81.

Chap. V. In this Chapter is related the wonderful Proweſs of the gallant *Don Bilioſo*; how he deſtroyed

ſtroyed Thirty Fleas that attacked ſome diſtreſſed Damſels, and how they miraculouſly eſcaped being fleabitten; and how a Lady got out of his Hands with a whole Skin. *p.* 86, 88.

Chap. VI. How that cruel *Don Putrido Salino*, by the Advice and Aſſiſtance of *Donna Phlegma*, moſt barbarouſly flea'd and fetched off the Skin of ſeveral innocent People's Mouths and Throats. *p.* 89.

Chap. VII. How *Don Bilioſo* and *Donna Phlegma* quarrelled in Church; how they were confined in an Organ Loft for diſturbing the Congregation; how by Art Magick they got into the great Organ Pipe, and how they made greater Emotions, Colluctations, and Pertrubations than before; as alſo how they ſet the whole Church a ſpewing. *p.* 95.

Chap. VIII. *Don Bilioſo*'s Advice to his Friends about frying Pancakes; how to prevent them from riſing into Bliſters, and how there is no truſting to the common Receipts. *p.* 96.

Chap. IX. How he taught an intelligent Surgeon to ſet Bones and cure Bruiſes; how he quarrelled with a ſtrange Knight for not telling him his Secrets; and how out of Spight he told Secrets which no one would liſten to. *p.* 101, *&c.*

Chap. X. How *Don Bilioſo* made *Donna Diarrhœa* dead drunk; and how when he had his Will of her, he turned her out of the Back Door; *p.* 104. Alſo how he and *Donna Phlegma* lacerated her great Capillary Veſſel, and left her bathing in Blood, *p.* 105. and when ſhe awaked, how they twitched and jerked her Buttocks, until they made her dance without Muſick. *p.* 106.

Chap. XI. How *Don Bilioſo* and *Donna Phlegma* were taken up by the Inquiſition as Conjurers, for giving People the Stranguary, Stoppage of Urine, bloody Urine, and ſpitting Blood. *p.* 106 *and* 108.

Chap.

Chap. XII. How *Don Bilioſo* was ſet at Liberty by the Giant *Variolas*, and how they entered into a ſtrict Friendſhip.

Chap. XIII. How the Giant *Variolas*, after his Friendſhip with *Don Bilioſo*, contrary to all Laws of Humanity, treated a great many honeſt People very cruelly, eſpecially *Don Bilioſo's* Friends; laming ſome, blinding others, and downright murdering the moſt part; though he let a great many Rogues paſs unmoleſted. *p.* 111, 112, *&c.*

Chap. XIV. In this Chapter you have related Two Inſtances of *Don Bilioſo's* great Humanity; how he tore up a Nettle by the Root for bliſtering a Child's Cheek, and how he fainted away at ſeeing a Girl's Noſe bleed. *p.* 114 *and* 125.

Chap. XV. How *Don Bilioſo* gave a Doſe of *Opium* to a troubleſome Bed-fellow, and after he was aſleep, with what Caution and Humanity he attacked him behind, and made an Evacuation in his Body. *p.* 129, 130.

Chap. XVI. The pleaſanteſt Chapter in the whole Book: How *Donna Diarrhœa* put the Giant *Variolas* into ſuch a Fright, that he be-ſh—t himſelf: How *Don Bilioſo* perſuaded him not to wipe his Br—ch, leſt Part of the excluded Excrement might be repelled into the *Anus*: *Periculoſæ plenum opus oleæ. p.* 131 *ad* 138.

Chap. XVII. How *Don Bilioſo* at a publick Tournament deſcants on the Uſe and Choice of Arms; he proves beyond Contradiction that blunt Swords make deeper and more dangerous Wounds than the ſharpeſt and beſt pointed; that a little Oil will make a Feather as ſharp as a Razor; that he had killed more Knights with that Weapon, than *Achilles* with his Spear, or *Hercules* with his Club; he challenges the Giant *Variolas* to a Tilt; *Don Bilioſo* is diſmounted;

his Cruet of Oil broken, and his Cloaths dirtied *p.* 138, *ad* 150.

Chap. XVIII. *Don Bilioſo*'s Opinion of a Council of War; he ſhews plainly it muſt be attended with very fatal Conſequences, unleſs the General Officers are all of a Size; of the ſame Complexion; if their Swords are not of an equal Length; and finally, if their Armour bear not the ſame Devices. *p.* 150 *ad* 156.

Chap. XIX. This Chapter treats of a Thouſand important Impertinencies, which, though very ridiculous, are notwithſtanding highly neceſſary for the right underſtanding many things in this Hiſtory. *p.* 110.

Chap. XX. *Don Bilioſo* encounters with a ſtrange Knight, for reſcuing a diſtreſſed Damſel from the Giant *Variolas*; *p.* 159. He raiſes the Ghoſts of Two Enchanters, his old Friends, to his Aſſiſtance. The ſtrange Knight carries off the Damſel from them all; *Don Bilioſo* left in a Pertrubation, *&c. p* 171.

Chap. XXI. The ſtrange Knight by his Valour and Conduct recovers a Youth from *Variolas*; *Bilioſo* more enraged than ever; *p.* 172. He proclaims the ſtrange Knight a Coward for protecting Children and Infants. In this Chapter is alſo ſhewn, that the Giant and *Don Bilioſo* were great Lovers of Boys. *p.* 182.

Chap. XXII. Here *Don Bilioſo* very ingeniouſly expoſes the Craft and ſhifting Tricks of Women: He proves from the Delicateneſs of their Frame, and Tenderneſs of their Conſtitutions, that they are better able to endure Hardſhips than Men are, they having more Holes to creep out of than Men. *p.* 185 *ad* 183.

Chap. XXIII. *Don Bilioſo* very artfully endeavours to perſuade the ſtrange Knight to confeſs he had murdered and eaten the Women and Children he had reſcued from the Giant *Variolas*. *p.* 188.

Chap.

Chap. XXIV. How *Don Bilioſo* arrived at a ſtrange Iſland, where Six Times as many went out as came in every Year; and how, notwithſtanding the Iſland grew more populous, and alſo notwithſtanding the Increaſe of the People, there was more Beef, Plumb-Pudding, and Cuſtard, and ſtrong Beer conſumed than was ever known before. *p.* 102 *ad* 198.

Chap. XXV. How that Giant *Variolas* arrived in the ſame Iſland, and in One Year devoured Three thouſand One hundred Thirty-eight Men, Women, and Children; *p.* 191. As alſo how *Don Bilioſo* grew ſo fat upon picking the Bones, that his Armour grew too little for him; and how for Grief he turned Friar, and preached, and propheſied, and foretold the Day of Judgment. *p.* 109 *ad* 201.

Chap. XXVI. How *Don Bilioſo* came back to his native Country, turned Scavenger, ſwept the Streets, ſet up a Dairy, and found out a great *Arcanum* to keep Milk Veſſels ſweet. *p.* 209 *ad* 211.

Chap. XXVII. How *Donna Diarrhœa* uſed to put Tricks upon Travellers, and make them loſe their Way; how ſhe uſed to ſlip out of the Back Door, wipe her Br—ch with the Linen hanging in the Back-ſide, and how *Don Bilioſo*, by his diſcreet Management, prevailed on her to go out at the Street Door. *p.* 211, 212.

Chap. XXVIII. In this Chapter you have a learned Diſſertation on the Uſe and Virtues of Brooms, and ſome uſeful Inſtructions about ſweeping Kitchens; that it is better not to ſweep them at all, unleſs you ſweep them well, for that they will but grow the dirtier; and that it is neceſſary to put the Pots, Plates, and Diſhes in Order before you begin. You will alſo find it here fully proved, that the Ancients ſwept their Kitchens oftener than the Moderns, though they did not dreſs ſo much Meat. *p.* 112 *ad* 128.

Chap.

Chap. XXIX. How *Don Bilioſo* turn'd Mountebank; he tumbled, cut Capers, and walked the Slack Rope; but being not perfectly Maſter of his Trade, his Foot ſlipt, and he unfortunately broke his Neck, to the Admiration of all Spectators. *p.* 201 *ad* 209.

THE MOST

WONDERFUL WONDER,

THAT EVER APPEARED,

To the WONDER of the

BRITISH NATION.

BEING

An Account of the Travels of Mynheer VETERANUS, through the Woods of *Germany*: And an Account of his taking a moſt monſtrous SHE BEAR, who had nurſed up the WILD BOY: Their Landing at the *Tower*: Their Reception at Court: The Daily Viſits they receive from Multitudes of all Ranks and Orders of both Sexes.

WITH A

DIALOGUE between the Old SHE BEAR, and her FOSTER SON.

To which is added,

Viri Humani, Salſi, & Faceti Gulielmi Sutherlandi, *Multarum Artium & Scientiarum Doctoris Doctiſſimi, DIPLOMA.*

Written by the Copper-Farthing DEAN.

NO People on Earth are ſo inquiſitive, and ſo found of Rarities as the *Engliſh*, except the *Leigeois*, who, by the Conſonance of Humour and Manners,

Manners, ſeem to be deſcended from us; whoever knows their Hiſtory, and is acquainted with that of *England*, will readily give into my Opinion. This I have thought neceſſary to ſay by way of Introduction; for to fall *de but en blanc*, as the *French* ſay, or as we *Engliſh*, ſlap-daſh, upon the Subject, without preparing our Reader by ſome little introductory Diſcourſe to raiſe his Curioſity, gain his Attention, and beſpeak his Favour, would ſhew an Author ignorant of the modern Way of Writing. I, who am now pretending to that Title, ſhall endeavour to obſerve all Decorums, and prove by the little Treatiſe I have undertaken, that I aim at nothing more than giving the Town a polite Entertainment wherein I ſhall never deviate One ſingle Step from the Paths of of Truth, which is ſo ſtrictly followed by all Writers, ſince the Example ſet us by *Gilbert Burnet*, Biſhop of *Sarum*, that neither Party, Paſſion, nor private Pique can make an *Engliſh* Author guilty of, even an Equivocation. I would be underſtood, however, to except Jeſuits and Jacobites, for they are known to be incorrigible in their Hatred to that exemplary pious Man; and ſo great is their Rage, that I verily believe, had he ever given into Flattery and Falſhood, Two Vices which filled his righteous Soul with Horror, they would have embraced Truth and Plain Dealing. But it is not my Buſineſs here to examine the Principles of any Party or Faction; nor does it become an Author of a refined Taſte and polite Education, to expoſe the Faults, Slips, Miſtakes, Errors, or Inhumanity of our Neighbours, or to criticiſe their Morals.

I ſhall therefore come to the Subject Matter, without detaining my Reader any longer, ſince I ſuppoſe him of himſelf able to make all neceſſary Reflections, and it would be arrogating to myſelf a Superiority of Judgment,

Judgment, ſhould I pretend to make them for him. Be it known then, That Mynheer *Veteranus*, a *Dutch* Gentleman, who keeps a Gin-ſhop in *Amſterdam*, hearing the kind Reception the wild Boy met with here in *England*, and of the great Care taken for his Inſtruction in the Principles of the Chriſtian Faith, thought he could not do a more acceptable Piece of Service to this generous Nation, than that of enquiring out, and bringing over the Bear to whom the Care of his Infant State was committed. And knowing that the generous *Engliſh* would not ſuffer him to loſe either his Pains or Expences, if he ſucceeded in his Search and Endeavours to ſerve them, he left *Amſterdam*, reſolving to hunt all the Woods of *Germany* but he would find her out. To this End, he took a young Child with him, and having prepared his Toils, towards the Evening, in a certain Foreſt, he made the Child cry, thinking that the Nurſe, being accuſtomed to theſe Infant Ejaculations, would be allured by them. The Succeſs anſwered his Intentions; for a She Bear made up to the Place whence the Child's Cries proceeded, and was taken in the Toils. No ſooner had he, with the Men who accompanied him, muzzled her, ſo that ſhe could do no Miſchief, but he offered the Child to her Dugs, whom ſhe, without Reluctance, nay, with a viſible Tenderneſs, ſuffered to draw her Milk, and endeavoured, though too ſtraitly muzzled, to careſs it with her Velvet Tongue. Mynheer, to try her farther, took the Child away; whereat ſhe began to grumble in a frightful Manner; roar ſhe could not, for the above-mentioned Reaſon. Mynheer therefore being fully ſatisfied, was hoiſting her into a Cart brought to carry her off, when he was ſurprized by an uncommon Sight, a Child of about Two Years old, with his Noſe to the Ground, and followed by

ſome.

ſome Bears Cubs, came galloping upon all four in Search of the Dam and Nurſe, whom they followed by the Scent. This Sight made the *Dutch* Gentleman fear he had not the real Nurſe of the *Engliſh* wild Boy; but One of his Huntſmen told him it was a Confirmation that ſhe had nurſed the *Engliſh* Gentleman; for, ſays he, when a Bear has once brought up an Infant, they grow ſo fond of Children, that they never reſt contented without One for the Entertainment and Diverſion of their Cubs; and they will venture their Lives to ſteal One from the neighbouring Villages. Satisfied with what he heard, Mynheer *Veteranus* ordered the Child and Cubs to be taken, which was no hard Matter, for they would not quit the Dam. He then made the beſt of his Way Home, overjoyed, that he could be ſo ſerviceable to the *Britiſh* Nation (for which the *Dutch* in general have an inviolable Affection, as is demonſtrable in all their Actions) he took Shipping afterwards with his Prize, and ſafely landed at *Tower-Wharf* the Firſt of this Month; though ſome have falſely reported, that he was here Four Months before. However, he was no ſooner arrived, than he received the Thanks and Compliments of all the Nobility, who had the Honour of waiting on him, to whom he ſhewed this Rarity *gratis*. A certain Perſon of Diſtinction purchaſed his whole Cargo, the Bear with her Cubs and their Foſter-Brother; and ſending for the wild Gentleman, he ſhewed him the old Bear. The Lad no ſooner ſaw her, but, with Tears of Joy, he embraced his dear Nurſe; who on her Part gave as great Demonſtration of Fondneſs, hugging him, throwing herſelf on her Back, and opening her Legs offered him the Tet, which he ſucked as heartily as if he had never been weaned: He unmuzzled her, and it is impoſſible to expreſs the

Joy

Joy which appeared in the Eyes of both. The Cubs and new-found Infant were brought in, but the *Engliſh* Gentleman would not ſuffer them to approach; and indeed the Fondneſs the Bear ſhewed for the Recovery of her former Care, made her neglect her Cubs and new Nurſling. The Purchaſer of her is a Man of a great Eſtate, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whoſe Father is a Merchant of Sloes, Blackberries, Cyder, and Arſenick, in the City) being by, he deſired him to take Care of theſe Cubs, which the Bear had neglected, and he would pay him handſomely for their Board. Since which Time, the Bear has been ſhewn to all the Court; and we hear that a Den, in which formerly was kept One of the moſt monſtrous She Bears that ever the Woods of *Germany* produced, is now preparing for her Reception. The Bear's Firſt Fit of Tenderneſs for her recovered Darling being over, ſhe ſeemed by her Looks to enquire for her Young. The *Engliſh* Gentleman who is her Interpreter, aſked for them by her Orders. They were brought and the young Gentleman told his Foſter Mother in her own Language, that great Care ſhould be taken both of her Cubs and Nurſling; and that a Gentleman who was to have an Apartment joining to hers, had the Care of civilizing and bringing them up; which, as he was a *Scotſman* by Birth, none could perform with more Care, Skill, and Tenderneſs. As the *Engliſh* wild Gentleman did me the Honour to interpret to me the Dialogue between him and his Nurſe partly by Words, partly by Signs, I ſhall here give it the Reader *verbatim* without Addition or Diminution.

Bear. MY dear human Cub, how have I regretted your Loſs, how could you leave ſo tender a Mother?

Boy. I was raviſhed from you, my dear Mother, by the barbarous Creatures of my own Kind; who have incloſed me, as you ſee, in theſe Hides ſtript off ſome innocent Beaſts; and deprived me of the natural Uſe of my Fore Legs.

Bear. What Title has this Beaſt which goes erect on Two Legs contrary to the Order of Nature, to deprive us of our native Liberty?

Boy. The ſame they have to tyrannize over one another, the Power to do it. The Beaſt called Man has the Vanity to imagine himſelf the Head of the Creation; that every other Creature is ſubſervient to him, and made by the Sun for his Uſe; and that he alone has the Benefit of Reaſon and Expreſſion.

Bear. I find he is but a very ſilly Animal. Let him conſult Experience (for Reaſon I ſuppoſe he has none) and ſee which has moſt Claim to Superiority, the Two-legg'd, or the Four-legg'd Beaſt. Turn a Man looſe to me, to a Tiger, or a Lion, and let him ſhew his Excellence. He ſeems to me the moſt imperfect Piece of the Creation; for the Sun has given him neither Hair to cover him, nor Teeth nor Claws to defend him. Has he a Scent to find out his neceſſary Food?

Boy. They feed upon Animals weaker than themſelves, as Lambs, Fowls; and, by their Treachery, they kill and eat the Bull and Cow. They carry it fairly with them, and there is a Sort of Compact between theſe Beaſts: The Beaſt Man, in the Summer, cuts the Graſs, and lays up Proviſion for the Beaſt Bull againſt the Winter; and the Beaſt Bull helps him, by working, to lay up a Store for himſelf. But when Man is hungry, he takes an Opportunity

portunity, and kills and eats the undeſigning innocent Bull.

Bear. Monſtrous! I ſee the Horſe in Friendſhip with them; are they as treacherous to him?

Boy. I cannot tell; but they tyrannize over him becauſe of their Numbers; for otherwiſe, the Horſe is much the braver Beaſt. But they have an Invention of killing Creatures with Fire; which makes thoſe Beaſts who know them ſtand in Awe of them.

Bear. Since you have been ſome Time among the Beaſts of your own Species, you are certainly able to give me their Character.

Boy. That is a difficult Matter; for hardly One of them knows his own; and I have heard Men themſelves ſay, that it is the greateſt Wiſdom for a Man to know himſelf. Man is a very Contradiction; he prides himſelf as ſupperior to the Beaſts, and yet when he would exaggerate in his own Praiſe, it is by ſhewing that he is equal to ſome or other of them in the Gifts of Nature. Their Compariſons are with Beaſts of different Species from their own, and when they boaſt of their Strength, Subtilty, or Innocence, they immediately allude to the Lion, Serpent, and Dove, and ſo on in all other Perfections. Man ſtripped is the moſt defenceleſs and moſt ſheepiſh of all Animals; but when he is decked with Birds Feathers and Sheep's Wool, and laid over with a ſhining Earth, which they adore as we do the Sun, and has perfumed himſelf with the Excrements of a *Civet Cat*, his Pride makes him look with Contempt on every other Animal; as if the Pillage of different Beaſts had the Power to change his Nature. Their Judgments are ſo weak, that they will put one Man to Death, and extol another to the Skies, for one and the ſame Action. The glittering Earth I mentioned

is

is their God; it is almoſt of the Colour of the Fox, and ſo zealous are they in their Adorations of this their Deity, that they offer one another up in Sacrifice, in which by mutual Wounds both Prieſt and Victim fall. They are ſo fickle in their Temper, that they reſolve one Thing this Minute, and the contrary the next; and their Hatred is ſo violent when provoked, that they will wiſh the moſt cruel Miſchiefs even to themſelves; nay, they go farther, and put themſelves to Death.

Bear. Ridiculous Animal which purſues Annihilation; but I obſerve there is a Subordination among them: For one Man I ſee is followed and attended by a Number of others who obey his Orders. Is that Man ſtronger or wiſer than his Fellow Beaſts, that he has ſo many Jackals about him?

Boy. Not at all. It is very probable he is the weakeſt of the Pack.

Bear. Whence then this Obſervance?

Boy. He is bleſſed with the Favour of their God: You muſt know their Deity is divided into innumerable ſmall Particles, and he who poſſeſſes the greateſt Number of theſe, is the moſt honoured by the Reſt of his Species, and followed and waited on by them, to gather up ſuch Particles as he is obliged from time to time to ſcatter: For ſuch is the Nature of their God, that it cannot reſt long contented in one Place; though a Man whom the Sun killed not long ſince, had chained and fettered their great God of all, which they call by the Name of *Million*; this God of theirs I never ſaw. I can give you no farther Account, having been ſo ſmall a Time among them, and not as yet well enough acquainted with their Manner of Expreſſion; for they uſe many Words to which they join no *Idea*. Theſe are I fancy imaginary Deities; as Juſtice, Honour, Religion, Truth, Friendſhip.

ſhip, Loyalty, Piety, Charity, Mercy, Publick Good, and many others which commonly fill their Diſcourſe; but what is meant by them I cannot yet diſcover, though I have a ſtrong Notion they have no Meaning at all, and are only employed to give a Grace to their Converſation, becauſe they ſound pleaſant to the Ear, and run glibly off the Tongue.

Bear. But what do theſe Human Beaſts keep me here for?

Boy. I believe it is to admire you; for you may obſerve a great Number come to look at you. They take me to be ſomething above their own Species, for the fineſt of the Men will careſs me: but it is not ſtrange; I have had the Advantage of your Tongue to lick me into Form, and your Milk to rear me. There is one Thing which will make you wonder; the She Man carries about her the Skin of the Virile Inſtrument, but to what End I cannot find out.

Bear. If it is to admire me, well and good; for they cannot do it without abating very much of the Opinion they conceive of themſelves: But I ſhall not long be eaſy under this Confinement; though I am treated with no harſh Uſage, and even as the more noble Beaſt, for they attend and provide for me without any Care on my Side.

Boy. It is this I believe makes the Horſe and Dogs ſuffer the Inſults they meet from Man; for, all Things rightly conſidered, Man who provides for the Horſe's Suſtenance, who keeps him clean, carries away his Dung, and waits upon him when he has any Ailment, is no more than Slave to the generous Beaſt. As to the Dog, I have ſeen the She Men treat him with ſo much Care, Tenderneſs, and Deference, that I am apt to think they worſhip him; they take him into their Boſoms, kiſs, fondle, and careſs him, provide the beſt Entertainment for him; ſerve him before themſelves;

ſelves; and never ſuffer him to ſet his Foot to the Ground, but carry him in their Arms, and are diligent Attendants on him. They pay the ſame Reſpect to the Monkey. I was one Day in Converſation with one, who told me he thought himſelf happy that he had ſuch a Number of careful Slaves, who even prevented his Wiſhes, and provided ſo well for him not only all the Conveniencies of Life, but alſo what might gratify the Senſes; that he was ſatisfied the Reſt of his Species, had they a true Notion of Men, would condeſcend to converſe with and take upon them the Government of that paſſive Animal. This is the Monkey's Way of thinking; though Man thinks quite differently, and boaſts that the Monkey is his Slave.

Bear. Why? does the Monkey do any thing for Man?

Boy. Nothing; but when the Monkey laughs at the ridiculous Actions of that Beaſt, he laughs again at his Geſtures: The Monkey I juſt now mentioned found but one Fault with his Condition, which is (ſaid he) my Slaves are ſo incorrigibly ſtupid, that when they do any thing to diſpleaſe me, and I ſhew my Reſentment by Geſticulation, for I do not know their Language, they immediately fall a laughing.

Their Diſcourſe was here interrupted by ſome Company; for the Bear would not ſeem too free with the Boy, leſt Man might have a mean Opinion of her the Condeſcenſion.

Viri Humani, Salſi, & Faceti *Gulielmi Sutherlandi*, Multarum Artium & Scientiarum, Doctoris Doctiſſimi, DIPLOMA.

UBIQUE gentium & terrarum
From *Sutherland* to *Padanarum:*
From thoſe who have ſix Months of Day,
Ad Caput uſque Bonæ Spei;
And further yet *ſi forte tendat*
Ne ignorantiam quis pretendat.
We Doctors of the merry Meeting,
To all and ſundry do ſend greeting:
Ut omnes habeant compertum,
Per hanc preſentem noſtram chartam,
Gulielmum Sutherlandum *Scotum*
At home *per nomen Bogſie notum,*
Who ſtudied ſtoutly at our College,
And gave good Specimens of Knowledge.
In multis artibus verſatum
Nunc factum eſſe doctoratum.
Quoth PRESES, *Strictum poſt examen*
Nunc eſto Doctor, we ſaid *Amen.*
So to you all *hunc commendamus*
Ut juvenem quem nos amamus
Qui multas habet qualitates
To pleaſe all Humours and Ætates,
He vies if ſober with *Duns Scotus,*
Sed multo magis ſi ſit potus.
In diſputando juſt as keen as
Calom, John Knox, or Tom Aquinas;
In every Queſtion of *Theologie,*
Verſatus multum in Trickologie.

Et

Et in catalogis librorum,
Frazer could never ſtand before him,
For he by Page and Leaf, can quote
More Books than ever *Solomon* wrote;
A Lover of the Mathematicks
He is, but hates the Hydroſtaticks:
Becauſe he thinks it a cold Study
To deal in Water clear or muddy.
Doctiſſimus eſt medicinæ,
Almoſt a *Borchave* or *Bellini*;
He thinks the Dyet of *Cornaro*
In Meet and Drink too ſcrimp and narrow,
And that the Rules of *Lernard Leſſius*
Are good for nothing but to ſtreſs us.
By ſolid Arguments and keen,
He has confuted Doctor *Cheyne*;
And clearly prov'd by Demonſtration,
That Claret is a good Collation.
Sanis, ægris, always better
Than Coffee or Tea, Milk or Water.
That chearful Company *cum riſu,*
Cum vino forti, ſuavi viſu,
Guſtatu dulci, ſtill has been
A Cure for Hyppo and the Spleen:
That Hen and Capon, *vervecina,*
Beef, Duck, and Paſties, *cum ferina,*
Are good Stomachicks, and the beſt
Of Cordials, *Probatum eſt.*
He knows the Symptoms of the Phthiſis,
Et per ſalivam ſees Diſeaſes,
And can diſcover in *urina,*
Quando ſit opus medicina.
A good French Nightcap ſtill has been,
He ſays, a proper Anodyne,
Better than Laudanum or Poppy
To *Dormiamus* like a Toppy.

Affirmat luſum alearum
Medicamentum eſſe clarum.
Or elſe a Touch at Three Hand Umber,
When Toil or Care our Spirits cumber,
Which graft Wings on our Hours of Leiſure,
And make them fly with Eaſe and Pleaſure.
Aucupium & venationem
Poſt longam nimis potationem,
He has diſcovered to be good
Both for the Stomach and the Blood;
As frequent Exerciſe and Travel
Are good againſt the Gout and Gravel.
He clearly proves the Cauſe of Death,
Is nothing but the Want of Breath.
And that indeed is a Diſaſter,
When 'tis occaſion'd by a Plaſter
Of Hemp and Pitch laid cloſely on
Somewhat above the Collar Bone.
Well does he know the proper Doſes,
Which will prevent the Fall of Noſes.
Ev'n keep them *qui privantur illis,*
Ægre utuntur perſpicillis.
To this and ten times more his Skill
Extends, when he would cure or kill.
Immenſam cognitionem legum
Ne prorſus hic ſilentio tegam,
Cum ſociis artis greaſe his Fiſt,
Torquebit illos as you liſt.
If Laws for Bribes are made, 'tis plain,
They may be bought and ſold again.
Spectando aurum now we find,
That Madam Juſtice is ſtone Blind;
So deaf and dull on both her Ears,
The Clink of Gold ſhe only hears.
Nought elſe but a loud Party Shout
Will make her ſtart or look about.

His

His other Talents to rehearſe,
Breviſſime in Proſe or Verſe:
To tell how gracefully he dances,
And artfully contrives Romances:
How well he arches and ſhoots flying,
Let no Man think that we mean Lying:
How well he fences, rides, and ſings,
And does ten Thouſand other Things;
Allow a Line, nay but a Comma,
To teach, *Turgeret hoc Diploma.*
Quare ut tandem concludamus,
Qui brevitatem approbamus.
For Brevity is always good,
Providing we be underſtood.
In rerum omnium naturis
Non minus quam ſcientia juris.
Et Medicinæ Doctoratum,
Bogſæum novimus verſatum.
Nor will we here ſay more about him,
But you may dacker if you doubt him.
Addamus tamen hoc tantillum
Duntaxat noſtrum hoc ſigillum.
Huic teſtimonio appenſum,
Ad confirmandum ejus ſenſum,
Junctis chyrographis cunctorum
Blith honeſt hearty *ſociorum.*
Dabamus at a large Punch Bowl
Within our proper Common School.
The Twenty Sixth Day of *November,*
Ten Years the Date we may remember.
After the Race of *Sherrifmuir*
Scots Men will count from a black Hour.
Ab omni probo nunc ſignetur,
Qui denegabit extrudetur.

THE

MANIFESTO

OF

LORD *PETER*.

THE World ſhall be informed in due Time of the Hiſtory of *PETER* the Wild Gentleman: Let it ſuffice at preſent for them to know, that he is the Son of a great Philoſopher, who although unknown himſelf, has made no ſmall Figure in the Commonwealth of Learning by his Writings. This great Man, from a deep Senſe of the Miſeries brought upon Mankind by being civilized, condeſcended to dedicate his only Son to an Experiment, by which he did not doubt but he ſhould convince the World, how much a nobler Creature a Wild Man was than a Tame one. A Curſe (quoth he) on all thoſe whimſical Coxcombs, who by Fiddling, Singing, Drinking, and Dancing, have erected Governments, built Cities, and ſpoiled the nobleſt Animal of the Creation.

It has happened to poor Men in all Ages to be drawn into ill Courſes by drinking of ſtrong Waters, a Country Dance, and a Fiddle. *Oſiris* or *Bacchus* firſt began this *Ballum Rankum*, and debaſed the Faculties,

Faculties, and corrupted the Morals of this generous and innocent Creature, rendering him ſlaviſh, intemperate, treacherous, cruel, and rapacious.

Having expreſſed himſelf to this Purpoſe, from the Height of Tenderneſs to the Child, as well as Love to Mankind, he turned out his Son into a deſert Foreſt. Fortune has ſo far favoured his Deſign, that the Boy is preſerved, but the Girl, who was turned out with him at the ſame time, is miſſing. In order to repair this Loſs, and to preſerve the Race as well as the Individual, I conſidered myſelf as firſt Miniſter to a *Minor* Prince; and having the Misfortune to be bred Tame, I was obliged to peruſe ſuch grave Authors as might inſtruct me how to behave myſelf in my ſingular and high Station. One Day by chance I turned up that Paſſage of *Livy*, where ſpeaking of the Wild Men of *Rome* being unprovided with Females, he breaks out into this grave Reflection, *Res unius ætatis populus virorum*, by which I was immediately admoniſhed of my Duty; for, ſaid I, if a Nation of many Males be but a thing of ſhort Continuance, what muſt a Race be which conſiſts but of one Individual; and ſhall there be ſuch Pains taken by Miniſters to preſerve the Race of Princes, whom it may be ſaid, *Uno avulſo non deficit alter*, and I be leſs careful of my Charge, which contains a whole Species in one Individual Perſon?

Therefore to fulfil the Duty of my important Truſt, and to ſecond the pious Deſigns of his learned Anceſtor, being furniſhed with full Powers, I have reſolved to diſpoſe of my *Minor* Princes as ſoon as poſſible.

KNOW all Men by theſe Preſents, That We Lord PETER, *by the Advice of our under-written firſt Miniſter, have thought fit to iſſue forth this Manifeſto.*

To all Miſtreſſes of Boarding-Schools, Governantes, Waiting-Women, Poor Couſins, Match-makers, and all other Couples, howſoever denominated or diſtinguiſhed, Greeting:

WHEREAS we were once reſolved to ſend for a Conſort to the Deſerts of *Arabia*, amongſt the Inhabitants of the *Cape of Good Hope*, or the wild *Americans*, that we might not degrade the Dignity of our Race by marrying any Tame Woman; yet being informed that the Country where we now ſojourn, abounds with Females of thoſe noble Qualities, which render them proper for our Royal Turf, we have ſuſpended our ſaid Reſolution; and being under no Neceſſity of taking the diſhonourable Way of the Wild Men of *Rome*, are willing to enter into a Matrimonial Treaty with any Lady, Spinſter, or Widow, qualified as after mentioned; not derogating from our Rank and Condition, as an Independent Prince; in which State all the World muſt acknowledge we are at preſent; no Potentate upon Earth having any juſt Title or Claim to our Allegiance, by any Right or Property in our Perſon: For as the Place of our Nativity is utterly unknown to ourſelves, as well as to them, all Princes and Potentates muſt have an equal Juriſdiction over us; conſequently none at all. Nor can any Prince or Potentate found any ſuch Claim on account of Protection, we having by our own Induſtry miniſtered unto our own Neceſſities, and therefore, like all other Creatures *feræ naturæ*, not appertaining to any particular Proprietor, it is manifeſt we are in a State of Nature and Independency with regard to all Earthly Potentates. And whereas it may be objected, that we are at this time Priſoner of War of a great Prince; to that is anſwered, that the foreſaid Prince never ſet up any

ſuch

ſuch Pretence, that there never was War proclaimed in due Form againſt us, which, according to the Cuſtom of Tame Princes, ought to be done by Trumpets and Heralds, not by Dogs and Hunting Horns; therefore we cannot be wanting to ourſelves ſo far as not to aſſert our juſt Title to all ſuch Portions of this habitable Earth, as we can acquire either by Purchaſe or Conqueſt. Thus having aſcertained our future Conſort of the high Dignity that ſhe is to be raiſed to at our happy Reſtoration, we proceed to enumerate the Qualifications requiſite in this our ſaid Spouſe; which are,

1. That ſhe have ſtrong and ſound Teeth; our private Table and Way of Living demanding ſuch, as abſolutely and indiſpenſably neceſſary.

2. That ſhe have a loud and ſhrill Voice for the Comfort of mutual Converſation, which now and then may happen to be at ſome Diſtance.

3. That ſhe be active, ſound, and ſtrong in her Limbs: All fat, flabby, puffy, ſhort-breathed, rickety Girls being by theſe Preſents for ever excluded from our Royal Turf.

4. One who has never been thwarted in her Humour, but treated with the utmoſt Tenderneſs by ſome indulgent Mother, untamed, and left to her own generous Paſſions and Inclinations, and who has given early Proofs of her Impatience of Subjection to any Sort of Government whatſoever.

5. One who always ſtrongly reſiſted every Thing that favoured of what is commonly called Politeneſs; who never ſuffered willingly her Face to be waſhed, her Nails pared, her Noſe wiped, or her Head combed.

6. One who applied herſelf always unwillingly to any Sort of Manufacture of Tame-Women, nor ſcarce ever got beyond the firſt Letter of her Sampler.

7. One who takes great Delight in Converſation with Beaſts and Birds, as Cats, Dogs, Monkeys, *&c.* And we require it as an indiſpenſable Condition, that ſhe has ſometime or other kept a great Dog, a ſqualing Parrot, or a Black Boy.

8. One who has upon every juſt Occaſion exerciſed her natural Weapons, Teeth, Nails, and Fingers, by biting, ſcratching, and pinching her Maids, Nurſes, and Play-fellows; therefore we except againſt all Gentlewomen who bite their Nails.

9. One who ſo far ſhews a Contempt for humar Ornaments, as to ſully and tear her Cloaths, Linen and Lace immoderately; and who has a ſtrong Inclination to diſcover Nudities, conſequently wears ſhort Petticoats, and low-cut Stays.

10. Though Dancing be the Diverſion of *Silvans*, our Royal Conſort muſt be ſuch as would never ſuffer her natural wild Motions to be formed and reſtrained by the impertinent Inſtructions of a Dancing-Maſter; one who rather friſks like a Satire, than dances like a Tame Gentlewoman.

11. And though we are obliged to diſpenſe with ſome Rudiments of Education which may have corrupted the Simplicity of Nature, yet we would deſire to have this, in as ſmall a Degree as poſſible; if ſhe ſpeaks, it muſt be inſignificantly, ſo as to open her Mouth and ſay nothing. She muſt read indiſtinctly, ſpell falſe, and ſcrawl Pot-hooks rather than write Letters.

12. One who has always ſhewed a ſtrong Appetite for Fruit, as well green as ripe, and who has upon Occaſion ſhewed her Agility in climbing a Tree to pluck them, and never took any Sort of Phyſick, except when poured down with a Horn.

13. One who has an utter Contempt for Money, the Corrupter of the Morals of Tame Men, but generouſly

rouſly throws it away on all Occaſions for her Diverſions. If ſhe has been in a Married State, it is required that ſhe had always an utter Averſion to ſtaying at Home; that ſhe eloped from her Huſband; which are Signs of a generous wild Nature, hating Reſtraint.

14. We allow her to have a ſtrong Inclination for Courts, where Men commonly loſe, but Women acquire Liberty.

15. Our Spouſe muſt be one who never meaſures her Time by Machines, conſequently never winds up her Watch, nor was ever punctual to an Appointment.

16. Whereas we ourſelves have often found it neceſſary and uſeful to employ our Hands as Aſſiſtants to our Feet in Walking; therefore we cannot poſſibly think of making our Addreſſes to thoſe young Women, who think they have a ſuperfluous Foot, and always ſtand upon one, unleſs they can prove to us they learnt it at Scotch-Hop, and only do it to ſhew their Dexterity at that agreeable Diverſion.

17. We forewarn all young Women to avoid informing us that they are *vaſtly ſtupid*, for we ſhall be apt to take them at their Word; and if they are quite in the Spleen, we ſhall have nothing further to ſay to them, being unwilling to entail a Diſtemper on our Royal Iſſue.

18. Being ſenſible that we ſhall hardly meet with a Female that can bear the Light in her Eyes, we are willing to be a little indulgent to our future Conſort in this Particular; and though we have an utter Averſion from holding up of Fans, and wearing of Hoods, we will allow her a green Leaf to ſkreen her from the Sun, inſtead of a Bit of Paper.

We likewiſe certify the Perſons above-mentioned, That we will make greater Settlements upon any Daughter

Daughter of a Water-drinker and Root-eater than any other Female whatſoever. And we have given our underwritten Miniſter Inſtructions to that Effect, as likewiſe to conclude all other Matters in due Form.

Given at our Court in *Burlington-Garden*.

Sign'd.

Solomon Audrian.

The DEVIL *to pay at* ST. JAMES'S:

OR

A full and true ACCOUNT of a moſt horrid and bloody BATTLE between Madam FAUSTINA and Madam CUZZONI.

ALSO

Of a hot SKIRMISH between Signor BOSCHI and Signor PALMERINI.

MOREOVER,

How SENESINO has taken Snuff, is going to leave the the Opera, and ſing Pſalms at *Henley's Oratory*.

ALSO

About the Flying Man, and how the Doctor of *St. Martin's* has very unkindly taken down the Scaffold, and diſappointed a World of good Company.

As Alſo.

How a certain Great Lady is gone mad for Love of *William Gibſon* the Quaker.

And

How the *Wild Boy* is come to Life again, and has got a Dairy Maid with Child.

Alſo about the great Mourning, and the Faſhion, and the Alterations, and what not. With other material Occurences, too many to inſert.

TWO of a Trade ſeldom or ever agree: This we daily ſee verified in the many Skirmiſhes between the Ladies that ſell Mackrel near *London-Bridge*, and the Nymphs that vend live Mutton about *Fleet-*

Fleet-Street, and *Covent-Garden*: But who would have thought the Infection ſhould reach the *Hay-market*, and inſpire Two ſinging Ladies to pull each other's Coiffs, to the no ſmall Diſquiet of the Directors, who (God help them) have enough to do to keep Peace and Quietneſs between them.

Which of the Two is the Aggreſſor, I dare not determine, leſt I loſe the Friendſhip of many great Noble Perſonages, who eſpouſe ſome the one, ſome the other Party, with ſuch Warmth, that it is not now, as formerly, *i. e.* are you High Church or Low, Whig or Tory; are you for Court or Country; King *George* or the Pretender; but are you for *Fauſtina* or *Cuzzoni*, *Handel* or *Bononcini?* there's the Queſtion. This engages all the Polite World in warm Diſputes; and but for the ſoft Strains of the Opera, which have in ſome Meaſure qualified and allayed the native Ferocity of the *Engliſh*, Blood and Slaughter would conſequently enſue.

As I ſaid before, I ſhall not determine who is the Aggreſſor, but take the ſurer Side, and wiſely pronounce them both in Fault; for it is an apparent Shame that Two ſuch well-bred Ladies ſhould call Bitch and Whore, ſhould ſcold and fight like any Billingſgates. We have had Singers, nay, *Italian* Singers, here before now, but never ſuch Doings: Witneſs Madam *Margaritta* and Madam *Tofts*; who, though they owed each other a Spight, and had both pretty high Spirits, yet they never came to Handy-cuffs. Nay, I am very credibly informed, though they mortally hated each other, they had the Good-Manners to kiſs and cry at Parting. This was as it ſhould be; this was faſhionable, this was handſome, and indeed commendable. Then we had Madam *Pilloti*, and Madam *Iſabella*; they were as loving as *Ball*'s Pigs, as mild as Turtles; they viſit-

ed and drank Tea, and there was no ſuch Hurricane between them. It was much the ſame with Madam *Duraſtanti* and Madam *Robinſon*. What therefore can be the Meaning, that theſe two Ladies, and only them, ſhould make ſuch a Rout, is beyond my Comprehenſion. God forbid I ſhould judge amiſs; yet I cannot but think there is more in this Matter than People are aware of; who knows but they are ſent here to raiſe Diſſenſions among true Proteſtants! There are many ſhrewd Cauſes of Suſpicion.

1. They come from *Rome*;
2. The Pope lives at *Rome*;
3. So does the Pretender.
4. The Pope is a notorious Papiſt;
5. So is the Pretender;
6. So is Madam *Fauſtina*,
7. And ſo is Madam *Cuzzoni*.
8. King *George* (God bleſs him) is a Proteſtant;
9. The Papiſts hate the Proteſtants;
10. The Pope hates King *George*;
11. The Pretender can't abide him.
12. But Madam *Cuzzoni* and Madam *Fauſtina* love the Pope, and in all Probability the Pretender.

Ergo, * * * * * * * * * * * *
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From whence I infer, that it is not ſafe to have Popiſh Singers tolerated here, in *England*; but on the contrary, it would be a great Security to the Proteſtant Intereſt to have a Clauſe added to ſome Act of Parliament, obliging all foreign Singers, Dancers, and Tumblers, to abjure the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender, before they appear in Publick. But for this we muſt wait with Patience, and ſubmit to wiſer Heads: In the mean Time, I humbly propoſe, that ſince theſe Ladies are not to be reconciled by any other gentle Means, it is beſt that they fight it

out

out at *Figg*'s or *Stoke*'s Amphitheatre, and that a Subſcription be opened for that Purpoſe, and the beſt Woman have the whole Houſe. For the further Diverſion of the Company, I would have *Boſchi* and *Palmerini* be their Seconds, and *Senesino* and *Baldi* ſhould divert the Spectators with a Bout or Two at Blunts for a Hat and Feather before the Miſtreſſes mount the Stage.

Count *Vienna* ſhall be Door-keeper, and *Heidegger* ſhall take the Money; the Bill or Challenge to be drawn up by that very ingenious Perſon, who has illuſtrated the Science of Defence with his Lucubrations, and is at preſent Secretary to the Amphitheatre.

This will be a Matter of new Diverſion to the *Beau Monde*, and I doubt not but the Town will thank me for my Contrivance: If this Method ſucceeds, the Opera-Compoſers may compoſe their Differences this Way, and fight it out fairly for the Satisfaction of the Publick.

But now I think on it, the Opera Houſe may be made Uſe of to ſave Charges; beſides, it is more commodious, and will hold more Company.

It is not doubted but great Wagers will attend this Diſpute; but whether or no it will affect *South-Sea* Stock I cannot eaſily foreſee. However * * * * * * * * * may happen which God forbid, or that * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * but Time only can bring to paſs * * * * * * * * and conſequently behoves every good Chriſtian to pray for amicable Termination of ſo important an Affair.

In the mean Time we are all in Tears; the Opera abruptly broken off; ſeveral Subſcribers have threatened not to renew. Such Dudgeon as this may end in the Downfal of the Opera itſelf; and then adieu

adieu to all, to all that is grand, happy, or polite. *Seneſino* is diſguſted to the laſt Degree to ſee himſelf neglected, and ſuch a Buſtle made about theſe Two Madams; he curſes the Directors, damns the Opera, ſinks the Compoſers, and bids the Devil take the whole Town: He ſwears like a Trooper, and raves like a Madman; and being a little delirious, he went the other Day to offer himſelf to Mr. *H——y*, to officiate as Clerk in his Oratory; the Doctor treated him very handſomely, but told him no ſuch Thing could be done; at the ſame Time referring him to the 23d Chapter of *Deuteronomy*, with which he was not very well ſatisfied; but *U*—who accompanied him thither, finding himſelf qualified, and being heartily ſick of the Pomps of this World, and the Vanities of a Court, had reſolved to lead a new Life, to quit his old Company and Courſes, and became a Miracle of Sanctity. He has beſpoke a Dozen of Bands of a noted Milliner in the *Pallmall*, and goes every Day to Mr. *W———n* of *St. James's*, to learn to ſing Pſalms, and cannot bear an Opera Song. So thorough and ſudden a Reformation is Matter of great Speculation to all Mankind. However, the Orator is loth to truſt him, and has already given him a handſome Denial; this has ſo nettled him, he is reſolved to break the Oratory, and is hourly teazing the Quaker to ſet up a Conventicle in Oppoſition, offering to go his Halves. Here likewiſe he has no Succeſs; for a certain great Lady, who ſhall be nameleſs, is deſperately ſmitten with Friend *Gibſon*, that ſhe has offered to give up her all without a Penny of Jointure, in caſe he will not marry; if he will be kept according to the preſent laudable Cuſtom, ſhe will buy him a Commiſſion: and further to tempt him, ſhe has offered him Choice of Tye Wigs and Toupees, with a compleat Mourning Equipage, and

every

every Thing elſe to the Pink of the Mode. Beſides this, ſhe propoſes to have him taught to dance, to ſing, to ſpeak French, to fence, and to ride the great Horſe: In ſhort ſhe propoſes to make quite another Creature of him. How far the ill Uſage of the *Puritans*, added to the Wealth and Beauty of this Lady, may provoke him, I know not, but I am told he hardly knows how to deny her.

But what is that to the Purpoſe? It is a great Way to *Gracechurch-ſtreet*, and the *Quaker* is nothing to compare to the flying Man, who had given the Town a great deal of Diverſion, if the Doctor had not baulked him by taking down his Scaffold: There was a World of Company had made Parties for his ſecond Operation; and if this Thing had not happened, in all Probability a Subſcription had been raiſed for the Continuance of this Diverſion inſtead of the Opera, as being ſo much the cheaper. But the Doctor has loſt the good Graces of a great many pretty Ladies, ay, and pretty Gentlemen too; they think, conſidering how Faſhions go, he might be civiler to a Stranger, who will doubtleſs call him a very unmannerly Perſon when he comes into his own Country. But before he leaves us, he intends, I hear, to diſcover his Secret, and propoſes to eſtabliſh Flying Stages all over *England*; by which Means, Gentlemen of Agility may fly any Diſtance in a very ſmall Time. For Example, from *London* to *York* in an Hour, and in Time proportionable to any Part of *England*. This will be of general Uſe, and I hope teach the People of *England* how much they are indebted to Foreigners for the Improvement of all Arts and Sciences.

But who would have thought that *Peter* the Wild Boy, who appeared ſo fly and ſo ſerious, who, I ſay, would have thought that he of all People in

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the World, ſhould have any Inſight into the Trade of Baſket-making? but it is certainly true, neither better or worſe; for it ſeems he has play'd ſome of his Wild Pranks with a Dairy Maid at *Harrow on the Hill*, whom he has got with Child. Now ſhould ſhe be brought to Bed of another wild Boy, Lord have Mercy upon us! what ſhall we do? Or how ſhall we catch him? He will certainly be as fleet as a Hare the Minute he is born, as his Father was before him. And if the Child ſhould run away and be loſt in the Woods, what a deal of Amuſement will the Town loſe. But they ſay the Dairy Maid is to be brought forthwith to Town, to *Lacy's Bagnio*, and to have the Rabbet Woman's Apartment fitted up for her. She is daily to be attended by Men-Midwives, and narrowly to be watched by Conſtables. If ſo, we are like to have ſome Diverſion, however, this Summer; and no doubt ſhe will be viſited by a great deal of good Company. But how can People mind Diverſions, or any Thing elſe, when there is Mourning going forwards? and how can they think of Mourning for the Coronation, or of the Coronation for the Birth-day? In ſhort, there is ſo much to do, no Body knows where to begin. We are in a Dilemma; our Paſſions are divided *hinc & inde*; ſometimes we weep and lament for the Loſs of our late gracious King; and then all of a ſudden we burſt into Tears of Joy, to think what a good King we have in his Stead; One familiarized to us, One who loves us and our Country; and that beſides, we have a moſt excellent Queen, graceful, gracious, affable, and endowed with every amiable Qualification. Our Joy is carried yet farther, when we ſee ſo numerous and lovely an Iſſue, and that in all Probability we ſhall never want one of this illuſtrious Houſe to fill the Throne of theſe

King-

Kingdoms. Then how do we rejoice, how do we ſing and make merry, till all of a ſudden our Taylors and Mantua-makers put us in Mind of our Loſs, by bringing home our Mourning; then we lament afreſh, then our Habits renew the former Impreſſions of Sorrow in our Minds; for who can rejoice that is in deep Mourning from Top to Toe? Vexation is added to Mourning, when we find they have made them too long or too ſhort, too little or too big, or perhaps have not made them at all, but put us off, and given us the Mortification to ſee others in the Faſhion before us. This is inſupportable, added to the Impoſitions of Drapers, Mercers, Milliners, and other Trades-people, who bite our Heads off, and leave us no Way of Recovery, but to revenge ourſelves by not paying them at all; the Ladies cry out, Shame on them for raiſing their Price to ſuch an exorbitant Height: Good God! ſay they, who would ever have thought that *Bumbazeen* ſhould be dearer than *Italian* Mantua? But theſe Rogues the Mercers bamboozle the Ladies; they talk them out of their Senſes; they beat them out of their Play; they have a String of Words, which they call the eternal Jingle; theſe they readily vary backwards and forwards, and play off without Intermiſſion; ſo that it is an impoſſible Thing to recollect one's ſelf, or know what you are about when a Mercer is ringing his Peal in your Ears: There is certainly ſomewhat of Inchantment in it. In ſhort, they are clever Fellows, and the luckieſt in Life at baptizing Commodities: They have their Evening Academies, where they ſtudy the Art of Invention; and very wiſely judging, that a Name oftentimes gives more or leſs Value to a Thing, as it ſuits the Inclination of the People, they chriſten their Goods a new as they grow out of Faſhion, and very often trump up an old

old Thing ſo ſucceſsfully with a new Name, that no Body will imagine it to be the ſame. A particular Inſtance of this is *Bumbazeen*. What a lucky Thought! I envy the Projector, and would give the World to be Maſter of the Invention of that ſingle Word; but the happy Mercer was a Rogue at the Bottom, and a Piece of a Poet I dare ſay; for he has ſhewed himſelf a perfect Maſter of the Art of Borrowing, vulgarly called Stealing; he has not taken Words, Lines, and Sentences, as our modern Poets do, but by a happy Inverſion and Mutation of Syllables, he makes Words of a quite different Sound and Application. Give me leave to fancy myſelf a Mercer in a deep Soliloquy, and I will let you ſee more of the Matter.

Poor *Linſy Woolſy*: what a Dog of a Tradeſman was thy Godfather; he was, no doubt, ſome ſneaking Small-beer Raſcal, or he could never have entertained ſo mean an Idea; had he lived generouſly, as other Mercers do, drank his Bottle, kept his Country Houſe, a Girl and a Gelding at the other End of the Town, he never would have thought of the Name *Linſy Woolſy*; he would ſurely have contrived ſome pretty ſmooth gliding Word, that ſhould have taken the Ear at once, ſomething that ſhould bamboozle People out of their Senſes: Bamboozle; hum! a good Hint, there is ſomething of a Chime in the Word: It has been turned already from the Word *Bombaſt*; but it will bear another Turn; let me ſee——— *Bam-bum-boo-bo-bas-te-tle-tin-ſin-zin-zeen*; O no, *Zeen* is much ſofter; I have it, I have it, *Bumbazeen*. Thus, gentle Reader, after this or the like Manner was the Word *Bumbazeen* brought to Light; what Succeſs it has met with all the World knows; ſo let us take our Leaves of the Mercers, the Taylors, the Milliners, and all the Mechanick

Mechanick Tribe; let them raiſe their Prices, and be d——d, we know how to be even with them, as I ſaid before: Come, gentle, ſweet, and courteous Readers, you ſhall go along with me to Dr. *Swift*'s, the Darling, the Delight and Wonder of Mankind; he ſhall make it as plain as the Noſe on a Man's Face, that *Gulliver* was no Romancer; that there is ſuch a Place as *Lilliput*, and ſuch People as the *Lilliputians*, having lately received a Preſent from Old Capt. *Gulliver* of a *Lilliputian* Sow, who has juſt farrowed nine beautiful Pigs, and alſo a Boar of the ſame Specie, the moſt lovely that ever Eyes beheld; the Boar and Sow are much of a Size, each being very near as big as a Dormouſe; the Pigs are leſs than Imagination can conceive, about the Bigneſs of a Ladybird: But *Hogarth* the Engraver is making a Print after them, which will give a juſter Idea of them than I can. Theſe Animals are not like our naſty Swine, but certainly the neateſt Creatures in Life; they ſmell more fragrant than Muſk itſelf, their Eyes are like Diamonds, their Briſtles you would ſwear were Silver: Nay, when they are aſleep, and do not move, you take them for little Silver Toys of the moſt curious Workmanſhip; they make no Noiſe in their Sleep; but when they are awake, and at Play, they call one another in the moſt muſical Tone I ever heard, far beyond any thing of *Seneſino*, *Cuzzoni* or *Fauſtina*. The Doctor is infinitely fond of them, as well he may; and ſuch Crowds of People daily preſs to ſee them, that it is perfectly inconvenient, and I fear will make him leave the Town ſooner than he intended, or deſired. They are the gentleſt, tameſt Creatures breathing, and very docible. The Boar, far different from our *Engliſh* Boars, is exceſſively fond of his Mate, and equally of his Young. The Doctor keeps them in a little

little Silver Box grated at Top; for, as I ſaid before, they are prodigiouſly clean; they never dung but once a Week, and then they give Notice. In ſhort, they are the cleaneſt, ſweeteſt, prettieſt Creatures, I ever ſaw; and ſhould they breed plentifully, I doubt not to ſee them in every Family of Condition: For Ladies will be glad to have ſo great a Novelty at any Price. Another Curioſity is, an exact Figure of a *Lilliputian* Beauty, done by a great Artiſt of the Country after the Life. As for bringing over any of the People, it is impoſſible; our Climate is too groſs, they would be immediately choaked up: This Figure, however, will give us a clearer Idea of this People, than we could hitherto frame. In ſhort they are the greateſt Curioſity *England* ever boaſted of, or perhaps may; and ſhould the Doctor take them away ſuddenly, it will be very uncivil indeed. I could rehearſe their many other Virtues, as alſo the other Curioſities reſerved by the Captain for his own Uſe; for Example, a *Brobdingnag* Flea, as big as a *Lincolnſhire* Ox, and innumerable other Rarities. I had likewiſe intended to have told who would be in, and who out, when we ſhould have a New Parliament; but muſt defer theſe, and all other Particulars which, as I ſaid in my Title, could not be inſerted: But, to oblige the World, in a ſmall Time, I will publiſh an *Appendix* to this Book, in two *Folio* Treatiſes, which ſhall complete the whole Deſign, and take in all and every Particular worthy of Notice.

POSTSCRIPT.

Whereas the Wits of the Town are mightily taken with the *Lilliputian* Meaſure, and we hear have ſhrunk their Verſes to two Syllables in a Line; theſe are to give Notice, that the Author is preparing for the Preſs an ODE, which ſhall contain but a Syllable and a Half in a Line.

An *Epitaph* on a GREYHOUND.

To the Memory of

SIGNOR FIDO,

an *Italian* of good Extraction;
who came into *England*,
not to bite us, like moſt of his Countrymen,
but to gain an honeſt Livelihood:
He hunted not after Fame,
yet acquired it:
Regardleſs of the Praiſe of his Friends,
but moſt ſenſible of their Love:
Tho' he liv'd amongſt the Great,
he neither learn'd nor flatter'd any Vice:
He was no Bigot,
tho' he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles:
and if to follow Nature,
and to reſpect the Laws of Society,
be Philoſophy,
he was a perfect Philoſopher,
a faithful Friend,
an agreeable Companion,
a loving Huſband,
diſtinguiſh'd by a numerous Offspring,
all which he liv'd to ſee take good *Courſes*:
In his old Age he retir'd
to the Houſe of a Clergyman in the Country,
where he finiſhed his earthly Race,
and died an Honour and an Example to the whole Species.

Reader,
This Stone is guiltleſs of Flattery;
for he to whom it is inſcribed
was not a Man,
but a

GREYHOUND.

NOTES AND MEMORANDUMS

Of the SIX DAYS preceding the Death of a late Right Reverend —— Containing many remarkable Paſſages, with an INSCRIPTION deſigned for his Monument.

Non moreris G ——te voles, ſed vivus ad Aſtra,
Ætheriis vectus qualis Enochus equis.

Dr. BENTLEY.

Printed in 1715.

THURSDAY, March 10, 1714.

Quicquid erit Vitæ, ſcribam, Color. HOR.

ROSE at Five: Slipp'd on my Morning Gown: Purified my Outſide. Meditated on the *Vanity of Waſhings*, and the *Superfluity of Habits*. Walk'd about my Room Half an Hour preciſely. Exerciſe uſeful; throws off corrupt Humours; much Need of it. Look out the Window; hemm'd three Times; much eaſier than before. Three *Ejaculations* for that. Caſt my Eyes about. I am poſitive I ſee a *Romiſh Prieſt*; *Omen* of an evil Import. O! the

Depths of *Satan!* Few know them; I do. Look in the Glaſs: Choler begins to riſe; Face reddens, Eyes ſparkle, Hands ſhake, Body trembles. Sad Meditation! Whence could that *Fellow* come? O *Rome, Rome!* Debaucher of Morals, Seducer of Souls, painted Whore, filthy Abomination! Great Perturbation of Mind: Sigh for Eaſe in the Spirit. Servant enters: Inquire who that *Fellow* is? Anſwered, The *Small-Coal-Man*: Unexpected Exultation, Drawings of Comfort, Gleams of Recovery! Give my Man Six-pence for the good News: A Guinea ſaved in a Doctor. Aſk again if he is ſure it was the *Small-Coal-Man?* Anſwered, Yes. Am ſatisfied. Call for my Tea; Drink thirty Diſhes: Read over the *Daily Courant:* More Work in the *North:* Dangerous Conjunction! *Saxony, Sweden.* Poor *Proteſtants!* Few People underſtand the Intereſt of *Princes:* I have been acquainted with all *Europe* for near Half a *Century.* Company comes in: Politicks interrupted. They ſtay till Night: Talk of *Secret Hiſtory*; I tell a great many *Stories:* All Friends, every Body pleaſed. Retire to my Chamber: Read over a ſmall Treatiſe of my own: Go to Sleep.

****

FRIDAY Morning.

——————— *Non ſi male nunc, & olim*
Sic erit.

WAKED at Three: Great Uneaſineſs in the *Fleſh:* Struggle with my Infirmities. Theſe Things will happen: Better ſo than worſe. Lie upon my left Side, get a little Reſt; Dream that I am *dead,* and converſing with the Ghoſts of *Emperors, Popes,* and *Kings.* Wake in a *cold Sweat* at Five:

Five: Call for a Light: Look into *Partridge*'s Almanack: Some obſcure Hints about a *Right Reverend*: Sick at Heart. *March*, ay *March*: Diſmal *Ides* of *March*! Abundance of *Cæſars* died in that *Month*; deſperate, *Lion-like* killing *Month*: Pray a little; *Faith* and *Grace*, good Things: Worldly Poſſeſſions hard to part with. Riſe in a Fright. Conſider of my Dream; Prove myſelf no *Prophet*, and therefore an unfit Veſſel for *Viſions* of Truth. More Comfort from the *Proverb*; *Dream of Death, hear of Marriage*: New Fears! Perhaps Son *Tom* is married: Better than my dying ſtill. Sure he has more *Grace*; heartily afraid he has not. Variety of Doubts, Perplexities, and uncertain Anxieties. Send for *Tom*. Wiſh *Radcliffe* was alive; Hang him, he would not come to me. Come to no Reſolution. *Tom* not to be found: A ſad Child! Reſolved not to be afraid; Repeat three Verſes of the 110th *Pſalm*, ſay, *What is Man?* three Times. Call for my Tea; Tea is inſipid, nauſeous, offends my Stomach: Try to expectorate; Phlegm viſcid. Bad Signs. Every Thing out of Order: Suppoſe I ſhould bleed; Signifies nothing; Things *predeſtinated* muſt come to paſs. Want Diverſion; Call for a Pamphlet at Twelve; Read over Ten Pages all in my own Commendation; Grow better apace; Order a light Dinner. Drink a Glaſs of Sack. New Spirits, new Life. *Partridge* a Fool, and no Truſt in *Almanacks*, eſpecially the *Oxford*. *March* as good a Month as any in the Year. Go to Dinner, eat moderately; Drink Proſperity to their *Highneſſes* and *Mightineſſes*; to Lord *Thomas*, Lord *John*, Lord *Charles*, and all our Friends. Grow merry; don't deſpair of *Lambeth* ſtill; He is older than I am; A good Man, a very good Man; — but we muſt all die. A ſudden Qualm comes upon me: Retire to

to my Chamber: Conſider of the Crime of forecaſting our Neighbour's Death. Grow worſe, and worſe. Think of my own Age; Paſt *Seventy*: High Time to ſet my Houſe in *Order*. A Friend from the other End of the Town interrupts me at Eight. Talk of State-Affairs Two Hours. Revived with ſome good News at firſt. Difference among our *Friends*: Nonſenſe to quarrel. *He* muſt be the Man. *Tories* may make an Advantage. Tell my Friend a Story that I told to Three *Kings* to the ſame Purpoſe. *Memorandum:* He ſmiled, and ſaid he had never heard it before. Servant brings a Bottle of Wine. Whiſper a great *Secret* while he is in the Room; Forgot to apply an old Saying of Queen *Elizabeth*'s; Reſolved to remember it next Time upon the ſame Story. Friend takes his Leave, promiſes to come To-morrow. Muſe upon my State of *Health*: Go to bed; Think that *Repentance* is as neceſſary as *Ini-*[illegible]

SATURDAY, March.

Aſpice venturo lætantur ut omnia Sæclo!

RESTED well all Night; Riſe [illegible] to think of the old Argume[illegible] and *Preſbyters*: Much the ſame in [illegible]. Reſolved to ſpend the Morning in w[illegible] *Geneva*, and *Holland*. Drink my [illegible] *Tea* firſt; Read the *Flying-Poſt*; [illegible] Man: Tells Truth; I muſt try [illegible] Rewards as neceſſary for Friends, [illegible]

for *High Flyers.* Set down to write a Letter in *French* to *Van Munden* of *Utrecht*, full of *Politicks:* A new Scheme for the *Barrier:* To *Le Clerc* in *Latin* about my laſt *Book*, with a Note of *Fifty Pounds:* Tell him what I would have him ſay of me in his *Journal*; *Skill* in *Antiquities, Hiſtory, Critical Learning, Moderation.* Leave my *Piety* to himſelf. *Memorandum*; To adviſe him in his Poſtſcript to brand my Enemies in *Britain* with the Style and Titles of *Nebulones impuri, Eccleſiæ Peſtes, Rituum Fautores nequiſſimi, in Literis & Hiſtoriâ planè Pueri.* After this to ſum them up by Name; To end with ſomething like this; *Vivat diutiſſimè magnum illud Eccleſiæ decus, Hiſtoriæ & Antiquitatis Inſtaurator feliciſſimus.* A Letter of Thanks to *Zurich*; Another to my old Friend who has many *Children* and *Grand-Children* at *Geneva.* Reſolved to go abroad to Day. Friend comes. *Mahomet* and *Mylapka.* No more of that. Go out to viſit my *Brother* acroſs the Water, Nothing *venture* nothing *have:* My *Coat* to my go off. Enter into the following *Dialogue* with my Brother.

Scot. I am glad to ſee you well, Brother; theſe glorious Times give us all a new Life; for my Part I fancy myſelf Twenty Years younger than I was Ten Months ago.

Broth. You may do ſo; but I am old, very old; I cannot read your laſt Book, but I thank you for it. —— I will aſk Dr. *G—n* about it.

Scot. I have been at ſome Pains truly; but there are ſome Things I ſhould have left out, had I foreſeen how Matters would have happened; they were calculated for ſome Fears that are now blown over.

Broth. We can never be too much afraid of the Pope, the *Man of Sin* flouriſheth ſtill.

Scot. But now is our Time to lop off his Branches; we ſhall ſee the Completion of ſome Prophecies in the *Revelations* in our Days, I truſt.

Broth. I can't, I can't tell; *Interpreters* are doubtful, and I can't read now.

Scot. You have done a great deal of Good in your Time: Our Ages require us both to leave off *Pains-taking*. But I cannot forbear turning over my beloved Pages ſtill; I own I read *Calvin* in a Morning ſtill, and *Buchanan*'s *Pſalms* at Night: They pleaſe me, and I love to be pleaſed.

Broth. I have done with Pleaſure now: The good Woman is departed, and I muſt follow.

Scot. I have had a Cold theſe Two Days, and am now alarmed with a Difficulty of Breath; I muſt take my Leave—for fear of the worſt. Farewell, Brother; and if thou ſeeſt me no more, remember there was ſuch a one as *Scoto*.

Broth. Yes, all the World will remember thee. Fare thee well.

Took Boat at Six; Meditated on my Paſſage from one Side of the Water to the other; Like paſſing from this Life into another. Very like it. Cough violently at landing. Walk through the *Temple*: Look up at *Tom*'s Window; No Light there; He never ſtudies; How then could he write that *Letter*? *Omnes, omnia bona dicere, & laudare fortunam meam qui* Filium *haberem tali Ingenio præditum.* I was ſo when I was young; Happy Days! They are paſt. Cough again; Get into the *Coach*: Meditate on the Similitude of *Luther* to a *Poſtillion* in his *Oil-Coat* laſhing through a dirty Road. Some Wit in it. Does not reflect upon the *Reformation*. Am ſo down at Home out of Breath. Helped up to my Chamber. *Rheum* tickles ſadly. *Pectoral Lozenges*: Little

Little Help. Catch'd more Cold upon the Water. Look over *Baxter's Cordial to fainting Sinners*: Revive upon it. Draught of Sack: As good as *Baxter*. Sold formerly at the *Apothecary's* only; now in every Tavern. Strange Abuſe of Creatures! Thus an Harlot is firſt gently uſed by ſome Men of *Quality*, who by often taſting recommends the wicked One; from whence (O fatal Lapſe!) ſhe falls into the Hands of the Multitude, and becomes the Delight of every vulgar Sinner, and is to be enjoyed at every Houſe of evil Name in the Town. Reſolve to think of theſe Things in *Bed*. Query with myſelf, why my Head runs ſo much upon Similitudes? Perhaps it may be giddy. Look over the Prayers for the *Sick*: *Forms!* Effuſions of the Soul edify much. Go to Bed betimes. Think To-morrow is *Sunday*.

SUNDAY, March.

Ægrotante corpore Animus quæ futura ſunt aut prævidet, aut ſibi ſæpe viſus eſt prævidere.

AUGUSTIN.

WAKE at Four: Reflect on the ſtrange Somniations of the Night. Remember the Saying of *Horace*, *Velut ægri ſomnia*: What have I to do with Heathen Poets? The *Soul* muſt be immortal, but not *Dodwell*'s Way. *Aſgill* a Fool; no Man can be *tranſlated* but from one *See* to another: There is ſome Senſe in that verily: Spectres, pointed Fires, headleſs Mortals, viſionary *Elyſiums*, Creatures of the Fancy. That Part of the Dream about walking on a great Bridge and falling from thence into a boundleſs Ocean, where I ſunk down, and ſaw at the Bottom *Daniel Burgeſs*, *William Penn*, *&c.* carries a fine Allegory. Nothing at all in it however. The Lord has more Work for me to do ſtill. Call for my Man *Jonathan*. Brings a Candle. Fancy *Jonathan* looks like *Death*. Say a Prayer and a Fault of my own. *Jonathan* and I reaſon thus about his being *Death*.

Maſt. Suppoſe you are *Death*, tell me what you would ſay to me now, *Jonathan*.

Jonath. I Death! No, Sir, I can't be *Death*, nay, I am no Relation of his; never ſaw him in my Life, Sir.

Maſt. Thou, Man of carnal Underſtanding and groſs Ignorance: Thou and every *Worm* (for what is Man but a *Worm*) are related to him: Life and Death are akin, as much as Fleſh and Corruption: Therefore ſuppoſe thyſelf *Death*, and ſpeak to me in his Name.

Jonath. In the Name of *Death* then, what is it you would have, Sir?

Maſt. You muſt ſay, You are come to viſit me, and aſk me ſome Queſtions; and I will reply to you: This will fortify my Spirits, and make me leſs afraid of real *Death* when he approaches.

Jonath. I come, Sir, to tell you that you have lived long enough, and enjoyed the good Things of the World: It is not fit you ſhould live to be a Week older; your Senſe and Reaſon are gone; you are a *Burthen* to the Earth; Repent, and come away with me.

Maſt. That is too much:——You ſhould have left out *Burthen* of the *Earth*, and thoſe Things: I ſee you do not underſtand my Meaning. No more of this.

Jonathan departs. Think of his Stupidity. It could not be out of Deſign; He thinks his Maſter mad. Riſe at Seven. Indiſpoſition encreaſes. Send for a Liſt of the *Lent-Preachers*: Make *Piſhes* at ſome Names: Will it come to my Turn? St. *Andrews* a large Pariſh: A great many odd *Saints* Names about this Town ſhould be aboliſhed. The *Almanacks* ought to be *corrected*: *Red Letters* Abomination. Reſolve to ſee no Body to Day. Reſolve to drink Three Quarts of Water-gruel inſtead of my *Tea*. Sick, very ſick: Call for my Man: Order him to bring the *Folio* in Manuſcript of my *own Life* and *Times*. Conſider what a great Name I ſhall leave behind me. Doctor *Wellwood* ſtole his *Memoirs*

from my Converſation. If he has gained a great Reputation, I ſhall certainly: Better than *Thuanus*. Man brings the Book. Begin to read: An excellent *Preface:* Very happy at *Prefaces*. Courts of *Charles* and *James: Juggling, Tricking, Miſtreſſes, Whores Spiritual and Temporal, French Money, more Money; Slavery, Popery, arbitrary Power, Liberty, Plots, Italy, Geneva, Rome, Titus Oates, Dangerfield; Money again; Peace, War, War, Peace; more Money.* Lay down the *Book*. Reflect how I came to know all this: Lord *L——ale*, a good deal: *R——l*, a good deal more: The *King* ſome Conferences with great Men: Informations: Multitudes of Pamphlets. *Cabinetted* Twice in One Day: Abſconded a Week: Appeared again: Run away: *Hactenus hæc:* Call for Dinner: Dine alone. Wiſh Health to Friend *Benjamin*. Hear a knocking at the Door: Two Letters out of the Country: One from *Geneva*. *Mem.* To anſwer the Letter this Night. Aſk my Man how I look? Anſwered, Better than when he played the Part of *Death* to me. Sicken immediately after Dinner. Fumes! Want of Digeſtion. Drink a Glaſs of Wine. Try to go to Sleep in my eaſy Chair: Nod a little: Wake better. Return to my Book: Read and drink Tea till Night: Much about myſelf: Vacancies of Places; *Biſhopricks, Deanaries, Livings:* New *Oaths: Clergy* obſtinate, *Sherlock* alone: *South* and *Sherlock: Fenwick, Collier. Parliament* againſt us. *Tories* prevail: Miſerable Times: Preach againſt them. Interrupted: Friend comes in by *Jonathan's* Miſtake. Good News however; All of our Side, Public Juſtice: No Security like it. Talk of indifferent Matters. Pity poor L——d *Thomas's* Son. It muſt be diſſolved. Afflictions fall to the Righteous. Some ſtrange giddy Things: Think of my *Tom*

of my Book to my Friend: He is in Raptures. I am much better: Talk cheerfuly; Drink ſome Sack: Clock ſtrikes Nine: He goes. Walk about a little. Feet weak. Giddineſs in the Head. Call for my quilted Cap. Look on the Glaſs. Cap falls over mine Eyes: Sad Token. New Fears. *Mem.* To ſend for a Phyſician in the Morning: Humane Means neceſſary; Man muſt co-operate. Grow worſe: Go to Bed. Forget that it was *Sunday*.

MONDAY, March.

Nemo mortalium omnibus Horis ſapit. LILLY.

NO Folding of the Hands to Sleep, no Slumber all Night: Cannot lie in Bed for Fear. Riſe at One: *Aſthma* a fatal Diſtemper. Conſider much how my Lungs ſhould be diſtempered: Uſed them with *great Vehemence* in my younger Days. Could not leave it off at laſt. Think if it could proceed from ſome other Reaſon. Hope not. I do not remember all: All from the violent *Pulpit*-Motions: Could not poſſibly help it: The Power of the Spirit certainly ſtraitened the Organs of the Body. Call my Servant in haſte: Send for *Opium* and *Balſams*: *Fleſh* is *Graſs*. Certainly *Graſs*. Life is like many Things; a *Shadow*, a *Bird*, a *Line* in the *Water*, an old *Story*: *Fumus, & umbra ſimus*, a good *Motto* for a *Chimney*, or a *Black-Gown*: Head ſwims; Get out *Tories*: I have nothing to ſay to you.

you. A *Perverſe Generation.* Convocation. Dr. *S——pe.* Let them do what they will. No good. *Chaplains* too. Honeſt *Ben.* A double Portion for him. Preſent Settlement. Kiſſing goes by Favour. *Butter the Rooks Neſt,* ſaid Sir *Thomas Wiat* at the Reformation, *and then you may do what you pleaſe. All Joy to great Cæſar,* to little *Cæſar.* Another good Saying of Sir *Thomas,* It is a *ſtrange Thing a Man can't repent of his Sins without the Leave of the Pope.* Pſhaw, how came the *Pope* into my Head? Give me the *Drops*; I will try to forget every Thing. Doze till Four. *Opium* an excellent Medicine. Many Debates in my Mind about a proper Doctor. Dr. *Woodward,* he is my Countryman; do not care to truſt him; *Garth,* he will laugh at me and tell Stories: Why can't a Man do without them? Neceſſary Evils. Reſolve to aſk Advice of *Jonathan* about it. Give my Mind to Contemplation; *William* the Conquer; *Rufus*; The *Third,* Happy Day! Grand Reſtorative; Pleaſant to think of theſe Things; Cough again Twice. Diſtempers will not be flattered; I wiſh they would. No Body could do it better. *Jollathan* comes in; Looks with a ſad Air. Don't like ſuch Looks at all. Order the Family to come up Stairs at Seven; Reſolved to *preach* before them *extempore.* Not much Matter what the *Text* is: Eaſy to run off from the Subject, and talk of the *Times.* Late *Order* about *Preaching*: It cannot relate to *Chamber-Practice.* [illegible] Man ſet the Great Chair ready. Family come[illegible] them with Delight; The Damſel *Jane* [illegible] Eye; *Robin* ſeems to meet her Glance[illegible] *fied Veſſels! Children of Wrath! Luſt* [illegible] *Evil Concupiſcence.* No Flock without [illegible] Ones. Look again at *Jane*: A Tear [illegible] in her Eye; Sweet Drops! *Grace* [illegible]

lies dead. Wiſh *Tom* were preſent; He might be reformed. Conſider how many *Sermons* it is probable *Tom* hears in One year; Afraid not One. Alas the *Temple!* alas the *Temple!* The *Law* eats up Divinity; It corrupts Manners, raiſes Contentions among the Faithful, feeds upon poor *Vicarages*, and *devours Widows Houſes without making long Prayers:* Alas the *Temple!* Never liked that Place ſince it harboured *Sacheverall:* He certainly ſpread an Infection there. A Swimming of my Head; Seem to hear the Noiſe of *Tumults*, *Riots*, *Seditions:* Freſh Noiſes of *High Church*, the *Doctor:* What would the Multitude have? Why are they incenſed? Who of our *Order* has offended? *Impeach*, *Silence*, *Hang*, *Beheaded!* That the Name of a Man ſhould turn one's Head to a Giddineſs! Say a ſhort *mental* Prayer: Cool by Degrees. *Jane* petitions not to hear the *Sermon*, but make her Beds. There is no dealing with youthful Inclinations; They are unſteady in every Path; They leave the direct Way; Walk in bye-Places and Corners. Give her Leave to depart. Reſolved within myſelf to deny *Robin* to go, if he ſhould aſk. *Robin* aſks. Reprove him thus; ——I have watched your mutual Temptations, and the Snares you laid for each other; You *Robin*, I ſay, and the Damſel *Jane:* Forbear your Iniquity, ſtruggle with Sin; make not Excuſes to follow the *Handmaid:* Thou ſhalt ſtay here, and hear and edify.—— Prepare to preach; *Hem* Thriee; Spread my Hands; Lift up my Eyes; Attempt to raiſe myſelf; Sink backwards; Faint ſuddenly; Do not know what is done for Half an Hour: Awakened to Life by cold Water, and many Cries; Rub my Eyes; Aſk where I have been? Servants tell me ſtrange Things. All preſs for a Doctor; Conſent; ſent for *Garth*. Think of a *Chapter* in Praiſe of *Phyſicians*; No

Commentators

Commentators gueſs who was the Author. It muſt be *Apocryphal:* Never was but One *Saint* of the *Faculty: Hei mihi! Religio Medici:* Where ſhall one find more than the *Title?* Send for Mr. *Boyle*'s Receipts; He was an excellent Man; I knew him. Read in the Book; *For a Cough; Honey and Brimſtone.* Can't take it; —— Fling away the Book. *Garth* comes; Takes up Mr. *Boyle's Receipts:* Begins to fall into a Diſcourſe with me to this Purpoſe, looking into the *Title-Page:*

Doct. Sir, I am ſorry to ſee you ſo ill; but *Egad!* I think you deſerve it, if this Piece of *Quackery* has been your *Regimen*; An idle, trifling Collection of old Womens, Corn-cutters, and Farriers *Recipes;* Is this a Directory for a Man of your Parts, and Senſe?

Patient. Why; *Doctor?* Mr. *Boyle* was a great Man, and kept Company with the beſt *Phyſicians* of the Age, and was reſpected by them.

Doct. So I keep Company with ſome great *Divines*; but the Devil is in it if any Man will therefore ſay that I am a Parſon.

So Diamonds take a Luſtre from their Foil,
And to a Bentley *'tis we owe* Charles Boyle.

Not *Robert, Egad!* It is true, he is a good Naturaliſt; The World are obliged to him; —— but for Phyſick, is as great a Dunce as the late *Radcliffe.*

Patient. But, Doctor, to the Purpoſe; I will give up *Boyle*, and *Radcliffe* too, if you will but ſave me.

Doct. I can no more promiſe that, than you can to *ſave* me; I know you hate *Infallibility* in all

Faculties, but I will try; for it is Pity to loſe a *good Horſe*, though a Man has Twenty *Sets*: Let us ſee your Hand; by *Jove* I don't like it.

Patient. Don't ſhake your Head ſo, dear *Doctor*: Tell me plainly what Hopes you have of me; I don't love to be flattered, I never flattered any Body myſelf.

Doct. No!——That's ſtrange indeed; flatter no Body, I wonder how you lived ſo long then. Come, put out your *Tongue*, that muſt be viewed too.

Patient. Why, Doctor, you don't pretend to tell by *one's Tongue* whether one has flatter'd or no: Come, to oblige you——ſee it——

Doctor. A ſtrange *Tongue!* an unflattering *Tongue* truly: For it tells a ſad Truth, I am ſure, at preſent.

Patient. Pray, what's that?

Doct. Only you have got a lurking *Fever*; and your *Church Bellows* are ſo inflamed, that I dare prognoſticate, they can't blow much longer.

Patient. Ay, *Doctor*, I have uſed them, I fear, with too much Vehemence: They have been ſerviceable Lungs for our Cauſe. But give me a little better Comfort before you leave me.

Doct. If *Blood-letting*, *Coolers*, *Lambatives*, and *Pectorals*, are Comforts, I ſhall preſcribe you enough, never fear: But I have your own Word, not to *flatter you.*

Patient. But do you think I may weather it, or how long is it probable I ſhall laſt?

Doct. Till you ſink, as far as I know: You ſhould have ſent for me ſooner; and yet I am not certain, but that you may ſurvive it. I would have you chear up, *Son of Thunder*: A good Spirit is an *half Cure* in many Caſes: Beſide, I know you *black*

Gen-

Gentlemen have a good Trick at deceiving the D—l; It is your Buſineſs to do it; ſtand upon your Guard, for it is *pro Aris & Focis*, now.

Patient. I will, I will; —— But prithee don't be ſo irreligious, Doctor; I have a great Reſpect for your Conſtancy in a good Cauſe, and your Name has done us Service in *Verſe* and *Proſe*.

Doct. Why, Sir, have you the Vanity to think that *Religion* ever did our *Cauſe* any *Service?* If that comes into your Head, and you *ſqueak at laſt*, it is Time for me to bid you good Night.

Patient. I will do any thing you order me; but I muſt confeſs, that I begin to think a Man can't die eaſily without Repentance.

Doct. Farewel then; my Time is paſt; there can be no Hopes if you talk at this Rate: I will tell the *Kit-Cat Club* of you, and it ſhall be known to every Man at *Court* that you die like a *Pedant*. *Farewell.*

Conſider with myſelf what the World will ſay if this *Dialogue* is made publick: Yet it is true. Moſt *Doctors* ſo: A great Pity in a Man of his Parts. Call for my Servant. Reſolve to forget *Garth* was with me. Order the Man to read a Chapter in the *Revelations*. Nothing about me there: Yet I am ſick: I will *ſeek the Lord in Prayer* [illegible] mighty good Thing. No Help in it. [illegible] comes: Talk with him about the *Doctor*. [illegible] Talks over Words I do not [illegible] follow his Advice however. [illegible] Three Bows: Meditate on [illegible] and Art of Compliments. [illegible] are the worſt. Good Manners [illegible] begins to recoil: What ſhall [illegible] tion. Go to Bed: Order [illegible]

read by my Bedside. *Isaiah* talks finely and rapturously. It is not worth while to live: It is. Recant all Things: Suppose the *Metropolitan* should — An excellent Supposition. Grow much worse. Sleep, O Sleep! but it will not come. Toss, and think of seven thousand Things all Night.

TUESDAY.

Dum Testamenta *condimus Hæredi lætitiam paramus.*

GROT.

Abstulit clarum cita Mors Achillem,
Longa Tithonum *minuit* Senectus. HOR.

MIND disturbed with Fears all Night: Fancy I shall not recover. Who will succeed me? Who is worthy? *Me mortuo maria & terræ commiscentur!* A little prophane: *Tom* might have said it: It had become him. Servant enters. Order him to bring my *Will*: Read, *In the Name of God, I———bequeath my worldly Goods in Form and Manner following.* It is very moving; melts the very Heart of me: What will become of poor *Tom?* Money will make him mad. Sad Thoughts! that an *Harlot* or a *Sharper* should devour the Fruits of my Spiritual Labours! Think how odd Successions are in some Families; a *Parish Boy* rises into a *Divine*, a *Divine* mounts to a Bishoprick; his *Son* a *Beau*, *Corruptio optimi fit pessima.* Thus the Lord mortifies the Vanities of human Creatures! The Heathens

Heathens called this *Fortune.* Great Ignorance! Look upon the *Will* again; *Item, I give the Poor of, &c.* —— Great Mind to ſcratch that Paragraph out. Muſt give them ſomething too. Charities are abuſed: Reſolve to aſk *Tom*'s Opinion about it: He ſtudies the *Law.* *Tom* comes to ſee me. More than I expected: The Powers of *Grace* not quite extinguiſhed! He looks as if he had been crying: Poor Soul! What, for me? Perhaps ſitting up and Drinking might make his Eyes look red: Begin to fear it was that. Grow poſitive in the laſt Opinion. *Tom* aſks me how I do. Kind, very kind. Talk with him thus:

Fath. You ſee, *Thomas*, that this frail Body, this Tabernacle of Clay, is haſtening to its Diſſolution: You will loſe me in a ſhort Time; I am ready to be ſnatched from your Eyes.

Tom. *The Will of the Lord be done.*

Fath. That is very pious indeed, *Tommy*; I ſee you have not forgot all your *Scripture:* But you owe ſome dutiful Wiſhes to me ſtill; you would not have me die, Son, I am ſure.

Tom. I am not ſure of that: If you *live, Pen* and *Paper, Print* and *Publiſh*, are the Words: If you die, Five thouſand at leaſt: I ſhall neither turn *Miſer* nor *Uſurer.*

Fath. Ay, Thou haſt hit upon Two Things that grieve me much: In the firſt Place, I deſire you would never dabble with your *Ink-Pot* any more: Read more, and write leſs: Don't forget a *Chapter* in *Proverbs* every Day——

Tom. Sir, if you pleaſe, I will drink your Health; I cannot hear all this Stuff for nothing: What have the *Scripture* to do with the Law, only to denounce Woes againſt us, and ſend us to the Devil?

Fath.

Fath. Fie! Be not prophane with unſeaſonable Wit; You have, *Tom*, writ well enough for a young Fellow of no *Learning*; but pray leave it off; I command you to do it.

Tom. Sir, you may command, and I may promiſe: But it would be ſtrange if one who has broke beſt Part of all the *Commandments* he ever knew, ſhould keep yours: I am no more to be depended upon than the King of *France*. Stipulate I may, but ſtand by it I cannot.

Fath. Give him a Glaſs of *Sack*, *Jonathan*: The Confeſſion is ingenuous, and I hope more from thee now, than I could if you had promiſed: But look here, *Tom*, *I ſhall leave* you, ſhall *leave you* juſt—

Tom. I wiſh you'd ſay ſomething, Sir, if you don't die, it may do me Service; for I can borrow 20 *l.* upon the Reputation of a good Legacy.

Fath. O *Thomas*, *Thomas!* I ſee the Iniquities of thy Heart; thy Wiſhes are impious——— but I will *leave you* ———

Tom. Pray, Sir, let me be ſure of ſomething; and I know one Way that may make my *Legacy* doubled in a ſhort Time ——

Fath. What is that Child? I find you have a thriving Genius; tell me what you mean.

Tom. Why, a *certain* Book written by a *certain* grave Man about *certain Times*, which I hope *certainly* to publiſh, and get a round Sum for the Copy.

Fath. *Tom*, I have taken Care of thee: Thou ſhalt have nothing to do with it: Depart, Sir, I want to meditate alone.

Tom. Well, if I never ſee you any more——— Farewel.

Meditate on my Diſcourſe with *Tom*. Deſpair of him, and myſelf. It grows upon me. Languor of Spirits.

Spirits. *Garth* comes again: Look indifferently at him: He ſings and repeats Verſes: Twirls his Cane: Tells a Story of my L—d *Thomas*: Feels my Pulſe: Talk about my Journey's End. I tell him an Account of my Life: Cry profuſely at the End of it. The Doctor ſmiles: An Infidel, no doubt. Aſk him ſeriouſly about my Condition: Very bad: He ſays I may eat and drink any Thing that I can: Nothing can me better or worſe; Miſerable Sentence! Deſire *Garth* to give my Bleſſing to a young Nobleman of great Hopes, and make him a Compliment in my Name. Think what the World will ſay of it after I am dead: Imagine myſelf that it looks *heroical*, and with an Air of a great Soul. The World ought to be cheated. Feel many Apprehenſions within myſelf: Reſolve to ſay nothing of them. Put a good Face upon a bad Matter. Fain live to ſee what this Parliament will do: There muſt be glorious Work: If I ſhould not, the World will loſe a good *Speech*: Reſolve to give it away, and order it to be printed in my Name: *A Speech deſigned to have been ſpoke at the Trial of*——It will do very well. *Doctor* aſks me what I am muſing on: Tell him. He approves the Project: Repeats Ten Lines about Death, ſtolen from *Heathen Poets* and Common-Place Books.

To die, is landing on ſome ſilent Shore,
Where Tempeſts never breath, nor Billows roar.

Aſk him about an *Epitaph*. Replies, he cannot write *Latin*, that his laſt *Dedication* ranſacked all he had left, but he will try to get a fine one. Thank him: Give him a Ring that a great Man gave me to remember him. He jeſts upon me, and ſays I miſtime my Preſent, it ſhould be left to my Executors. Takes his Leave, repeating *Virgil*:

——*Dona*

— Dona Dametas mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet iſta ſecundum.

Meditate how pleaſant Life is to careleſs Tempers: *August Duke* died with as little Ceremony, and as good an Air, as he went out of the Room. It is wonderful! Call my Man: Drink ſome Cordial: Try to compoſe myſelf. Meſſengers every Minute from great Folks to know how I do: Smile, and ſend a great many Compliments to them all. Think of what Importance I am to the World: A Kindneſs ought not to be forgotten: When old Dr. *W—d* was ill, I uſed to ſend every Day to know how he did: I ſucceeded him without my own ſeeking. Two Footmen from *Foreign Ladies*: It is mighty kind: I can't do them any Service now: Return a Thouſand Thanks. Call for a Bundle of Papers; Order ſome of them to be burnt: Put me in Mind of the Uſage ſome of my Writings received from the Publick: Vain Spite! They will live; they have a Spirit of Immortality. Spend all the Afternoon in returning Compliments and giving Orders about my Papers. Grow worſe at Night: Fancy *Tea* would do me good: Drink Twenty Diſhes: All in vain: Sudden Fit of Convulſions. Am put to Bed: My Head feels delirious: Variety of ſtrange Thoughts. Order a Man to ſit by me all Night. Reſolve to minute every Thing I can remember of myſelf till I depart this Life.

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WEDNESDAY, March.

Tu Pateres, tu Patronus, ne deſeras TER.

MUCH diſturbed all Night with a *Cry* in my Ears, *The Church, The Church:* The worſt of all the *London Cries*. Wake at Six: My Inflammation encreaſed with *preaching in my Sleep* againſt the *Whore of Babylon*. Call for the *Cordial:* Small Relief. Vehement Temptations in my Soul to break *Charity* with Doctor *S*—— and many others. Strive with the Iniquity: Overcome it by Degrees. Seem to ſee a *Spirit:* Frighten'd into a ſudden Shivering: Bid my Man keep near me always, and not ſtir out of the Room: Order him to bring a Glaſs: My Eyes look ſunk in my Head: My Noſe is ſharpened, pinched up at the End: My *Nails* not turned however; Poor Hopes. Repeat *Pſalms* out of *Buchanan*. That is not right. *Latin* no fit *Language* to pray in: *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* much better: Say Three *Stanza*'s ſoftly. Hear *Garth* coming up Stairs: Now for my laſt *Sentence*: How ſhall I receive it? What ſhall I ſay to him? Order my Servant to give *Ten Pieces:* That may ſoften him perhaps. He comes in ſinging: Looks with a bad Aſpect: Recommends an *Undertaker to me*. Sigh deep. The Doctor ſmiles; bows, and ſays; *No Good can be done!* Sad Words! Abundance of Servants with Meſſages to know

know my Condition: Send Word little Hopes: Think within myſelf about *Church Prayers:* Ineffectual. Conſider of my *Funeral:* Private Interment: No Vanities, and Ceremonies: Privacy makes a Man more enquired after. No *High Church,* not a Man: Eaſy to inſult a *Dead Lion.* Send for a particular Friend: Comes immediately: Wiſh him to ſend *Le Clerc* an Account of me: Deſire the good Man to do me Juſtice: In Two Languages at leaſt: To hint that the World may expect my famous *Poſthumous* Work: Say all the kind Things of it imaginable: Every Body in *Holland* will believe it. Reflect *That a Prophet is not renowned in his own Country.* My Enemies numerous: Good Fortune to overcome ſo many of them. *Bar-le-Duc:* Cannot help thinking of *Politicks.* Ought to remember my Sins. *K——t's* Doctrine of Repentance very comfortable to Perſons of Diſtinction: Right or Wrong, a ſtrong *Faith* is all. Let the World alone, and that will let you alone; a plauſible Sentence! But how ſhall a Man reſtrain the Ardency of the Spirit, or ſtop the Illuſions of Grace! A Thought about *Funeral Sermons* and *Roſemary.* I preached many full of *Panegyricks:* They will riſe up againſt me: *Conſcience, O Conſcience!* Call for a Glaſs of Sack: Make a long Soliloquy in the Poſtulations with my own Heart: Get the better of all Qualms that riſe from paſt Adventures. Reſolved to leave my *New Model of Church Government,* to be printed after my Death: Many Faults in the preſent Scheme: Recommend it to *Benjamin's* Peruſal; Give him a full Liberty to add and improve. Think what a Noiſe it will make in the World: The *Works* of a great Man follow him. Conſider how to mortify ſome vain Thoughts riſing in my carnal Mind. The Words of *Solomon?* In writing many *Books is much* Folly: Meant only of fooliſh Books. Pray a little.

Reſolve to ſupport my Spirits by ſending Meſſages to ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction. *Death* is like a *Thief*: Uſe him in his own Way: Steal as much from him as I can. He is alſo like a *Serpent*: A cunning Animal: Arts againſt Arts neceſſary. All Methods of Deceit that are practicable, are good upon juſt Occaſions: None more proper than the preſent. Order a *Chapter* to be read. Order it to be let alone. Enquire after *Tom*: No Meſſage from him all Day: Wonder at his Want of filial Piety, his Manners, his *Life*, his *Letters*: Try to get him out of my Head: He grieves me: Hope he may reform: Years of Diſcretion muſt come. Inflammation increaſes mightily; I cannot live until To-morrow: Reſolved to order my Man to take down all I ſay when I loſe my Senſes: Bid him get Pen, Ink, and Paper ready. There is a great deal of Diſcovery in thoſe *Rhapſodies*; the Mind acts more freely when the Organs of the Body are affected by Sickneſs: *Tom* comes in, and overhears my Orders: Talks with me about Madneſs: Very impudent and ungracious: Order him to read a *Sermon*: Takes out a *Book* and reads a Piece of Nonſenſe of *Sacheverel*'s: Calls him Fool and Blockhead: He pretends to explain his Meaning: Ridiculous, very ridiculous: Deſire him to depart: He ſays, he will drink a Bottle and come again: Glad to get rid of him, with a Bleſſing unaſked for. Find my Head grow delirious; order *Jonathan* to be in Readineſs to write: He writes.

O My Head!——Take care of the Bed, it is all in Flame. *Joſhua* the 10th, and Verſe the 12th. The *White Horſe* in the *Revelations*; I am no Racer, do not love Horſe-matches. Give me a Tea-Kettle; more Sugar.——I will make a Speech, a Speech for them, and againſt them;——I remember more Actions, Sayings, Speeches, Revolutions, Plots, Diſcoveries

coveries, than any Man in *Europe*: Here is a Paper of an hundred Names: Here is a Liſt of Plotters, Seditioners, Rioters: Now is our Time or never——what have we to do with the *French* King? It muſt be *demoliſhed*, it ſhall be *demoliſhed*: There is no *Peace* to the Sinner, no Treaty with the Devil: Give me leave to ſtate the Matter fairly: Read over that again.——That is not at all material: Order that Paper to be burnt by the common Hangman. Why, here is nothing at all ready. What has that Fellow to do here? I am not at all afraid——Vaniſh Spirits. O *Solomon!* O *Solomon!* The Firſt and Second of *Heſter*, I will preach upon that *Text*. *Frogs* came into the *King's Bed-chamber*. O! the Plagues of Conſcience! Give me Room——If my Lungs did not fail me, I would make it appear that all the *Tories* in the Nation are *Diſſenters*, *Schiſmaticks*, *Anti-Monarchick*, rebellious Sons of Diſorder and Confuſion.——Who is able to expound and explain *Articles?* Who are Judges, if we are not? Let them propoſe their Opinions. What that noble *Lord* obſerved is undoubtedly true:——More *Dragoons*——What would the Fellow have?——Did not I ſwear that I would not wear *Lawn?* Bow! who ſhould I bow to——The Pope is the moſt unreaſonable Raſcal in the World——I will not leave *Tom* a ſingle *Farthing*.——Write, its all Nonſenſe. Take care of that *Book*.——Get *thee behind* me *Satan*. What can they mean in the *North?*——Is there any Probability of his making good his Pretenſions? *Spurious*, proved a hundred Times over. But theſe confounded *Invectives*:——What ſhall we do with them? *America*, *Newfoundland!* Poor Merchants! O! That *Peace*.——Let me alone for Divinity: I will maul them on *Sundays*, *Saturdays*, *Lecture-Days*, *Charity Sermons*. *Abel* is the greateſt Scoundrel in

the World. Let the *Convocation* alone.——I ſay he ſhall have a *Regiment*. Fling them Papers into the Fire;———It is Nonſenſe to let them be tranſcribed; Pray Mr. *Churchill* take Abundance of Care of the Letter and Paper:——Beware of *Abridgments*. A new Edition in *Octavo*.——Come again To-morrow.———My *Lord*, I am your Lordſhip's——— Did not I bid you put out that *Fire*? More Water good *Jonathan*.——— The Curtains:———O my Head!——— The World turns upſide downwards. Churches Fall:——— *Saliſbury Steeple* ſtands awry ——— Take away your leaden Hand.——— No more, I ſee it does ſtand awry.

An

An INSCRIPTION designed for his MONUMENT.

Subtùs
Cineres jam tendem quod non ipse optavit
In PACE requiescunt,
Vir erat Ingenio satis callido, & versatili,
Nativo solo familiari;
In rebus Sacris Magnus, Fabulosis Major,
In Politicis (si ipsi credas) Maximus!
Veritatis cultor adeò fidelis,
Ut æque in Vitâ, ac Scriptis elucescat.
In Concionando acer erat, vehemens indefessus,
Puriorem Doctrinam habuere multi,
Pulmones, & Latera robustiora nemo.
Adeo Romæ *per omina aversus*
Ut ad Genevam *deflecteret.*
Obiit in Universum Dissentientium,
Ab Ecc. Angl. *luctum,*
Martiis Calendis.

Beneath
There lies against his own Wishes,
A Man at last in PEACE.
He was Master of a Cunning, various Wit,
Agreeable to his own COUNTRY.
Great was He in Divinty, in Fable Greater,
In POLITICS (if you'll believe himself) Greatest.
So faithful a Lover of *Truth*,
That it equally appears in his *Life*,
And *Writings*.
A violent, mighty, unwearied Preacher;
Many have had *purer Doctrine*,
No one stronger Sides, and Lungs.
So averse to *ROME* in all Points.
That he almost approached *GENEVA*,
He died, to the universal Grief of the
Dissenters, on the *Kalends* of *March*.

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